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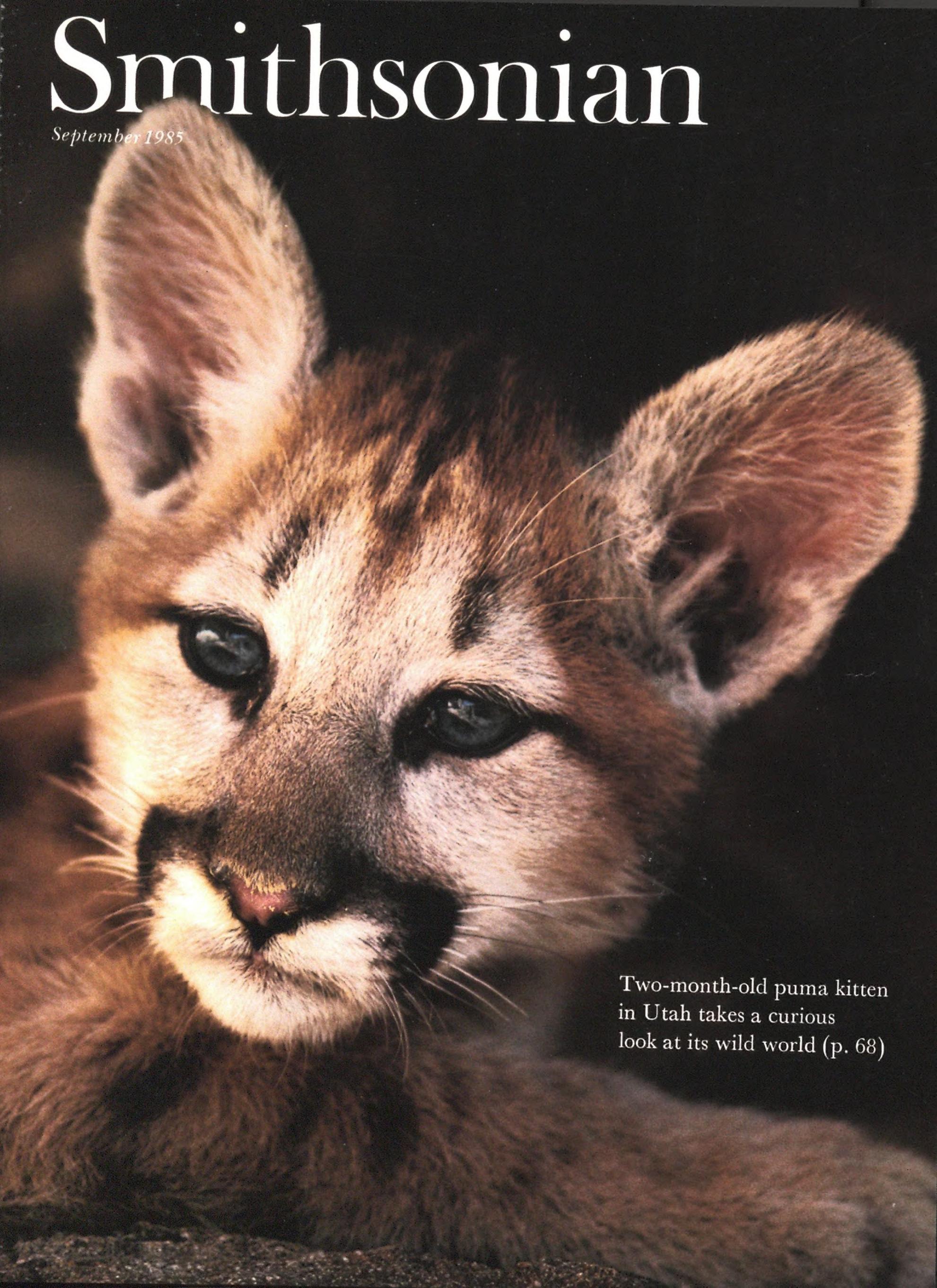

Two-month-old puma kitten in Utah takes a curious look at its wild world (p. 68)

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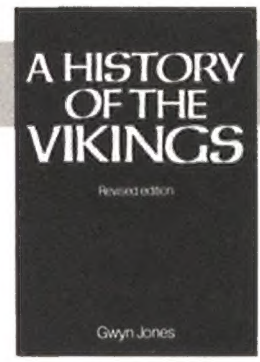

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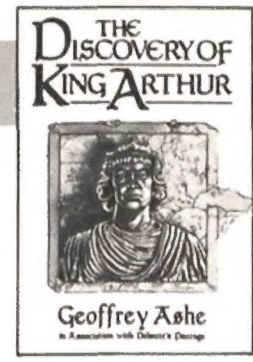

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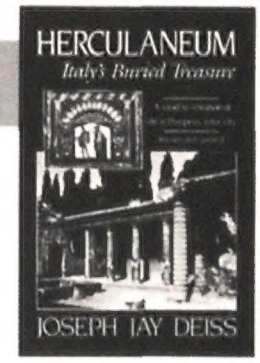

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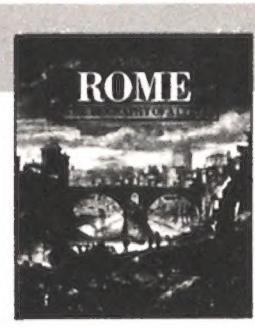

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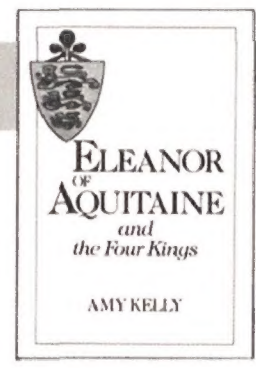

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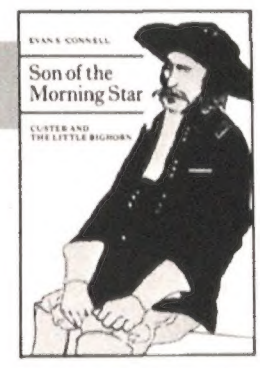

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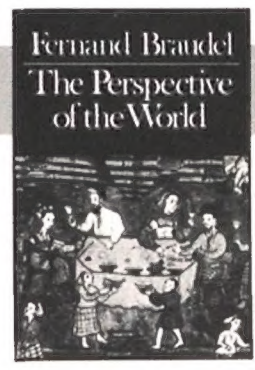

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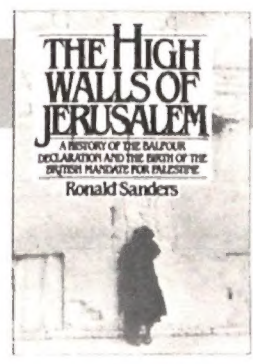
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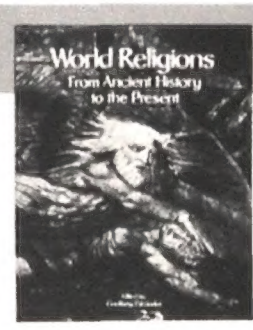

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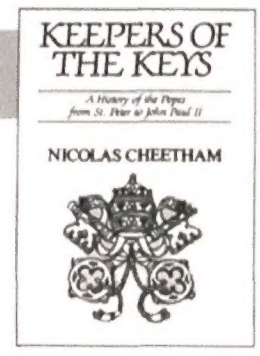

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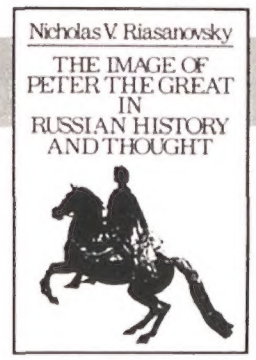

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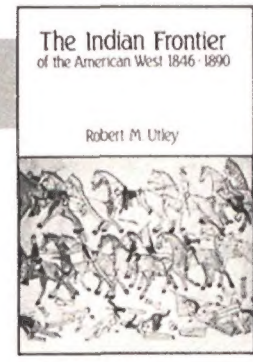

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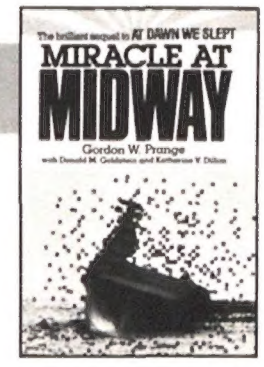

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Smithsonian

Volume 16, Number 6

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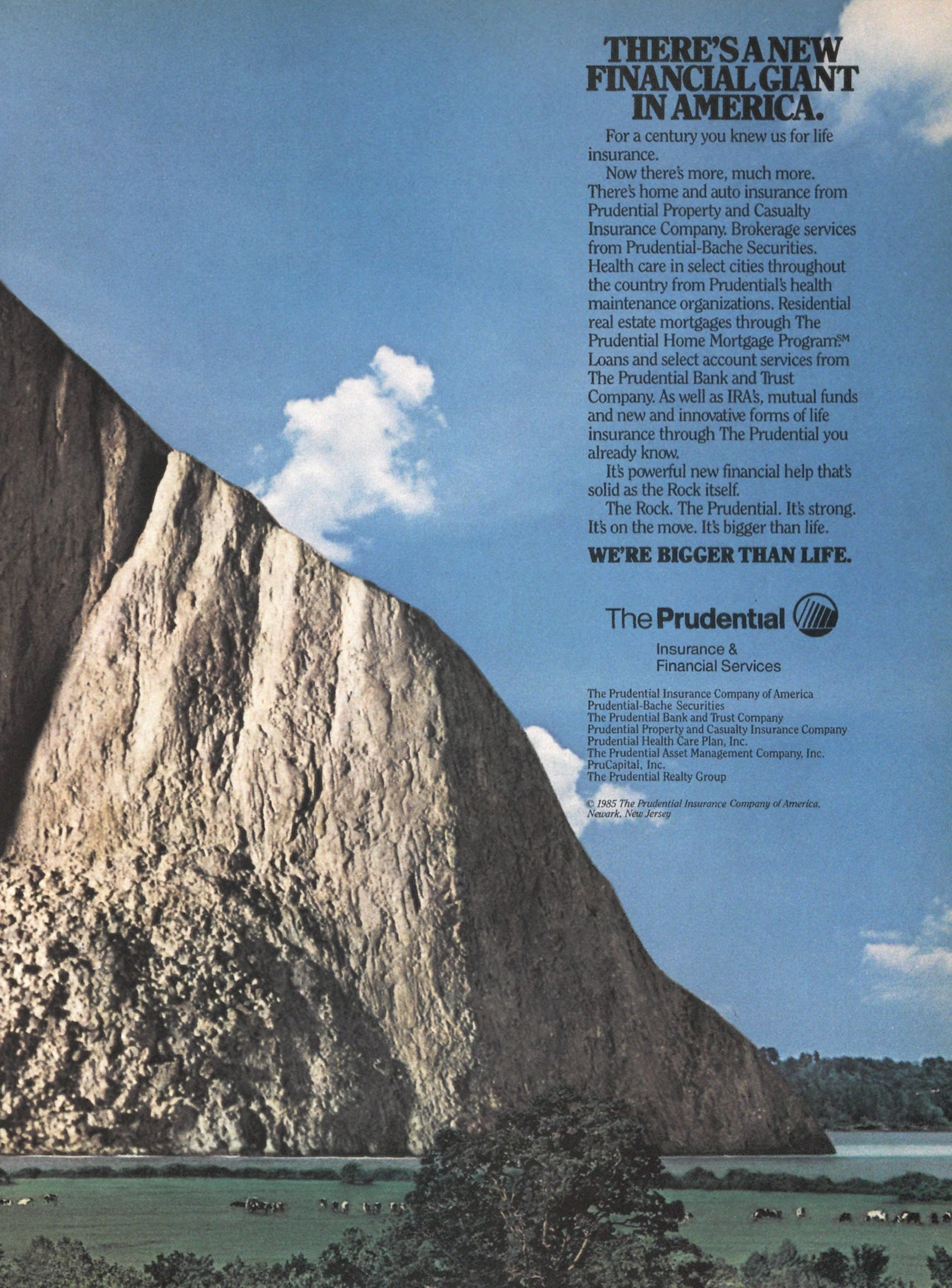

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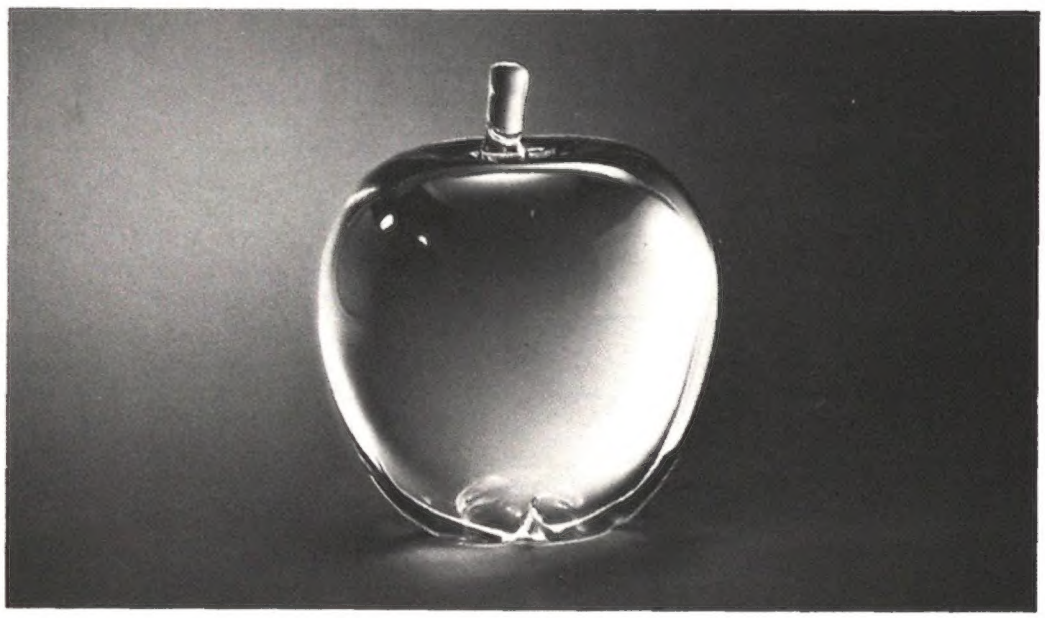

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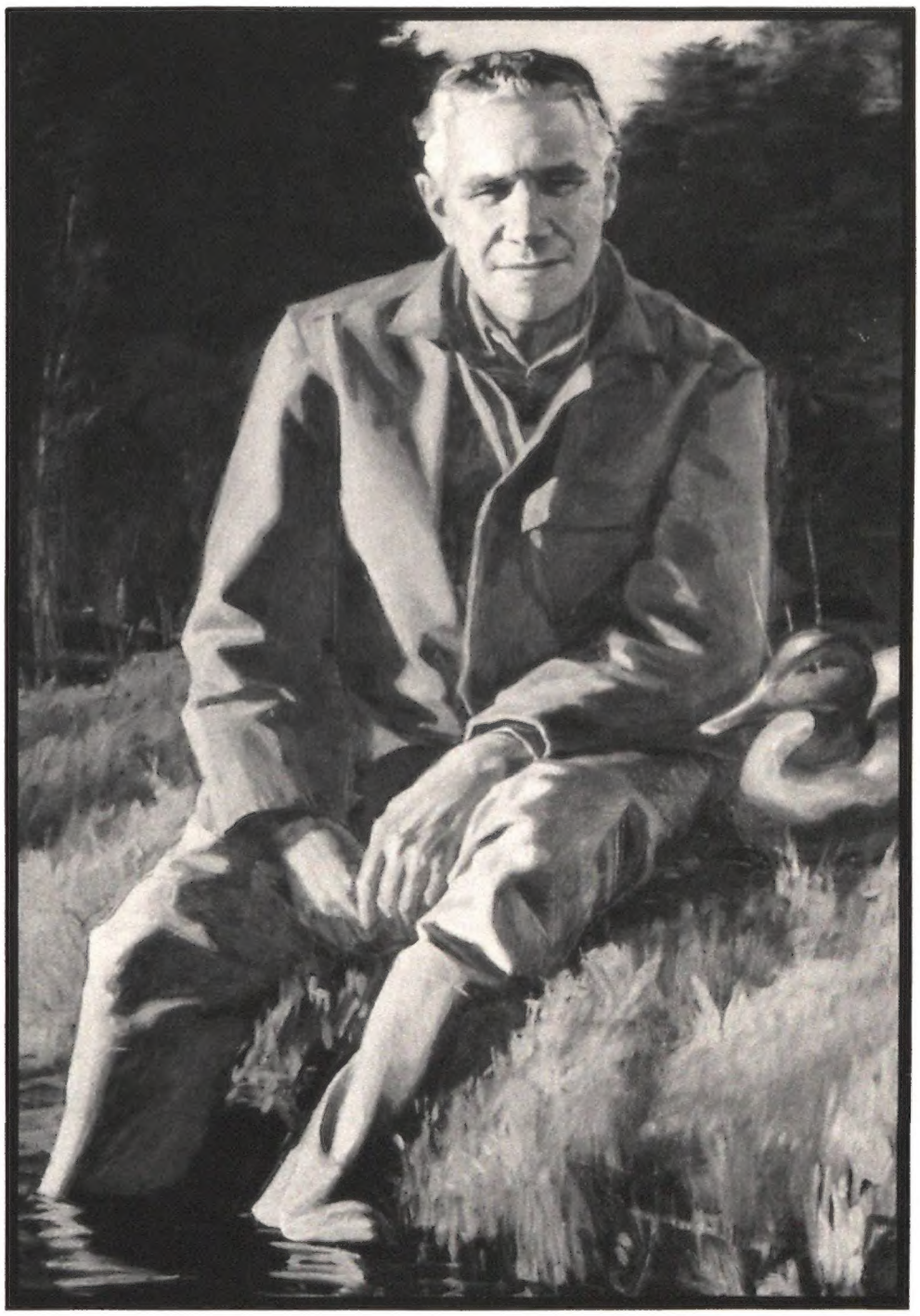

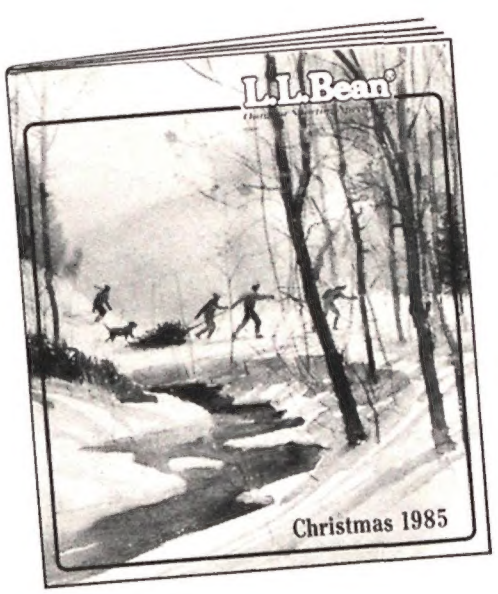

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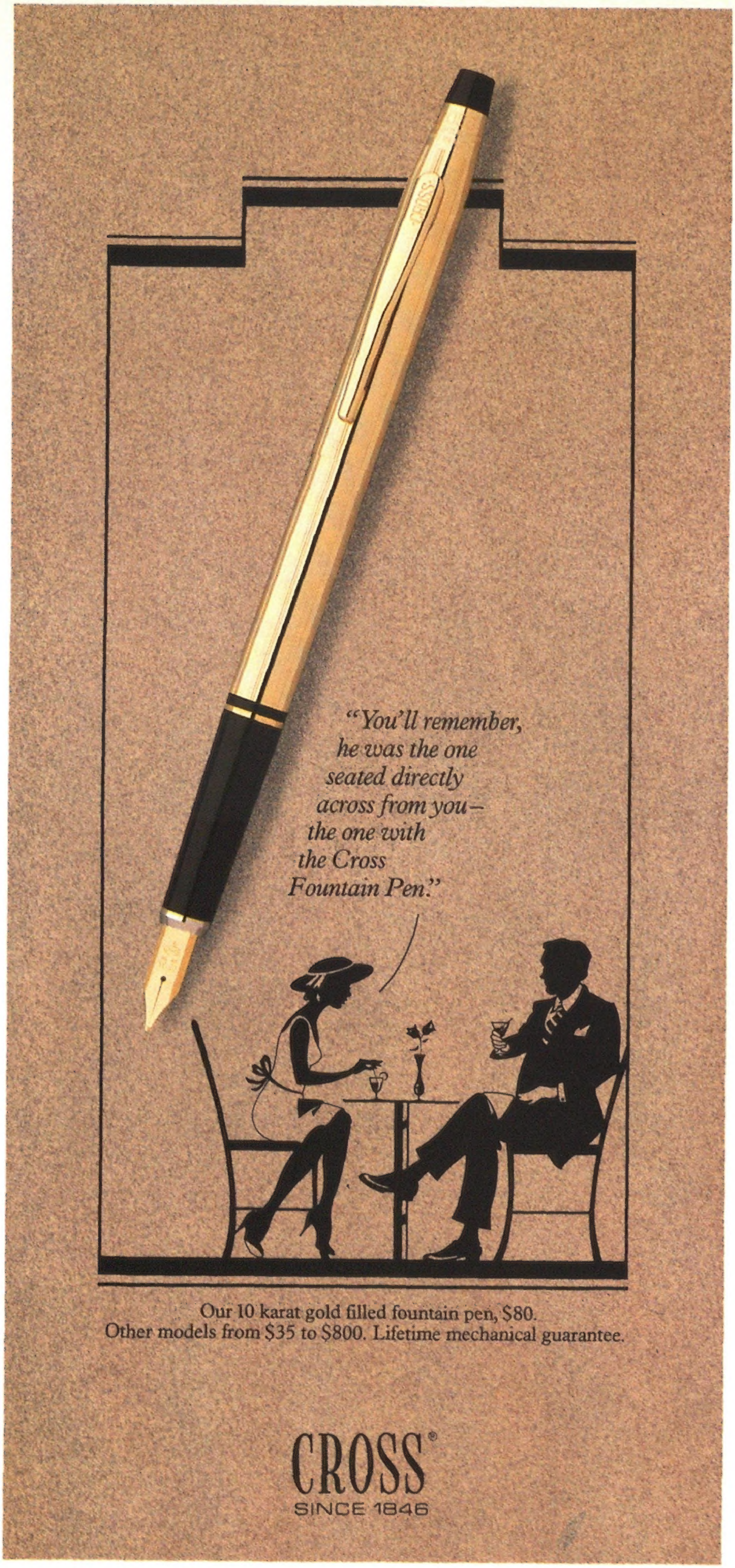

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Technological breakthroughs may emerge from unlikely places, such as museums—witness NASM

All summer long the crowds have been finding their way into the National Air and Space Museum (NASM), at times in such numbers that the limits of the building's safe physical capacity required us to close off the entrances. With more than 12 million visitors a year, it is by all odds the world's most popular museum. The presence of these throngs, coupled with the dramatic array of historic and contemporary vehicles, conveys the quite correct impression that this is one of Washington's greatest spectacles. But immensely popular as it is, NASM is much more than a showcase. An account of a "System for Digital Display" that has been developed there may suggest some of its other contributions.

Apart from visitors to the exhibits, NASM's large collections of documents and photographs attract considerable numbers of scholars and specialists. Search-and-copy and retrieval procedures in files of two million photographs are particularly expensive and time-consuming for all concerned. Two years ago Director Walter Boyne thought of a way to handle the problem and then called upon the creative talents and energies of NASM's Advanced Projects division. Hernan Otano, an innovative designer, translated the conceptual process into the actual hardware. Then he and Robert Martella set to work building a radically new piece of equipment with unprecedented capabilities.

Their specifications for it were, to say the least, daunting. They wanted a system for unlimited, low-cost, permanent, easily reproducible, serviceable and transportable, high-resolution, immediately indexable, enlargeable and editable storage for documents (including handwritten ones) and photographs, to be assembled strictly from proven off-the-shelf components. Yet impossible as it may sound, within a few months they had put together a working prototype.

Some components were identifiable at once. Videodiscs were the obvious final product, since they can be produced for only about $15 apiece and can store 50,000 photographs (100,000 documents) on each side. Others had to be discovered, often by prowling through a series of technical trade shows. These latter include a digitizing camera that links with a small professional computer; computer software for automatic self-indexing and instant retrieval; and additional software systems capable of converting images of letters into standard computer codes. Further improvements are continuing, but a patent is now pending on this system. Its cost is subject to steep reduction when a major market develops, but it is already within the reach of most good-sized libraries.

An entirely new set of interested potential users, from museums and libraries around the world, is beating a path to NASM's door now. In the narrowest sense, most of this country's archives of aerospace research material should soon become widely and readily available within fairly easy reach of specialized scholars, engineers, inventors and amateur enthusiasts of all kinds. But beyond the immediate circle of concern within which this equipment was generated, it provides an archiving tool of low cost, great flexibility and almost unlimited capacity for use in essentially any field or for any purpose.

Is it the case, I wonder, that highly promising technological advances like this one often emerge from the work of small, innovative groups taking a hands-on approach to a problem with which they are intimately familiar? My guess is that this is so. Much of the success of our computer industry apparently is testimony to the success of this model. But I find it reassuring that breakthroughs can occur even in a setting that at first glance seems highly unlikely, such as a museum —especially since NASM belongs, in a sense (although we insist only a partial sense), to the federal establishment. Perhaps there are grounds here for rethinking some of our stereotypes about both museums and bureaucracies.

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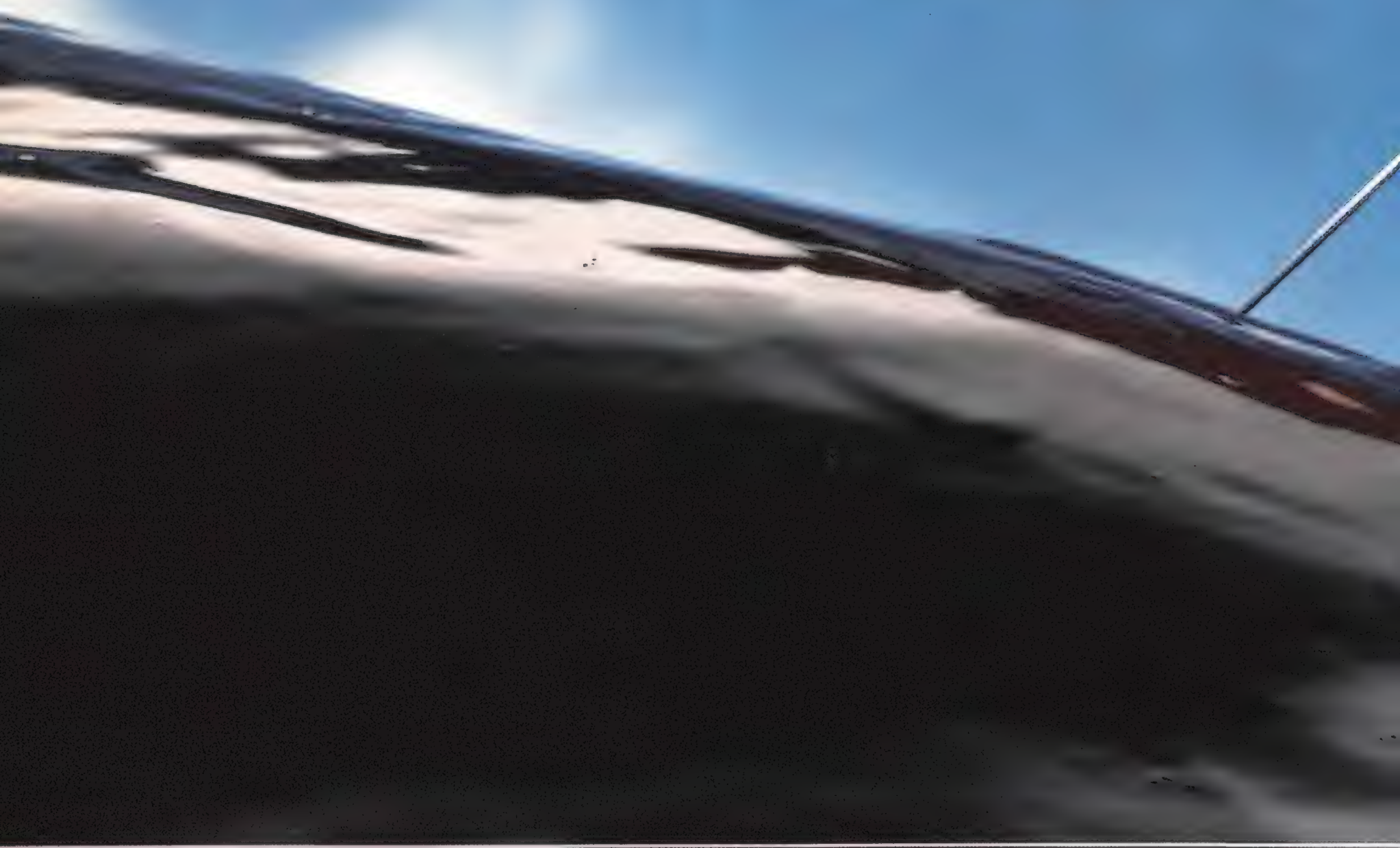

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Letters to the Editor

Boy Scouts

Dear Sir: I always understood that the Boy Scouts in the United States [July 1985] were started by the Chicago publisher William D. Boyce. The story is that once during a heavy fog in London, he was escorted across the street by a Boy Scout and when the boy refused a tip, Mr. Boyce was so intrigued he asked about the movement. Later, after he talked with Baden-Powell, he decided to bring the Boy Scouts here.

I was Mr. Boyce's executive secretary for many years and I attended his funeral at his mansion in Ottawa, Illinois. There was a winding road from the railroad station up to the house and at every bend in the road Boy Scouts stood and saluted as we passed.

Ida D. Beck
Goshen, Indiana

Dear Sir: I would like to add one vital point to Don Moser's article. Any boy, even if handicapped, can make Eagle. In Scouting, a youth is working to master a set of standards. In practically all other organized youth activities such as Little League he is competing, which puts a premium on physical stature, ability to learn and other factors.

James Shourt
Santa Ana, California

Dear Sir: Your otherwise excellent article was marred for me by its reference to Ernest Thompson Seton and Dan Beard as persons "who could charitably be described as eccentrics." I knew both of them over a period of years and found them to be men of great imagination, capable artists and writers, with a genuine interest in young people. The remark of John Burroughs about Seton's book *Wild Animals I Have Known* was one he later apologized for and Theodore Roosevelt, who thought well of Seton, was careful to exclude him from his list of "Nature Fakers."

Julian H. Salomon
Suffern, New York

Dear Sir: The Tenderfoot badge was pinned on my tunic in the mid-1920s and Troop 6 in Marshalltown, Iowa, was the pride not only of Scoutmaster Rollie Shafer (the most patient, long-suffering and inspirational mentor since Odysseus) but of all of us boys. Somewhere in Scouting's archives there must be a record of a unique event in which we had a part. By marshaling the efforts of Scout Councils across the country, in a single day the Boy Scouts of America marked the route of the Lincoln Highway from coast to coast, placing those small posts with their Lincoln medallions.

Thomas H. Akers
Citrus Heights, California

For the history of the Lincoln Highway, see SMITHSONIAN, *August 1985*. Ed.

Dear Sir: Mr. Moser's excellent article contains one error. The caption on page 34 states 1939 was the year of the Gettysburg reunion of Civil War veterans. The year was 1938. I was one of the Scouts who served as aides to the venerable vets.

John W. Hennessey jr.
Hanover, New Hampshire

Tree rings and *Aphids*

Dear Sir: James Trefil states that tree rings can give all sorts of useful knowledge "if we are clever enough" to tap that source.

Thirty years ago my dendrologist friend Dr. Donald B. Lawrence spent one night in a Forest Service campground at East Lake, which lies in a volcanic caldera in central Oregon. There is no surface outlet, hence its level varies with climatic trends. He wrote me that he had seen, several feet above lake level, the recently cut stump of a tree. The downslope rings became much wider after 1904. He concluded that erosion by high water at the base of the tree may have caused the tree to lean toward the lake, and the wide growth rings were caused

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by the tree's effort to resist that lean. Could I corroborate his deduction?

I replied that in 1903 the lake had been visited by a scientist who reported the water level unusually high, with small pines standing in several feet of water, and that the following year was unusually wet. Hence the lake level was surely higher in 1904 than when observed in 1903. But of all the thousands who saw that stump, only one read its message.

Incidentally, David Schwartz concludes that controls are never fully effective in the fight against aphids. Has he considered the possibility of an active volcano in every rose garden?

In June 1980, Mount St. Helens dusted Portland thoroughly in one of its explosive phases. For the rest of the summer I saw not a single aphid; others reported the same effect—or coincidence. And the roses were beautiful all summer.

Kenneth N. Phillips
Water Resources Division, USGS (ret.)
Portland, Oregon

Dear Sir: All is not doom for the rose garden, as implied in your article. Several years ago I was told to plant garlic among the roses. No aphids among my roses since.

Elizabeth Schwartz
Sacramento

Smithsonian horizons

Dear Sir: Concerning Secretary Adams' *Smithsonian horizons*, one man's "very narrow realm of personal expertise" is another man's trivia. One of the strengths of the Smithsonian is the preservation of past trivia at the time they appeared trivial. A fossil sea urchin, a woodland stone point and a First Lady's dress may each have seemed trivial in its own time.

Samuel L. Crook
Colonel, U.S. Army (ret.)
Laurel, Maryland

Mers-el-Kebir

Dear Sir: As a student of battleships and World War II surface warfare, I found your article of particular interest. May I add a bit of information:

The attacks at Dakar and Mers-el-Kebir were ultimately responsible for the loss of American lives during Operation Torch. Interestingly, the *Jean Bart* constituted a serious danger to the Allied landings in North Africa when it opened

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fire with its single completed primary turret at Casablanca, and had to be silenced by the guns of the USS *Massachusetts* assisted by carrier-based aircraft.

Outside of the unnecessary loss of life, perhaps the saddest part of this episode was the fate of the fine French ships, an ignoble end. But it is uplifting that the *Richelieu* survived two British attacks despite its incomplete condition and its limited number of charges. It not only survived the war, but was repaired and completed to fight alongside British and American ships in the North Sea and Pacific as flagship for the Free French Navy.
Richard L. Puchstein
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Dear Sir: Mers-el-Kebir was indeed the site of a tragic political blunder. I remember vividly the pain, the anguish and the anger I felt after the blasting of the French fleet on July 3, 1940. My brother Georges, a Petty Officer newly graduated from the Maistrance School, was 22 years old; he was on the battleship *Bretagne* at Mers-el-Kebir and was never heard of again after the British shelling. In the meantime my family had been forced to leave the city of Reims because of the swift German invasion and had been relocated near Bordeaux. We learned of the British attack from the radio and the newspapers and unbelievingly asked each other, "How could this be? Why?"

Historian Horne's article has cleared many of the questions I have pondered over the years, and it helped attenuate the bitterness I have felt about this horrible episode. Still, it is difficult to accept this action by the British Navy; forgive and forget may take another 45 years.
Jacqueline Guyot Tascher
Monterey Park, California

Calke Abbey

Dear Sir: I can sympathize with the generations of Harpur-Crewe parents who felt it important that their children had interests and hobbies—yet I also feel sympathy for the poor souls who must now sort it all out.

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Jeanette Bosworth Lambert
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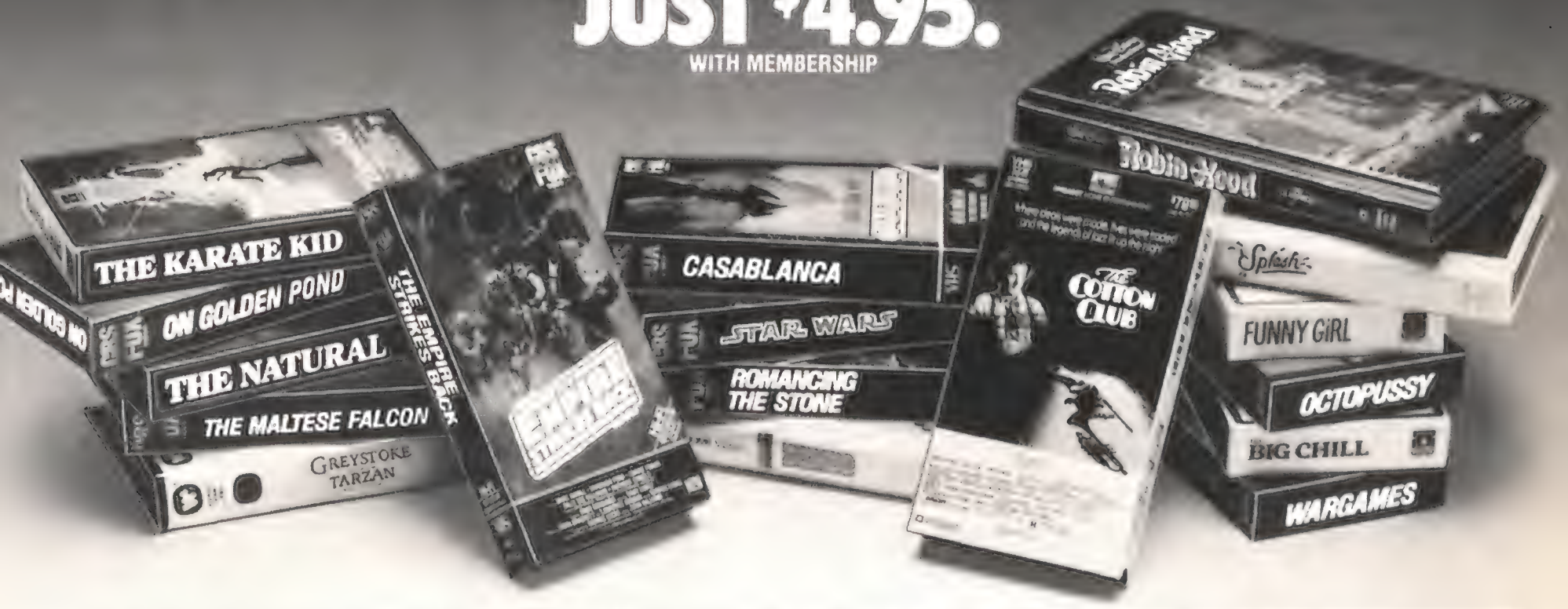

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Around the Mall and beyond

It wasn't the world's easiest tour. We had gathered at about a quarter to 9 outside the Smithsonian castle. We had shown our credentials and boarded a bus. When we pulled away from the curb at exactly 9 and headed east to see the sights of Annapolis, capital of Maryland, 32 miles away, the thermometer was already racing upward, seeking new heights. Humidity rose with the mercury. A muggy haze befogged the highway a quarter of a mile ahead of the bus.

I had been designated tour leader, since I live in Annapolis. Thanks to an efficient and experienced assistant leader, I had little to do. But because Annapolis is a walking town—its ancient streets suffer arteriosclerosis from traffic—it was properly my task to persuade the 40-or-so participants that trudging endlessly up and down hot and uneven Colonial sidewalks was a joyful, rewarding experience.

On that brutal day I was supposed to lead a hike through the U.S. Naval Academy, then down to the waterfront, then back up to an "open archaeology" dig, on to the old State Capitol, then through a series of historic houses, finally back to the main gate of the Academy. I anticipated mutiny. Conquerors of Mount Everest would have needed to sit down a couple of times along the way.

My tourists, however, were a special breed. Disregarding back problems, stiff knees and sore feet, they marched a total of two and a quarter blistering miles (I measured it later) without a single complaint. At the sites they visited, they asked intelligent questions and listened carefully to the answers. They maintained their time schedule.

I should have realized that my troopers

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thrive on day trips like this. They've done them for years. They know what to expect. They accept hardships along with rewards. They are, after all, Resident Associates, devoted participants in a remarkably successful Smithsonian outreach program that this month celebrates its 20th birthday.

Week after week this program for people who live in or near Washington offers tours such as the one I led, films, lectures, seminars, symposia, festivals, workshops, performances of music and dance and drama, weekly courses for young and old. If you're a Civil War buff, you'll find the Resident Associate Program (RAP, as it's called) will eventually offer a battlefield tour or a lecture on tactics. If you love Dixieland jazz, RAP will furnish it. If you want to learn woodworking, RAP will surely be offering a course in it, taught in a classroom with all necessary equipment by a competent instructor.

Glancing through one of RAP's monthly newsletters, selected at random, I find myself tempted by avant-garde Belgian theater, Bulgarian films, songs of the sea by a trio of folksingers, a lecture on Benjamin Franklin, a tour to look at Fallingwater (one of Frank Lloyd Wright's most famous architectural achievements) and a visit to Edgar Allan Poe's house in Baltimore. These are only a few of the offerings on the first five pages—with 31 more pages to go.

How did all this get started? In the fall of 1965, as the Institution was marking James Smithson's bicentennial, its then new Secretary, S. Dillon Ripley, proposed something that he'd tried out successfully at Yale when he was curator of its Peabody Museum. Said Ripley, in effect, let's involve in our Smithsonian activities the people who live near us and visit us and like us.

For some years the Smithsonian had offered occasional free films, lectures and concerts, making use of the extraordinary expertise within its staff. The new program, directed by Lisa Taylor, was to organize and develop such informal good works. An appeal for members brought in 800 interested people. They were asked to some openings of new exhibits and given a book about the Smithsonian put out by American Heritage. Then Lisa proposed offering classes for both adults and children.

Her scheme was greeted warily by the

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important figures who are always wary of new plans. Somewhat reluctantly they allowed her to go ahead, since, as they said, "We can always cancel if not enough people sign up."

Hundreds signed up. The classes, held in the old sheds that used to sit in the parking lot behind the castle, overflowed.

As though bent on slaking a great thirst, participants elbowed into each and every event that the new Associates Program held. Field trips were planned with the expectation that maybe 40 people might want to go. "Instead," Lisa reminisces, "we would get 400." One bus tour to the Calvert cliffs in Maryland, a favorite fossil-hunting area, lured close to 800 would-be fossil finders. The bus had to make the run week after week to take care of them all. A children's tour of the Museum of Natural History was set up. "Meet at the tail of the elephant," said the notice. "We expected 25 kids," says Lisa. "When the day came, more than 500 crowded into the rotunda, jammed around the elephant."

Moya King, a senior program coordinator for RAP, who started out in those early days as a volunteer, remembers a class in batik. "No one really knew anything about batik," she says. "Everyone was hungry for culture. They were interested in everything." The annual kite festival, still highly popular, got under way, and also Zoo Night, when Associates would gather at the zoo for sunset, a time when animals are especially active. Leo the Lion and His Go-Go Cats, a band headed by a Smithsonian guard, provided the entertainment for that first Zoo Night.

Obviously the staff needed volunteers to help out. Moya remembers asking 500 applicants when they'd like to work. "I got some strange answers: 2 A.M. to 4 A.M. . . . 3 A.M. to 6 A.M." Volunteers helped alphabetize lists in those precomputer days. And they pitched in by doing everything from sewing beads on costumes to driving elderly Associates to the Institution for lectures.

"Everything was trial-and-error back then," says Lisa Taylor. "We had to learn what subjects would have the greatest appeal, what nights were most convenient for people to attend our events, and how long the events should last."

Lisa, who is now Director of the Cooper-Hewitt in New York, found she was practically living at the Smithsonian, seven days a week. Her future husband was courting her at the time. "About the only way he could see me," she says, "was to sign up for a course."

The present RAP Director, Janet Solinger, plans to mark the 20th birthday with lectures by such notables as Jihan Sadat, widow of the Egyptian president, polio fighter Jonas Salk, economist and author John Kenneth Galbraith, and actress Melina Mercouri. There will be special museum exhibits displaying items that the Resident Associates donated—everything from a 400-million-year-old trilobite found by an Associate during a RAP collecting junket, to a Zhandra Rhodes costume. And there will be exhibits of photographs relating to RAP, some documenting its activities, others the product

In RAP class Shooting at Twilight, students' silhouettes are outlined in penlight and sparklers. Special effect is created by long exposure.

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of those activities. There also will be news stories and special performances and receptions and parties.

Janet took the reins in 1972 and is justly proud of RAP's growth—from 8,000 up to 51,500 memberships, which means about 130,000 people. They and their friends, a total of more than a quarter of a million folks in all, take part in about 2,000 RAP activities each year. "Thanks to videotape, teleconferencing and audio-bridging, we can now get to distant audiences," Janet says. "Talk about outreach. We know of people who have actually moved to Washington because of RAP."

I find it impossible to list even the broadest categories of those 2,000-or-so RAP activities. They seem to follow every direction of human culture, to touch on the slightest interests of adults and children. They are as varied as is life itself. Only in the past couple of years, RAP has taken over three more programs—Discover Graphics, which trains young students and their teachers in printmaking; performing arts events that require tickets; and that wonderfully noisy, inventive, exuberant, ongoing show for children called Discovery Theater, which I know about because it's a down-the-hall neighbor of the magazine offices.

These are all going strong, but they have broken the budget. One of Janet Solinger's great prides is RAP's fiscal health. The program has been self-supporting for most of its years and has generally come out in the black—until it began operating these three additional programs. But give them time. More than 50,000 kids have stormed into Discovery Theater this year, and I can vouch for the fact that the number is rising. There were about six million waiting to get in the last time I passed by.

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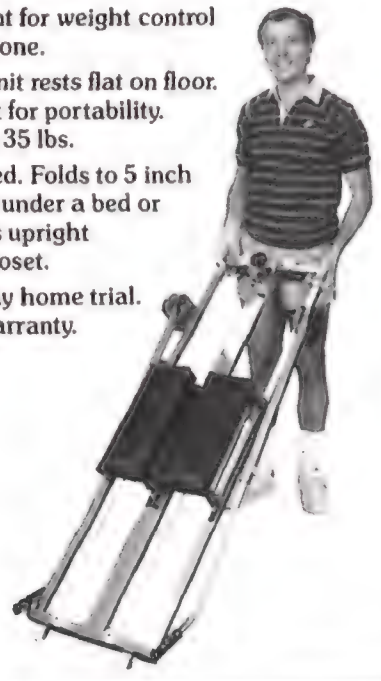

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Janet makes a point of always coordinating some programs with new and special exhibits at the Smithsonian "in order to enhance and complement them." For example, when "Treasures from the Shanghai Museum" was on display, RAP came through with appropriate courses and lectures, performances and tours. And I note from that same dog-eared newsletter of mine that the Festival of India, which currently occupies the nation's thoughts and interests and which, earlier this summer, turned the Museum of Natural History into a brilliant indoor fairground, inspired a lot of reaction in RAP: a series of eight lectures; a reception, enriched with music, dancing, food and drink; courses on Buddhism and Asian languages; special films and performances, including one by Ravi Shankar; a slide lecture on traditional Indian folk embroidery; workshops on hand papermaking and flower art.

No wonder that despite walking tours of Annapolis on hot days, an amazing 80 percent of the Resident Associates retain membership, year after year. The U.S. Marines should do so well. Obviously people think of RAP as, in Janet's words, "*the* place to learn," and are as reluctant to give it up as are students in the middle of their college years.

Happy birthday to a 20-year-old whose major problem seems to be an overdose of continuing success.

Edwards Park

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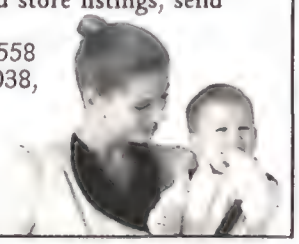

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Crossing the Atlantic on a liner means nonstop birding in luxury—if one can avoid mesmerization

My idea of birding is to take a folding chair and a thermos of tea into the woods along with the binoculars and field guides, pick a promising spot and settle in for the morning. A ship, I have discovered, is an even more comfortable way to bird. Hot meals are only a step away, as are a selection of bars if one were to feel a chill. It may have been all of a hundred feet from my bunk down a carpeted passageway to the fantail, the open deck at the stern where I could watch the sunrise and see what birds were about.

On a midsummer voyage from Rotterdam to Montreal, the Polish ocean liner *Stefan Batory* offered something I had never done before: pelagic birding, the chance to see birds that rarely come close to shore. Armed with Peter Harrison's *Seabirds*, I was ready for the North Atlantic. For ten days there would be nothing to do but eat, sleep and watch birds.

Two facts of life at sea make birding a challenge, comfortable or not. Paramount is the wind. We were steaming west, into a breeze blowing from the west, for almost the entire voyage. When the

Spreading its wings as it tugs, fulmar begins the recycling of a dead fish.

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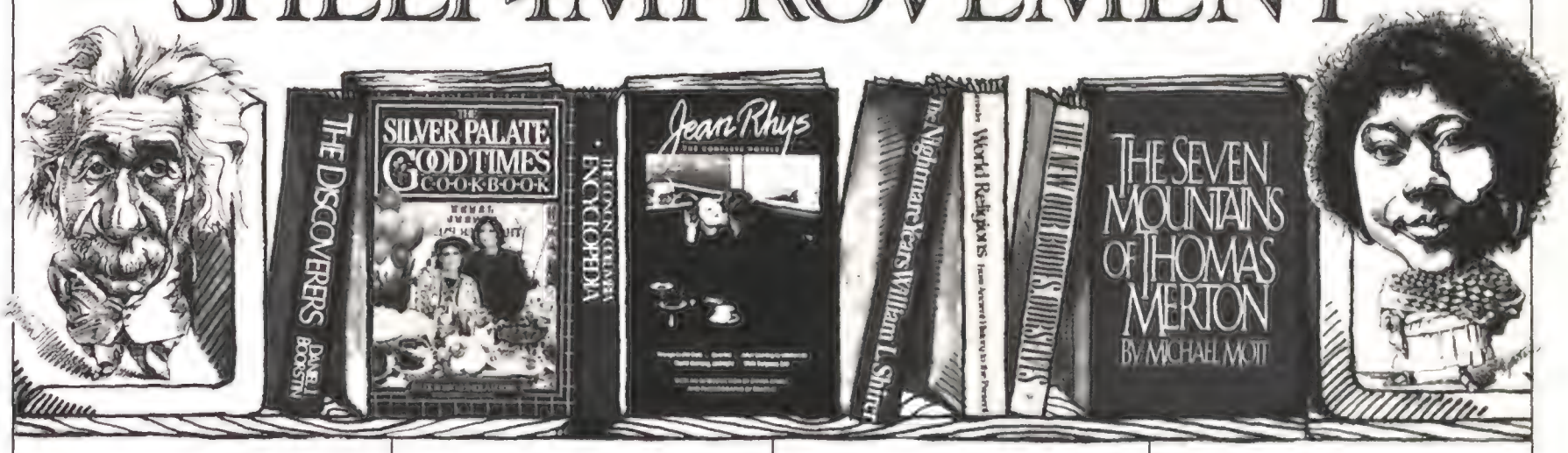

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wind reached 15 or 20 knots, added to our own 16.5, it became difficult to push open doors to forward decks, much less stay out there for very long. These were not tropical breezes. Two sweaters, a windbreaker and a watch cap were none too much when standing out on a little observation deck below the bridge or on the top deck where the kennels were, known to some as the "pooch deck." It had never occurred to me to bring gloves, and cold hands proved to be the only limiting factor.

The second challenge of birding at sea is adapting to a moving platform. The ship is always in motion: up and down, side to side, vibrating to the beat of the propeller, shuddering as the bow lifts out of a particularly large wave. At times looking at a bird from the fantail can be like looking at a star through a small telescope on a windy night: the image darts around like a crazed hummingbird.

An even greater difficulty, however, is mesmerization. Watching the ocean from the deck of a ship is as hypnotic as staring into a fire. Harrison writes that standard procedure for birding from a ship is to make a 180-degree sweep across the bow every ten minutes, note any other sightings, and once an hour count the species following in the ship's wake. Each day I would start religiously, ducking under the rail to make notes with hands numb from the wind. But as each day wore on, my note taking decreased. I simply stared at the endless motion, sometimes watching a rare patch of sunshine on the horizon, sometimes concentrating on a whitecap that kept breaking like a roller hitting a shallow beach. Birds became cursors, tracing the shapes of the waves.

Even when I was trying, some birds were difficult. Again and again a small brown bird would flash past, darting like a swallow as it blew past us, disappearing behind the dark waves only to reappear again farther away. I would pan with the binoculars, squinting with the effort to see some definitive field mark, but to no avail. A storm petrel, it would appear, but which one? How much white had I seen on the rump? Or in the wings? Impossible to say.

Oceanic birds were new to me. Even before Land's End and the Isles of Scilly faded astern, gannets become one of my all-time favorites. I had had no idea they were so big (those narrow, black-tipped wings span five to six feet), so beautiful ("pointed at both ends," as Harrison says, with a yellowish cast on top of the head and the neck and a face sharply outlined in dark gray) or so graceful. Looking down from an upper deck at a gannet flying just above the surging water—a lightning stroke against the translucent blue-black—is dizzying. In the restricted field of view through binoculars the bird appears to be moving very fast, swerving and climbing to avoid each new obstacle (a wave top or whitecap) as it suddenly appears, just like one of those driving games in an arcade.

The middle of the North Atlantic belongs to the shearwaters and fulmars. A fulmar looks like a large-headed, bull-necked seagull to me, and it took me half a day to identify one. I kept looking through the gulls in Harrison and my other field guides. Only when I accidentally turned to albatrosses in one guide did I find my bird, lumped with them because of a similar mechanism for excret-

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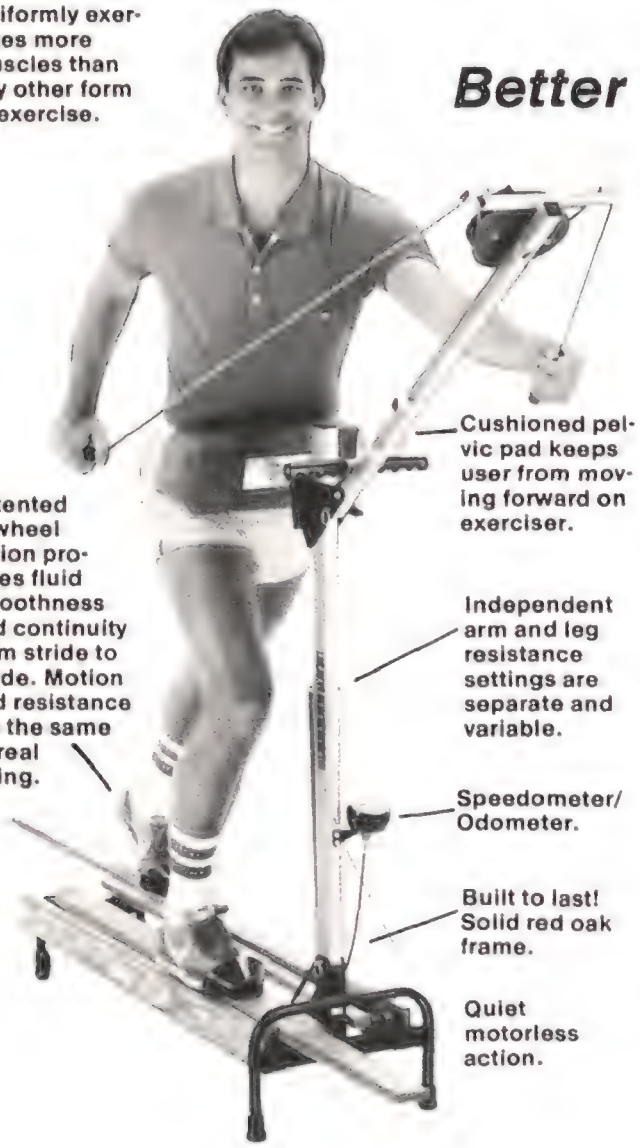
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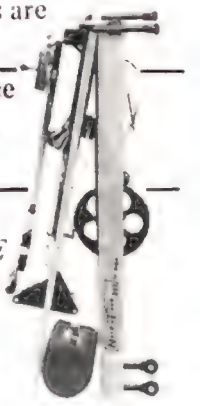

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ing salt. I had expected birds to be few and far between in midocean, and yet we were rarely out of sight of one. Single fulmars would skitter away from the ship like flying fish, dark shearwaters would fly away on long, curving wings, silhouettes of primordial birdness. Sometimes rafts of 20 and even 40 would scatter as we approached.

As the days went by I became addicted as well as hypnotized, spending more and more time on deck. I did not want to miss a thing, and not just birds. After dinner one night I was on the fantail, idly watching for birds, when a Canadian sociologist next to me shouted: "Killer whales!" Five high, narrow black dorsal fins cut the water off our port quarter, slowly falling behind the ship, occasionally making a commotion on the surface as they disappeared astern.

For most of the voyage air and water temperatures remained in the 50s. One morning the sea temperature rose to 61, the wind increased to 30 knots and fog closed over us. Great swells 15 to 20 feet high marched north to south, and across them, pushed west to east by the wind, moved other waves six to ten feet high. Steady sightings of fulmars, occasional shearwaters, frequent petrels. Dolphins swam away from the ship, only their sharply curving dorsal fins and a little of their backs visible.

The next morning the water temperature had plunged to 43, the air to 48 as we sailed into the Labrador Current and the Grand Banks. The sea was a birder's dream, and what little I saw of that day remains a dream. I had been sick as the proverbial dog all night, and had not slept. When the steward came to make up the cabin in the morning, I stumbled aft to the fantail to get out of his way. The sun was bright for the first time in five days, the water polished indigo glass. The wind had stopped. We were steering for Cape Race across a sea of birds: gulls, gannets, shearwaters. Everywhere I looked were alcids, chunky black-and-white birds that "fly" underwater to catch their prey—the Northern Hemisphere analogs of penguins. The whole family was new to me, birds I had never expected to see: razorbills, guillemots and, presumably somewhere in that crowd, the Atlantic puffin with its improbably multicolored bill and comic stare. I tried to concentrate as the little birds pattered across the water without actually taking off, but the flesh was weaker than usual. I went back to my bunk and slept away the dream day.

Now I sit at a desk and walk on concrete. On weekends I follow streams and walk the woods. But just beyond my vision dark birds blow by against gray skies and gunmetal seas, and dream birds fish icy water in the warm sun. The passengers on the *Stefan Batory* were mostly people who were going somewhere. But there were also some old sailors who were not so much going somewhere as *being* somewhere: at sea once more. Some had sailed the North Atlantic in destroyers in World War II; when they talked about having been here before, they meant precisely this part of this ocean in this season, as familiar to them as a given highway interchange is to a commuter. They would be standing at a rail before sunrise, quiet, mesmerized, addicted. With any luck I'll be back, too, but this time with gloves.

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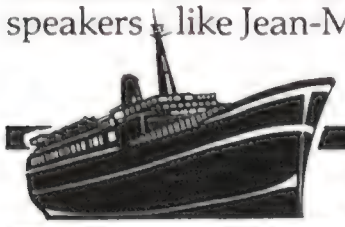

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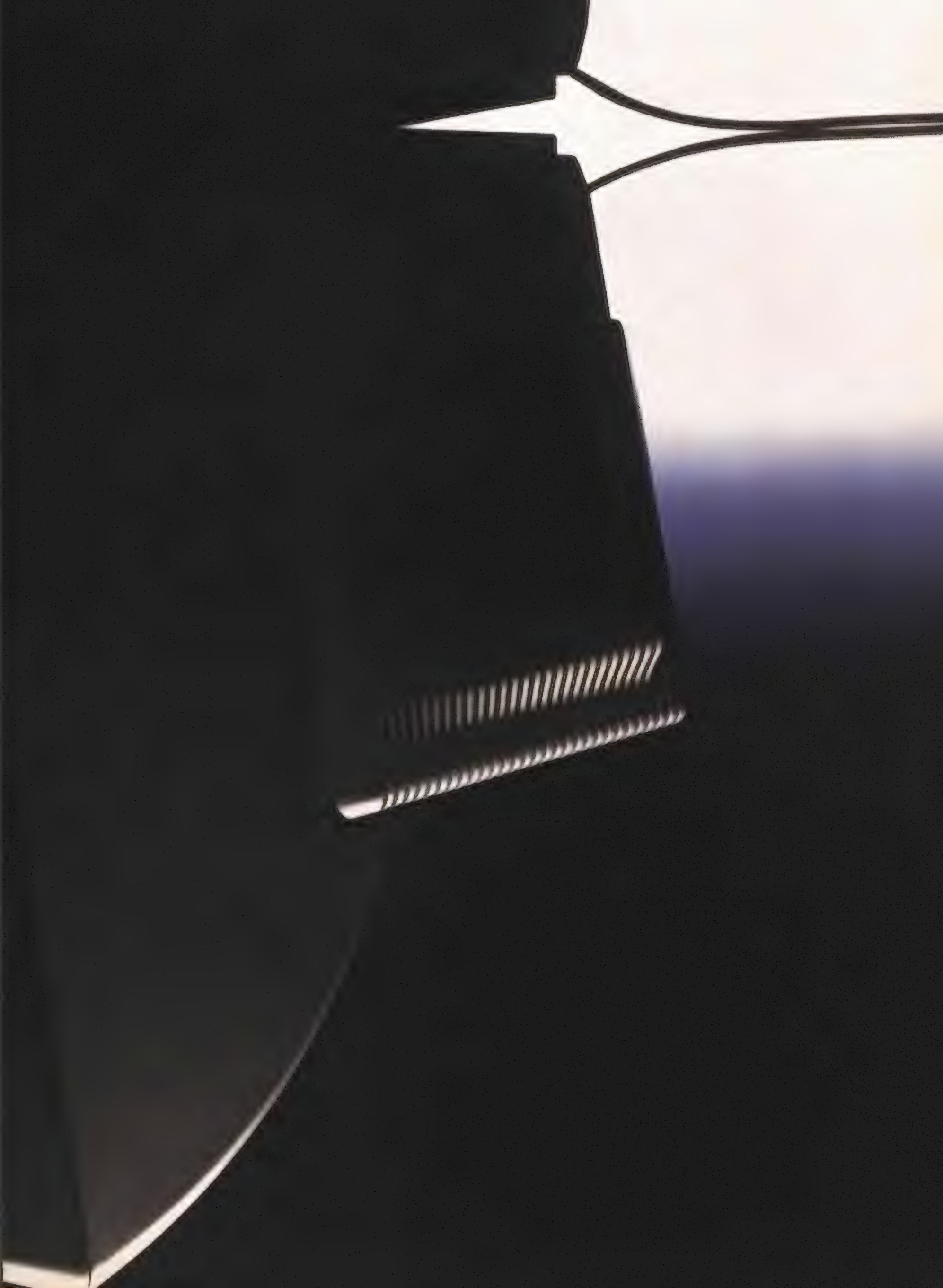

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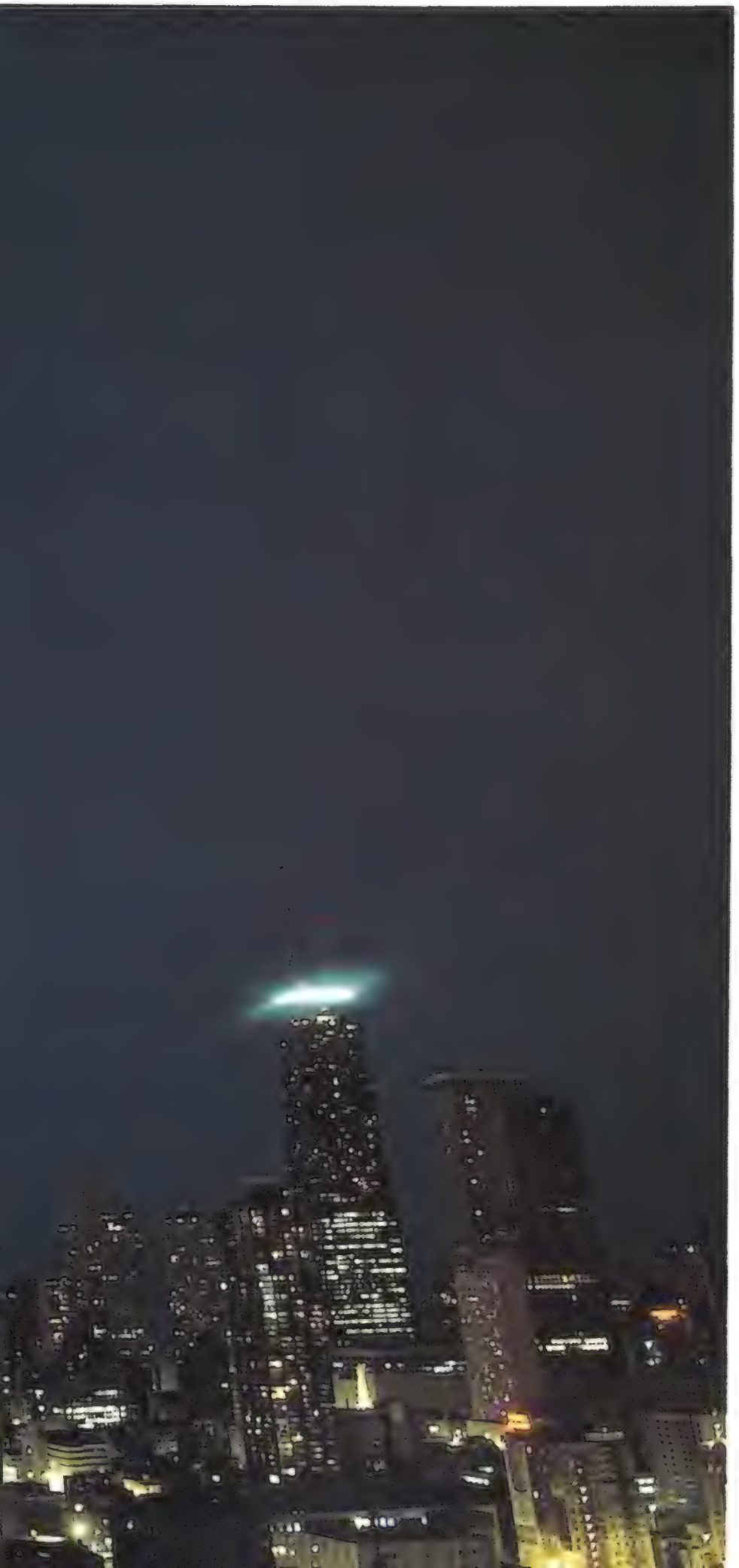
By Henry Allen

There'll be some changes in the city when the cranes come soaring in

Over the skylines of our major urban centers loom giant 'one-legged dinosaurs' that have transformed the way we construct buildings



If only the ladder were wired a little tighter, the view from halfway up this tower crane would be beautiful. Pearl-pink clouds arch over Chicago. The moon slides behind the Amoco Building. The crane broods over the half-finished roof of a 62-story office building and about 700 feet below is the cozy emptiness of a city at dawn. The waves on Lake Michigan are tiny—they look like the patina on old silver.

Beautiful. Except for the ladder, which is fastened onto the tower crane—also known as a hammerhead crane—with scraps of old wire. It's a touch that seems startlingly casual when you consider that the wind is blowing 25 miles an hour. It catches you, shakes the ladder, makes you glance down all that breathless distance to the streets of the city, no wider from here than the back of a knife.

This is how tower-crane operators get to work every morning—one rung at a time, winter and summer, rain and shine, high and alone.

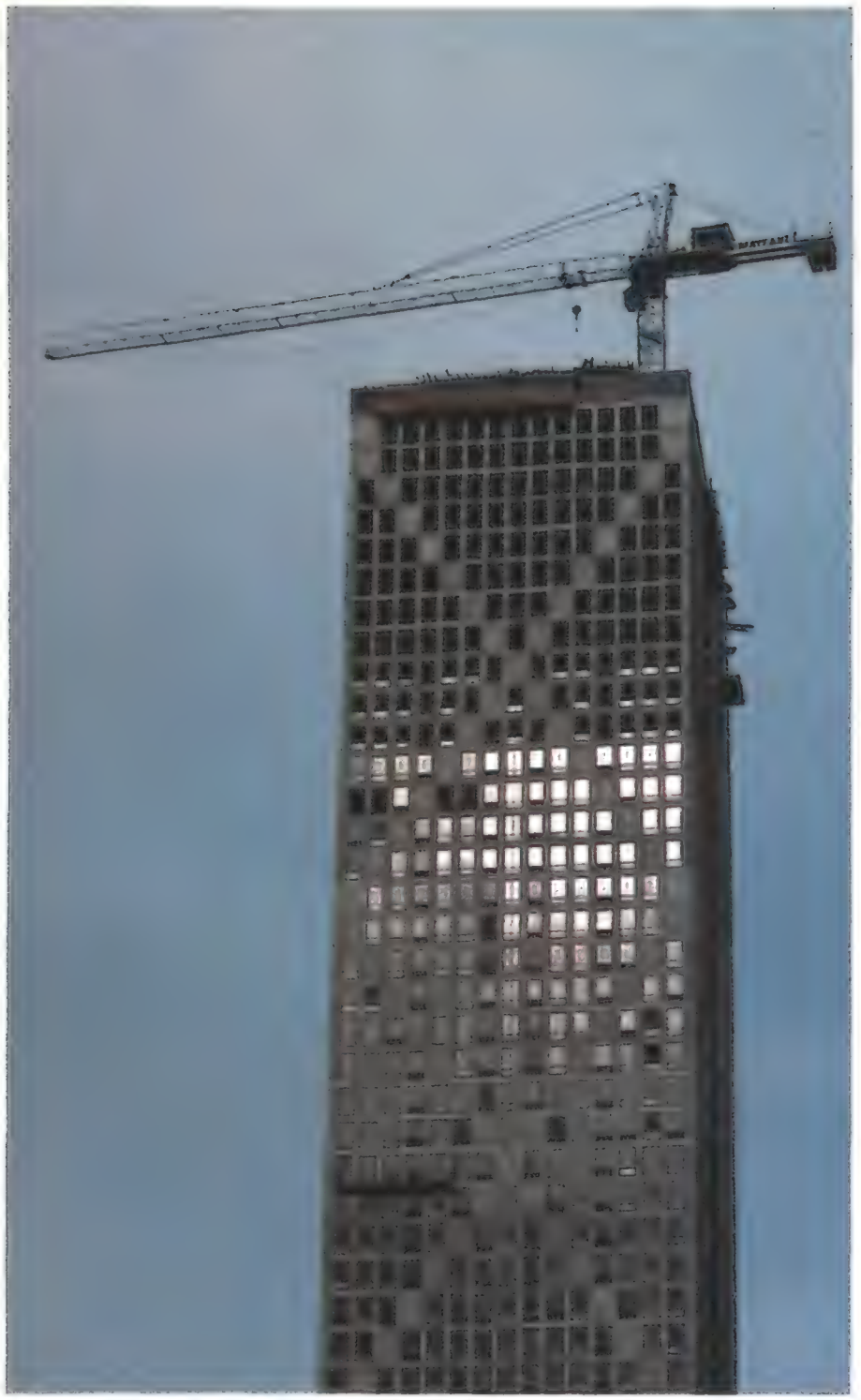
"I had a laborer panic up here one time," says Don Dulkoski, 44, who has climbed ahead. Dulkoski was a crane operator before he became the business agent for Local 150 of the International Union of Operating Engineers. He stands atop this Pecco SK 180 from Germany and studies a sun lifting so molten red out of the lake you can practically hear it hissing in the wind. He says: "This was back when we were wrecking the old Morrison Hotel about 20 years ago. The workman was climbing up and all of a sudden he stopped. Wouldn't let go of the ladder. Just froze. I had to call the fire department to get him off."

Dulkoski has a wary calm that could pass for preoccupation, an attitude common to crane operators. They are the aristocrats of construction sites, making as much as $24 an hour in New York City ($19 here in Chicago). Foremen and superintendents want to please them—a happy tower-crane operator is apt to pour more cubic yards of concrete every day than a disgruntled one. They operate one of the biggest single pieces of standard construction equipment in the world. One freestanding crane used at the Seabrook, New Hampshire, nuclear plant stood 423 feet tall and could lift 182 tons at a radius of 269 feet. Another anchored to the inside of the CN Tower in Toronto was more than 1,000 feet above the street.

Loose ladder or not, this crane is yet another steeple of America's religion of progress, a harbinger of prosperity, of cities rising. The first tower crane arrived in America from Germany in 1958 (virtually all are European 27 years later). They have multiplied until they

Hook block (center) hangs still from outstretched jib of hammerhead crane 24 stories above Chicago streets.

Photographs by Kay Chernush



Lifted by hydraulic jacks, jumping seven floors at a time, a tower crane rises with edifice it is building.

surmount new buildings from Boston to San Francisco like a breed of one-legged dinosaurs: *Towersaurus rex*. Some people in Denver like to call their city "the nesting place of the one-legged crane." Among the boosters of Houston, the tower crane is widely known as "the state bird of Texas."

This particular crane at 446 Ontario Street in Chicago has a jib, or horizontal boom, that reaches out 168 feet to hold sway over more than two acres of the city. "It'll be pouring concrete for the roof today," Dulkoski says. "They park the trucks in that alley next to the building and bring it up from there."

The crane has been the "point man" for the regiment of carpenters, plumbers, ironworkers, electricians, concrete finishers, laborers and superintendents who have toiled beneath the crane operator and trusted him with their lives—one wrong twitch on a joystick could crush them with a load of reinforcing bars, a pile of plywood, three tons of concrete.

Power: with his giant drum of 18mm cable, backed by three electric motors pulling 440 volts, the operator has provided the bootstrap with which this building has lifted itself.

Every time seven or so floors are completed, the ironworkers raise the crane higher, inches at a time, hydraulic jacks hiking 75 to 140 tons while the operator sits in his cab balancing the counterweights with a load on the jib, feeling his tower sway.

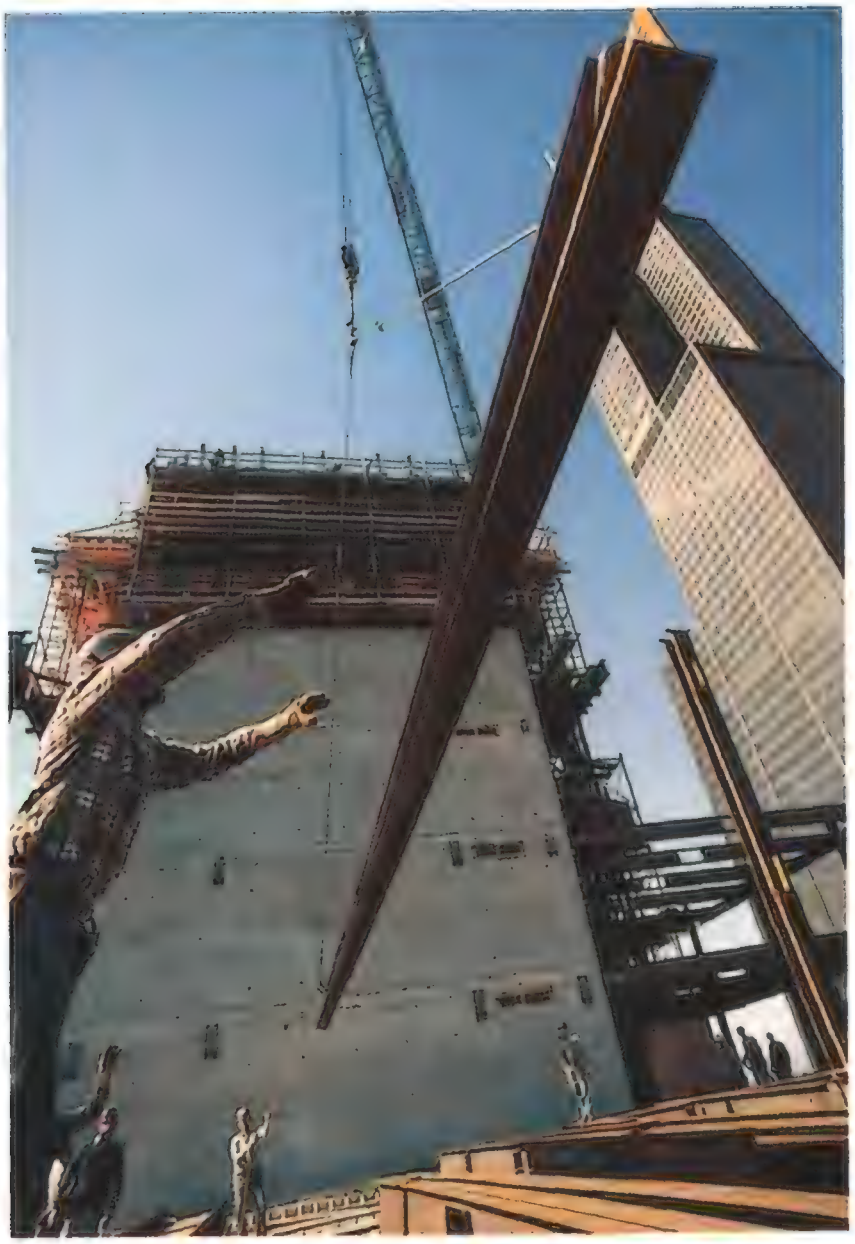
Blood on the windshield in a strange Valhalla

Such power in such solitude is the province of American heroes: cowboys, eccentric millionaires, boxers, secret agents, drivers of 18-wheel trucks—people who do hard, lonely, dangerous, beautiful work. But it's a strange Valhalla up here. The crane twitches and shudders in the wind. Dulkoski is moved to start telling horror stories—the time his assistant, called an oiler, got his foot crushed in the turntable and passed out. "The first thing I knew about it was the blood running down the windshield." And the day the concrete pad collapsed beneath the 180-foot crane he was operating, and the crane lurched over till it caught at a 12-degree tilt.

Then he's talking about how you can be out of work a year at a time in this business, waiting for your name to rise to the top of the union's hiring roster. And when you do work, it can be 12 hours a day, seven days a week for months on end, with the whole world looking at you, no slack, no place to hide. "A laborer can hide—he can set a few re-bars and wander away and slough off. An operating engineer can't hide."

In fact, Dulkoski says, when you're an operator your radio will crackle all day with petitions from the tiny figures below—they need a lift on this load of plywood, how about swinging this piece of facing stone over to the northeast corner—and meanwhile everybody's waiting for another concrete form to be moved into place. The superintendent is yelling. The wind batters the jib as it swings over the site. The sun glares off the structural steel and you can't see the hand signals of the men below.

You're all by yourself with an old antifreeze jug for a bathroom and a pair of binoculars to remind you that those are real people boiling around like ants down there. You're warm in the winter, but you roast in the summer up there in that little metal cab all day; hauling concrete up from a truck you can't even see over the edge of the building—"working in the blind," they call it—but you're responsible for those lives down



Six-ton I-beam, held by a choker cable slung through tower crane's hook, is lowered onto building deck.

Jerry-built squawk box is used to relay orders between the site "super" and the crane operator high above.

Ironworker, in a precarious position, unsnags the tag line from a column just lowered into place by crane.

there. A six-inch mistake can crush a hand like a road-killed rabbit.

Or maybe the hook on the end of your cable gets away from the bucket man and accidentally snags the truck—the next thing you know the jib is lunging down, the tower is twitching as you try to lift the whole truck and the voices are screaming into the radio. . . .

It's enough to drive you crazy.

But how many Americans can say what a lot of crane operators say: that they look forward to climbing that ladder every morning, that they go home feeling good every night? "It's an art, doing this," Dulkoski says. "Some guys don't get satisfaction from their jobs. I used to leave my job every day and know I'd really done something."

Essence of simplicity: joysticks and a foot brake

The tower crane is a triumph of engineering over common sense. It is not to be confused with the whole family of conventional cranes—crawlers, cherry pickers, long booms and so on. Those are run from the ground and they are little more than analogs of a reaching arm. A tower crane is something different. The most common have one perfectly horizontal beam, called a jib, balanced on one perfectly vertical beam, called a tower. The whole thing is operated from the top with two joysticks and sometimes a foot brake. It is the essence of simplicity, solid geometry made real, with the operator sitting atop a perfect cylinder defined by his hook and cable.

The tower crane has totally altered the way we put up buildings. Before them, things had changed little since the days of the pyramids, with building materials being horsed into place by muscle power. The tower crane sets loads down precisely where they're needed.

"Before tower cranes we used hoists," says Bernard (Ben) Carbeau of Fairfax, Virginia. Now a Pecco district manager, he brought the first tower crane to America. "That was my family's business, building hoist towers. To take material up in the building you'd put it on a platform and raise it up on the construction elevator, or sometimes with a Chicago boom. Then workers would cart the concrete in a two-wheeled buggy or carry other materials to wherever they were supposed to go.

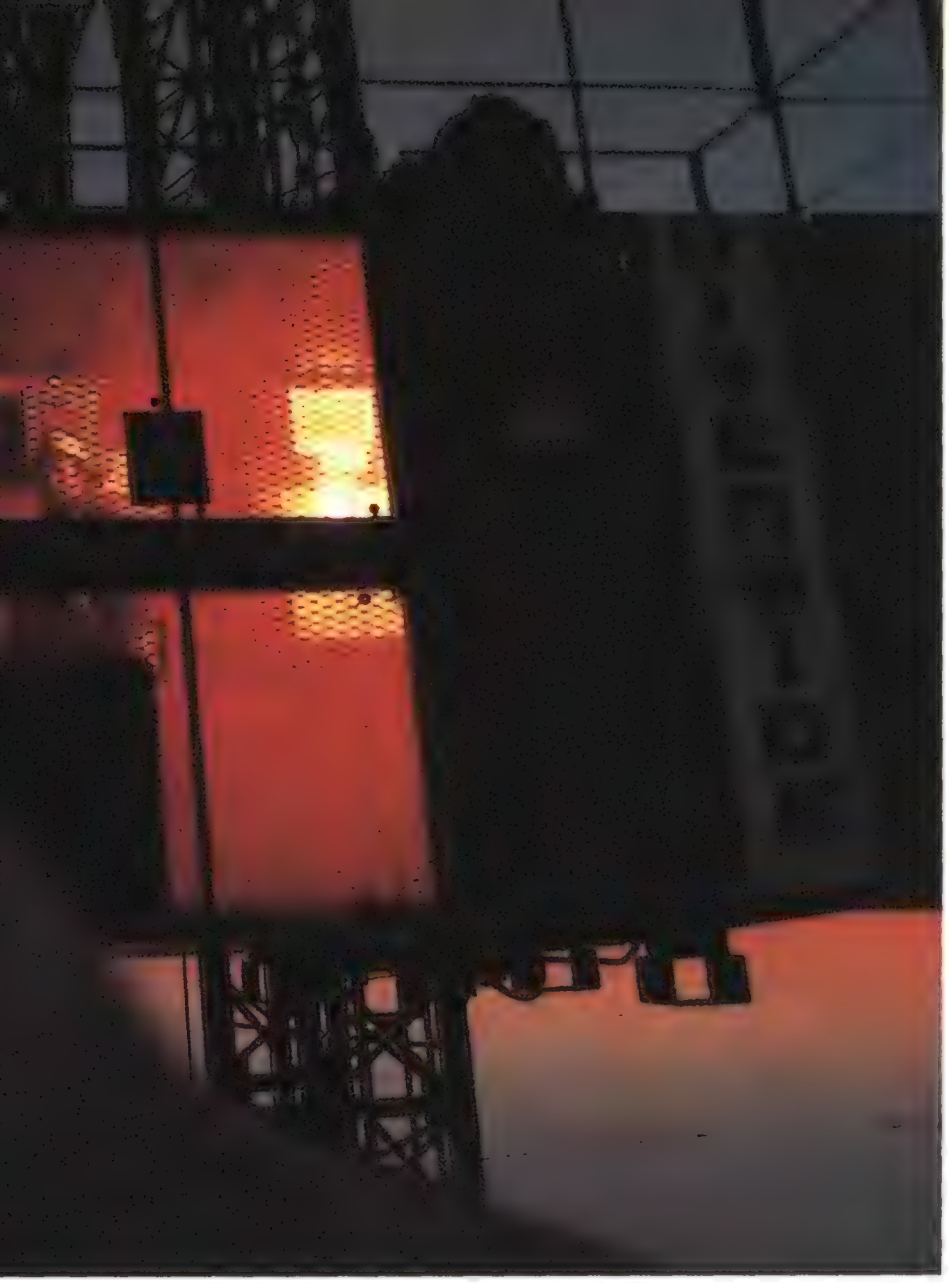
"In 1957 I went to Germany to see what they were doing in construction over there. We flew into Stuttgart. On approaching, I saw these things standing up in the city. I wondered what they were. I told the taxi driver to take me to one of those sites before we even went to my hotel. I kept wondering: How is it possible for them to reach up so far and out so far with so little at the base? But I thought that if this *was* what it *seemed* to be. . . ."

By 5:30 A.M. an operator has ridden an elevator to the topmost floor of a building under construction.

Carbeau, tweedy and reserved now at 59, was a young man out to make his mark. He knew how hard it would be to convince not only contractors but unions and building inspectors that a crane could stand, say, 265 feet tall, like the Pecco SK 560, on a tower approximately eight feet square. It's like putting something as tall as the Empire State Building on a foundation the size of a racket-ball court—one of those impossible ideas that have marked 20th-century architecture, like the cantilevered overhangs that Frank Lloyd Wright designed, personally kicking out the timber supports and standing under them to prove they were safe. The result is a machine that can lift 35 tons. The reason this load doesn't buckle the tower is the counterweight—about 25 tons of reinforced concrete to balance the load.

Carbeau says: "In Germany they told me, 'No one seems to think they need these in your country.' That was in April. I flew home and in June we had a sales conference. I did a presentation. The salesmen said,

The author is an editor of the Washington Post's *Outlook section. His novel,* Fool's Mercy, *is now available in paperback from Carroll & Graf.*



Now he must climb another nine stories up a ladder to cab of the crane where he will spend the day.

'Who is this kid?' The first tower crane that actually got used was at a Sheraton Motor Inn in Binghamton, New York, a Pecco 401. It was 100 feet high with a 100-foot jib. It could only lift three-quarters of a yard of concrete—about 3,000 pounds.

"By the early '60s," Carbeau continues, "other companies were getting into it—Linden, from Sweden, and Liebherr, from Germany. It was somewhat difficult in those days to get an operator. Sometimes they didn't like the height, they didn't like the climb. Sometimes they'd turn into prima donnas and want to run the whole job from up there. We preferred younger, untrained operators we could teach ourselves."

Cranes sell now for prices between $200,000 and $1 million, but most contractors choose to rent them, with fees ranging from $5,000 to $20,000 a month with $8,000 to $9,000 the average, says Carbeau.

With a few exceptions, almost all cranes come from Europe. American crane manufacturers not only are behind in the technology and marketing, but also cannot attain European economies of scale; there, with more concrete and less lumber used in residential construction, tower cranes are used to build houses as well as skyscrapers.

Lowell Kamerer makes his 150-foot climb look easy, but it is probably the most dangerous part of his job.

Operator talks with signal man by intercom before he starts to move a load on the construction deck.

On his brief lunch break, Larry Overton suns himself on chaise longue 350 feet above the Chicago River.

During major renovation of west face of U.S. Capitol, articulating-jib cranes allow delicate maneuvering.

Cranes have grown in size, with innovations such as a self-erecting crane and a tower crane with what are known as luffing booms or articulating jibs mounted on them. Essentially, these are tower cranes with what looks like a conventional long-boom crane mounted on the top, instead of the standard horizontal jib. Cranes move on tracks and they can be rigged with a hose to pump wet concrete, rather than haul it in buckets.

Structural safety has proved to be extraordinary over the years. Tower cranes are set up so that the motors will cut out if the load is too heavy. Sometimes the operator doesn't know exactly how much weight he's picking up—it has to be judged by how much the tower bends, how much the jib arcs.

Most notable accidents have occurred during dismantling of the tower cranes or when their bases were inadequate. One mishap in New York City that killed a pedestrian in 1982 was caused by the failure of the derrick that was being used on the roof of a building to disassemble a tower crane. Another spectacular collapse in Bailey's Crossroads, Virginia, was the result of construction flaws in the building it stood on. Another in the late '60s at a Holiday Inn in Washington, D.C., was blamed on "flaws in the welding," says Morrow-Liebherr salesman Jim Harrington.

"It was 110 feet tall," he explains, "and it broke off at the base, but the operator lived—the counterweight on the back of the jib hit first, and since it was after the normal working day, there was no one on the deck for it to hit. As it happened, there was a convention of the Associated General Contractors of America going on across the street. The next day, I was there at the site and a guy with a German accent came out and said 'I thought American technology was better than that.' I told him it was a German crane."

"I thank God nobody was hurt"

Every morning when Jim Baker climbs up into his crane, he kneels down and prays. Baker, 38 and a Jehovah's Witness, says: "I thank God for my secular work. At the end of the day I kneel down and thank God nobody was hurt." Crane operators are a little like gods, themselves. Says Baker: "The hardest thing is keeping your cool. Everybody uses the tower crane. You've got carpenters, ironworkers, plumbers, electricians, finishers—they all want you at the same time."

And sometimes they don't understand that their prayers cannot be answered, though there can be lessons in that, too. Consider the day during the building of Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring, Maryland, when Baker found he couldn't swing his jib in third speed because it was too windy. He decided to shut down and "weathercock" the crane—let it swing free with the wind.

"But the carpenters' foreman kept after me to lift this load of plywood off a truck out in the street," Baker recalls. "I said I'd try it. As it happened, it was the foreman's son who was working on that truck. I got the jib almost all the way over there, I had the hook three or four feet away from him, but then the wind started to push it back. He reached out and grabbed it and it pulled him off the truck. The jib was gaining speed now, and he was too scared to let go of it. I could see it was going to smash him into a wall, so the only thing I could do was hoist him up eight floors and land him on the building. They never badgered me any more about working in the wind."

It takes a certain mentality to operate a tower crane. Some people don't like the height and the climb, others don't like the loneliness, others are afraid of the responsibility. And some just can't accept the fact that the crane *is* going to remain standing. "I had a student who was doing fine until he got to heavy loads," says Baker, who used to train crane operators. "He did fine

with his load, but when he came down and watched the next guy work, he said to me: 'Did the jib bend that much when *I* was doing that?' I said it did and he said good-bye. When I pick up two [cubic] yards of concrete—that's over 8,000 pounds—with the trolley 120 feet out from the tower, I can look down and see the tower moving ten to 14 inches. The jib pulls down at least eight feet—I can be sure of that because when the bucket man dumps the concrete too quick, the bucket will go up so high he can't reach it." This would bother most people, but crane operators are different. Says Baker: "I try to keep a humble attitude."

Here is a vision of workingman's heaven, the ultimate sandbox, a little boy's dream you watch from 100 feet up in the Richier 1268 tower crane at the Accokeek, Maryland, training site of the Operating Engineers. Off in the distance, bulldozers scrape perfect rectangles in the earth, graders smooth them over, backhoes dig holes, front-end loaders fill them in. Trees shudder in the wind. A pond ruffles in the distant silence.

Lovely—except that just now it is proving tense, frustrating and difficult to do the simplest task with a tower crane—move, say, an empty concrete bucket in a straight line from point A across to point B. Why should it be so hard? This tower crane is stunningly simple: two joysticks controlling three speeds of trolley, three speeds of swing, three speeds of hoist. Put it all together and, like instructor Mike Holley, you too can carve invisible arcs and parabolas out of the thin air.

On the other hand, it's a little like trying to draw a straight line with a geometrician's compass—the problem of squaring the circle, which means that science and reason aren't quite enough. You have to bring in an operator willing to run on intuition, Kentucky windage, the seat of his pants.

"You've got to get in the groove"

Holley, 38, is a philosopher of the tower crane. As one of the small but growing number of blacks climbing up into cranes every morning, he has learned it all the hard way, unlike a lot of operators whose fathers had run cranes before them and brought their sons into the union and the craft to succeed them.

"You've got to get in the groove," he says. He has big, light hands that float down over yours to flick the joysticks a hair of an inch this way, that way. "You've got it going in circles now," Holley says, and he demonstrates how to "catch" the load and make it move in straight lines again.

Slow and sloppy, with much hands-on help from Holley, the bucket arrives at its target. It descends. It should be easy to judge how close it is to the ground today—the sun is out and the bucket and its shadow draw together at ground zero. Except that a bit too much push on the joystick bangs it down with cable-bellying clumsiness, the kind of error that could kill a man standing next to a concrete truck.

Operator Mike Holley, tower-crane philosopher, calls himself a "mother hen," protects everyone on job.

"You got to move with the motion, one move, A to B, get that biorhythm going," Holley says. He is a man of great personal style, a loner given to skydiving and downhill skiing in his spare time and, like a lot of crane operators, a man who thinks about the nature of things and where he fits in. Listen to him:

"That concrete bucket's moving up and down, up and down until it's a song in your head. A song! You get working like that, it makes everybody feel good, people feel good being there, the day goes fast, you don't spend all day waiting to go home. I get on the radio, I say, 'It's show time! Let's rock and roll!' You know, you make it fun, you get into the flow and everybody's finger-poppin'. You got to work together. The man on the bucket, he can feel that motor kick in. I

tell him, 'Don't worry about pulling it in, I'll get it within three inches,' and you do it all in one move, you don't stop and let it hang there while he pours. Just as he's hitting that lever for the last of the concrete he feels the motor kick in and he knows that bucket is already on its way....

"I'm the mother hen," Holley goes on, "that's the way I feel about it. I look out for these people, for their safety. I'm baby-sitting. It's my job to make sure everybody gets through the day without getting hurt. You have to loosen up. I usually get there half an hour or so ahead of time. You get up there, you sit there and drink your coffee, you look at the day, you look at the sunrise, look at a star that's still out. You can't go up in a crane with an attitude. You leave your personal problems behind. But that's the good part, you go up there and that's all down here, and you know you don't get a paycheck for those personal problems. You can't have problems up there. You have to watch out for addictions. A lot of guys, after work, they go to the bar, have a bunch of beers—I tell my students, don't go to that bar, take a walk in the park.

"We have the best crane operators in the country. We have operators go from this local to the manufacturers to test equipment. We're the best in the world except for Swedish women—they don't have no ego. Women don't have egos like men do. I've been to Sweden. I've been to Manila, London and Holland.

"I worked in an industrial plant when I was young—you had to go in and out of a gate. I couldn't stand it. Here, you think about it all the time, you look forward to getting to work. You're brushing your teeth and thinking about how that lid is like a concrete bucket. Then you get to the site and that first load of concrete tells you how your day is going to be. The book says that pouring 35 to 40 yards an hour is acceptable, but acceptable to me is 50 to 60 yards an hour and I try to do better than that. You get old man momentum working for you...."

It's after work in Chicago at a bar called Tramps. There's a pregnant woman singing behind a piano, and a table full of men paying no attention after a while. A vodka here, a beer there and they're locked into one of those fierce, sad bull sessions about the meaning of life, which for them is inextricably mingled with the operating of tower cranes.

For one thing, *they* are tower crane operators and the rest of the world isn't. They discuss the splendid stupidity of ironworkers, the frustrating illogic of carpenters, the venality of superintendents and the vengeance of all of them when a crane operator causes someone to be hurt. After a while, though, the talk mellows out and you begin to see why they feel so superior not only to the other trades, but maybe to all the quietly desperate lives they see below them, huddling and hustling, worrying and scurrying.

It isn't just the beauty of the job, with the sun skidding across the morning lake, igniting the dome of the planetarium, the sort of sight that provokes operators to take cameras up with them. And it isn't nature's oddities, such as a raccoon that climbed 160 feet of ladder, or a nesting falcon or a bat gathered like a lump of grease against the tower one morning.

And it isn't just the high pay or the high esteem that the world gives them—"I consider myself just as important as an airplane pilot," says Lowell Kamerer, 47, bearded and green-eyed and an operating engineer for the past 28 years.

It's more.

"The best part," says Ray Jorsch, 40, a crane operator for 15 years after working as a tool and die maker, "is when you go down the road after you've finished a job, and you can look back and say: 'I did that.' "

He is sitting next to Larry Overton, who shares with Kamerer a fear that the pressure of the job will have them on operating tables for cardiac-bypass surgery any day now. Overton is 33 and "taking blood-pressure pills," he says. Kamerer, who is divorced, says he doesn't want his daughter to marry a crane operator—"I know what the pressure can do." But on balance, he doesn't have a lot of regrets.

"Every day for 28 years I've looked forward to going to work—every day," Kamerer says. "I love seeing things go up. I'm going to retire pretty soon—it gets hard climbing that ladder after a while—and when I do, I want an artist to come and paint a mural on my wall of all the projects I've worked on. Every one."

An operator may put in 12 tense, solitary hours a day, swinging his crane "until it's a song in your head."

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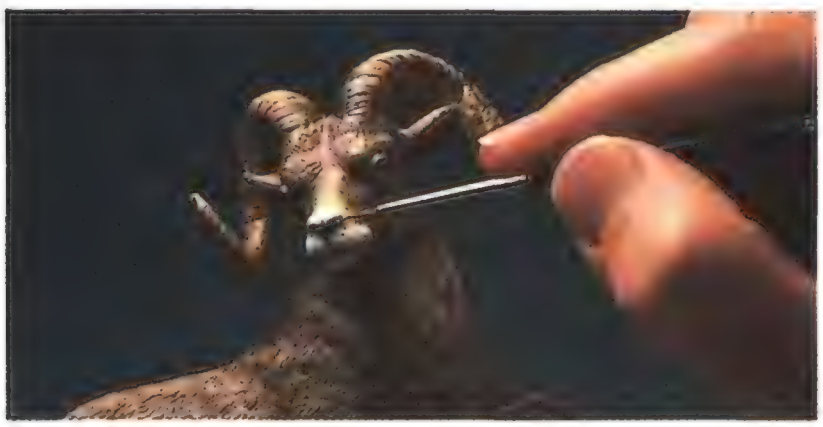

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By Robert Wernick

Camille Claudel's tempestuous life of art and passion

A stunning model and brilliant sculptor, she influenced Auguste Rodin's work, but their stormy affair helped send her to the madhouse

Musée du Petit Palais, Paris

Camille sculpted Rodin's favorite portrait of himself in terra-cotta in 1888—here as it was cast in bronze.

The great Rodin lay, old and infirm, on a sickbed outside Paris. He muttered that he wanted to see his wife. She is right beside you, they said: Rose Beuret, his faithful model, mistress and housekeeper for 50 years, whom he was to marry shortly afterward, two weeks before her death and several months before his own. "No, no," he said fretfully. "Not her. The other one."

The "other one" was at that moment 400 miles away, in a madhouse near Avignon, eating only raw eggs and potatoes she boiled in their skins for fear of being poisoned by Rodin and his henchmen. She was Camille Claudel, who for 15 tumultuous years before the turn of the century had shared Rodin's artistic and emotional life as pupil, model, collaborator, lover. A major sculptor in her own right, her career and her sanity had both passed under a black cloud. She was to live a quarter of a century after Rodin's death in 1917, remembered if at all as a mere footnote to the life of the man who inaugurated modern sculpture.

In the past few years her reputation has enjoyed a vigorous revival. The few and scattered works that have survived have come out of private collections and provincial museums for a couple of major exhibitions. A film is being planned on her life. There have been several books, one of them by Reine-Marie Paris, the artist's great-niece, who has spent years searching through family and medical records to throw some light on a tragic destiny.

As a young woman, wrote brother Paul, Camille had an "air of courage, of frankness, of superiority."

Camille Claudel was born in 1864 in the little town of Fère-en-Tardenois in a grim, windswept corner of the Champagne country. Her brother, Paul, who was to become one of France's leading poets and playwrights, called their home Wuthering Heights, and not only because of the barren moors that surrounded it. It was a house shrill with family discord.

The father, Louis-Prosper, was an upper-level civil servant; the mother, Louise, came from a local landowning family. In little Villeneuve-sur-Fère, where Camille grew up, it was the only family that counted, and it lived by its own rules. The father, said Paul, "had an antisocial and fierce disposition. . . . He made the family into a closed circle inside which we fought from morning to night."

Louis-Prosper adored Camille, his oldest daughter, and encouraged her when she developed an unladylike enthusiasm for modeling clay. Louise, the mother, hated her for not being the boy she wanted to replace her firstborn, who had died in infancy; hated her still more for being unconventional, proud, willful, artistic. Her younger sister, Louise, hated her too. Her

Seated, sister Louise; mother behind; father, at left with hat; on his left, brother Paul; Camille, in middle.

brother, Paul, adored her, although his early plays are laid in stifling family atmospheres, with warring sisters (a stage direction in *La Jeune Fille Violaine*: "she throws the hot ashes into her sister's eyes").

Both Camille and Paul felt at an early age that they were meant to leave a mark upon their world. Her gift for modeling was extraordinary from the start. She was still a schoolgirl when it was noticed by a well-known sculptor named Alfred Boucher in the town of Nogent-sur-Seine when Louis-Prosper, by some whim of the bureaucracy, was transferred there. Under his encouragement, Camille blossomed. Her earliest works, now lost, were busts of Bismarck and Napoleon.

Louis-Prosper moved his family to Paris when Camille was 17, partly at her insistence because Paris was the center of the art world. "I see her now," wrote Paul in his old age, "in the full glow of her youth and genius, her splendid forehead overhanging magnificent eyes of a deep blue you hardly ever meet with but in novels, her mouth, more proud than sensual, that mighty tuft of chestnut hair, the true chestnut which the English call auburn, falling to her hips. An impressive air of courage, of frankness, of superiority, of gaiety—the air of someone who has received much."

She came not as a student but as a full-grown artist. The earliest of her works that have survived, busts of an old woman and of her brother (opposite), done before she was 20, show an astonishing maturity in the techniques of her craft, in her handling of volumes, in her psychological insight. She showed some of her work to the established academic sculptor Paul Dubois, and he was thunderstruck. "Have you been studying with Monsieur Rodin?" Dubois asked. It was the first time she had heard the name.

Camille meets Rodin

She worked all the time. When she wasn't modeling figures from life, she modeled bones—she made a complete set of human bones, and she carried a rhinoceros' skull around with her like a suitcase. She shared a studio in Montparnasse with her English friend Jessie Lipscomb and two other girls. Boucher used to come by from time to time to comment on their work. One day he won a prize which entitled him to a trip to Rome, and he asked Rodin to visit the Montparnasse studio in his place. Rodin went, he saw Camille, and life would never be the same for either of them.

He was in his early 40s, more than twice her age. He was red-bearded, corpulent, bandy-legged, a snorting sensualist—"a myopic wild boar," as Paul Claudel said. He was also at that time beginning to be recognized as one of the important sculptors of his day.

Soon Camille was working in his studio. They worked together in rare harmony. No one knows when

Musée Bertrand de Châteauroux

One of Camille's few surviving early works is of her brother, Paul, at age 13. Original plaster bust is missing.

Musée Rodin, Paris

Rodin's sensitive, poetic *La Pensée*, completed in 1886, is a portrait of Camille when she was 22.

they became lovers, for almost all the documents concerning her have disappeared. When they opened Rodin's desk after his death there was a huge envelope marked with her name, but it was empty.

They had much in common as sculptors. They came to their art with a fresh, clear vision and joy in handling the raw materials. Sometimes their work is so similar that—as in the case of Rodin's *Galatée* and Camille's *Jeune fille à la gerbe* (p. 61)—it is impossible to tell which came first. (The comparative tranquillity of the composition might argue that it was Camille who had the original conception.) It is known that she worked on many of the scores of figures that swirl and writhe through Rodin's most ambitious work, *The Gates of Hell* (SMITHSONIAN, July 1981). Since all witnesses agree she was working continuously throughout this period, and since there are very few signed works of hers, the conclusion seems inescapable that part of Rodin's enormous production in the '80s and early '90s was conceived and executed by Camille.

The author, a regular contributor to SMITHSONIAN, *lives in Paris and Sea Island, Georgia. He wrote last on 19th-century cyclorama paintings, in August.*

Whatever the actual debt, there is no doubt that these years were the most fertile in Rodin's long career. For a time the "wild boar" was humanized, his capacity for feeling deepened and broadened, as he found himself dealing with a woman who was certainly more to him than a casual conquest. The strength and ferocity of his early work, his savage delight in human muscles, which led him to be called one of the great animal sculptors of all time, had become softened. There were now spiritual horizons beyond the pervasive presence of the flesh. You have only to compare the Brobdingnagian *Le Penseur*, whose thoughts do not appear to go much beyond, say, his next wrestling match, with *La Pensée* (above), with its tender delicacy, its veiled sadness, which he did a few years later and which is a portrait of Camille.

She called him Monsieur Rodin. He called her Mademoiselle Camille. They never lived together in Paris, though he would take her on trips to the country. There were rumors that she bore him one, two or four children, or that she had several abortions.

The few letters of hers to Rodin that have survived are girlish rather than passionate. ("I sleep naked to give me the impression you are with me. But when I

This small but critical view of society was called *The Gossips, The Talkers, The Babblers, The Secret.*

Bronze version of original plaster done by Camille in 1888 shows her fluidity of line and her tenderness.

Both works, private collection

wake up, it is not the same thing.") She sent him instructions to buy her a medium-size bathing costume at a department store, which, as Reine-Marie Paris points out, would have been a rather bizarre thing for a portly, bearded gentleman to do in the Paris of the 1880s. She made unmerciful caricatures of him, as well as a noble bust (p. 57). At times their relationship could lurch into the grotesque: once she took him home to meet her parents, accompanied by Rose Beuret, whom she introduced as Madame Rodin. Her mother's rage when she found out the trick that had been played on her was deep and lasting.

For outsiders, it was the love match of the century. When they were working together or when they appeared at literary salons, where Camille impressed everyone with her grave, quiet beauty, her sudden bursts of laughter and her throaty countrygirl way of talking, they must have struck observers as an ideal combination of artist and muse.

Camille, however, was not content to be a muse. She wanted an independent career. She was never a servile copyist of Rodin—her works all have her own personal stamp. They are less bombastic, more contained, more intimate.

And there were fundamental differences of character. Rodin at bottom remained a man of the people, simple of taste, coarse of grain. He was devoted to Camille, he was generous to her, he worried about her excesses of temperament. But he had strong attachments to Rose, too, who had stood by him in all the hardships and disappointments of his youth, who had spent so many hours wrapping damp cloths around his clay figures to keep them malleable and able to be worked, and who had borne him a son. Besides, he liked her cooking. He would have preferred to go on indefinitely with both women by his side, catering to different sides of his nature, while he tended the fires of his genius; and he was honestly distressed when Camille wouldn't see it that way.

The end of the affair

Rose was a woman of almost preternatural credulity and forbearance, but the time inevitably came when even she knew what was going on, and there were dreadful scenes between her and Camille.

The breakup took years, and it is hard to know exactly what took place and when. Camille may or may not have had an affair with Claude Debussy, who was certainly smitten with her, and it may have roused Rodin to a jealous fury; in addition, he hated Debussy's music. All that is certain is that Monsieur Rodin would not marry Mademoiselle Camille, and that after 1898 she would not let him inside her door—though, according to one account, she used to hide in

Rodin's *Galatée*, about 1890, is at left. On right is Camille's *Jeune fille à la gerbe* of about the same date. It was at this time they worked together and the similarities are clear. What is not certain is the extent to which they influenced each other artistically.

Musée Rodin, Paris

Private collection

the bushes outside his house in Meudon to watch him surreptitiously as he returned home.

He took it very hard. Camille took it much harder. She disintegrated.

She worked as hard as ever, after she had thrown off Rodin, and some of her most powerful works date from the next few years: the spiral of arrested motion called *La Valse*; the haunting figure of *Clotho*, one of the three Fates, burdened by the tangled threads of human destiny she must weave; the intensely dramatic group called *L'Âge mûr* (Maturity), the most pointedly autobiographical of her works (p. 63), in which a man slumps into the arms of a withered figure representing old age while a young woman, naked and desperate, on her knees, implores him to return to his youth, to his talent, to Camille; and the terrifying little group of figures bathing insouciantly under a towering wave that will break all too soon.

She was trying to distance herself from Rodin by working out intimate little pieces like *Les Causeuses* (*The Gossips*), which looks monumental enough in reproduction but which you can hold in your hands (opposite). She spent whole days making quick sketches of people in the street, and then making little figurines, "and they are clothed," she boasted, to mark how she was getting away from Rodin's compulsive fascination with nudity. Her drawers and cupboards were full of these little figures, which must have offered a unique re-creation of Parisian life in all its variety at the turn of the century. But we will never know what they looked like, for she destroyed them all.

She destroyed almost all the works of her last years of liberty, hacking up in summer what she had labored all winter to create. She was losing contact with the world and with herself. She stopped seeing her friends ("I can't afford new clothes," she said, "my shoes are all worn out"), but sometimes, when she received a commission and got her hands on some money, she would round up people off the street and keep them all night in her apartment for a drinking bout. She lived alone in two rooms on the Ile Saint-Louis. The youthful body thickened, her face at 35 was that of an elderly woman. In her brooding solitude, Rodin became a malevolent presence that surrounded her. He was persecuting her, he was sending his agents to assault her or to rob her. He was selling creations he had stolen from her under his own name for hundreds of thousands of francs while she was being dunned for the cost of plaster. Once, she said, a maid put a sleeping powder in her coffee and stole her latest work, for Rodin to sell at a profit.

Her brother, Paul, had been away during almost all of these critical years. He was in the diplomatic service. On one of his leaves, in 1905, he took her on a trip to the Pyrenees. When he came back in 1909 he was appalled. "In Paris," he wrote in his journal, "Camille

Rodin with Rose Beuret, in 1916, about a year before they married. They both died shortly afterward.

insane, enormous, with a soiled face, speaking incessantly in a monotonous metallic voice."

The reasons for her breakdown have been ardently debated. Perhaps there was a hereditary strain of madness. Paul blamed everything on Rodin. Feminists have blamed the difficulty, the near impossibility, of living an independent creative life as a woman in those years of unabashed male chauvinism.

It was hard, but some women made it, like the painter Berthe Morisot or the writer Colette. Camille, however, was in a special position that helped to doom her. For one thing, she was a sculptor, and sculpture, at least in those days, demanded a considerable capital investment to pay for the fine Italian marble and the founders of the bronze casts. Camille's work was admired by her peers and by the critics, and was bought by a small circle of discriminating collectors, but she never achieved the kind of fame which would have brought her the big public commissions she needed to keep afloat.

And Camille's own nature was not made for half measures. She had told her brother when they were young that he was not to become any old playwright, he must measure himself against Aeschylus and Shakespeare. Her own ambitions were on the same scale. She had gambled all her life and her talent to gain Rodin and to gain glory. Now she saw Rodin ascending the heights, treated as a demigod in his own lifetime, while she sat alone on the Quai de Bourbon with her cats and her broken plaster.

Art imitates life

Across the sea in Norway an interested observer was hearing all the gossip about Rodin and Camille from a Norwegian friend of his, a painter living in Paris. Henrik Ibsen never met either of them, but, Reine-Marie Paris points out, they provided at least part of the theme of his last play, *When We Dead Awaken.* The hero of this curiously prophetic drama is Professor Rubek, a world-famous sculptor who since the creation of his masterpiece many years ago has been dragging on through an increasingly sterile life, turning out busts of society people. At a summer resort he runs into Irene, a deranged woman whom he recognizes as the model for his great statue, the woman who had shared his years of creative ecstasy. In long impassioned dialogues they admit to each other that since they parted, their lives have meant nothing, they are dead souls.

Ibsen, who believed in dramatic logic, kills off Rubek and Irene in a mountain storm at their moment of supreme awareness. Real life was not to be so kind to Rodin and Camille.

Rodin's last 20 years were a constant pageant, a fire-

Private collection

Bronze cast of Camille's *L'Age Mûr,* or *Le Chemin de la vie,* shows one woman losing a man to another. Rodin reportedly felt that it was too intimate and revealing a statement, and that it should not be shown.

works display of honors and glory. He was showered with decorations, awards, honorary degrees. Women of all ranks threw themselves into his arms while poets chanted his all-embracing genius. He paraded around Europe, and was photographed in tails and top hat as he went to visit kings and popes and society hostesses.

There was to be neither glory nor medals for Camille. On the 5th of March 1913, three days after the death of their father Louis-Prosper, Paul Claudel asked a doctor for the medical certificate permitting Camille's internment. Five days later two burly hospital orderlies broke into the apartment on the Quai de Bourbon, where she sat cringing among the cats and the accumulated filth of years, and carried her out to an ambulance which took her to the asylum of Ville-Evrard near Paris. When war broke out the next year and the German armies were approaching Paris, the patients at Ville-Evrard were evacuated to the asylum of Montdevergues near Avignon. Camille was to remain there for the next 29 years. There were brief visits from Paul and his family in the intervals of his rise in the foreign service; he became ambassador to Japan and to the United States. Only one friend visited her—Jessie Lipscomb—and she came just once.

A friend said that Paul Claudel never talked of his sister without the word "remorse" coming to his lips. A short while before he died, he noted in his diary, "Always the same taste of ashes in my mouth when I think of her." He was in no position to help her as he would have wished. He was too far away and he never had enough money—he became rich from his plays only after she died. But he must have been tormented by the question: Could he have done more?

There were many to ask questions, both at the time of her internment and afterward. Did they have to take her away at all? And once put away, did they have to keep her in that miserable place all her remaining years? Some of her friends claimed she was never crazy at all. Yes, she was paranoid, she had a persecution mania, but the woods are full of people with persecution manias who go about their daily business more or less satisfactorily without getting into trouble. Camille was never violent. She was unconventional, certainly; the neighbors had been complaining about that filthy ground-floor apartment with its shutters always closed and warned their children not to have anything to do with the shabby old lady who slipped out in the dark to pick up some scraps of food. But as a childhood

French film star Isabelle Adjani, who is producing and starring in a film about Camille, examines a Rodin.

friend of Camille's said plaintively, "Still and all, it isn't a crime to live alone and to love cats. If it was, half the village would be locked up."

The doctors in the asylum never wavered in their diagnoses: Camille went on suffering from persecution mania till the end. But it is characteristic of paranoia that it entails no impairment of the mental processes. Camille's letters from her dungeon run on perfectly lucidly for page after page until her thoughts carry her back to Rodin.

They can make heartbreaking reading. "Madhouses," she wrote her brother, "are houses made on purpose to cause suffering. . . . I cannot stand any longer the screams of all these creatures."

The doctors tried to get her interested in working again; they offered her modeling clay, but she thrust it away from her angrily. On at least two occasions they recommended that she should be released, and she wrote pleading letters to her mother offering to abandon her share of the inheritance, asking only for a tiny room in the family house that she could creep into. The mother was adamant: she was an old woman, she said, past 75, and she could not bear at any price to take back someone who had caused her so much grief and would only cause her more. "She has every vice," she wrote to the director of the asylum, "I do not want to see her again." When the patients of Montdevergues were brought back to Paris in 1915, she pulled strings to keep Camille where she was, as far from home as possible. She was willing to send her cookies and coffee and pay for her dentist bills, but she also enjoyed getting back at her for the slights and injuries of the past, for that "ignoble comedy that you acted out for us. Imagine me being naive enough to invite the 'great man' to Villeneuve, with Madame Rodin, the concubine! And you, all sugar, you were living with him, his kept woman. I don't dare even write the words that come to my mind."

Yet Camille clung to her family; it was all she had left. In 1939 when she was 75 years old she wrote to Paul: "At this holiday season I think ever of our dear mamma. I have never seen her since the day when you took the fatal decision of sending me off to an insane asylum! I think of the beautiful portrait I did of her in the shade of our lovely garden. The large eyes in which you could read a secret pain, the spirit of resignation which reigned over her whole face, her hands folded on her knees in complete abnegation; everything spoke of modesty, a sense of duty pushed to an excess, that was our poor mother. I have never seen the portrait again (any more than I have seen her)." And then the festering old wounds open again, and the tone turns to shrillness: "I do not think that the odious person of whom I speak to you so often has had the audacity to attribute it to himself, as he has done my other works, it would be just too much, the portrait of my mother!"

To an old friend who popped out of the past to write her in 1935, when she had been locked up for 22 years, she wrote: "I live in a world that is so curious, so strange. Of the dream which was my life, this is the nightmare." The nightmare would not end till she was an old, quite mad woman, quite cut off from communication with the outside world. Her nephews and nieces, Paul's children, remember visits to the asylum to see a little old lady sitting motionless in her hospital gown and staring silently at the floor.

As for Rodin, he had died in the grim November of 1917. There was not enough coal to heat the large rooms of the huge house he lived in, and he contracted pneumonia.

Camille died in the dark days of another war, of an apoplectic stroke, say the hospital records; she had been suffering from undernourishment. When Paul visited her a month before her death, her last words to him were, "*Mon petit Paul.*" He asked that her body be taken to the family vault in Villeneuve-sur-Fère, but because of the war, his request was never acted on. In 1955, after Paul's death and in accordance with his will, the family attempted to have her remains transferred to the vault. But her body had long since been moved to a communal grave and no one knew where to find her bones.

A mournful and aging Camille Claudel sat for a photograph at Montdevergues asylum about 1931.

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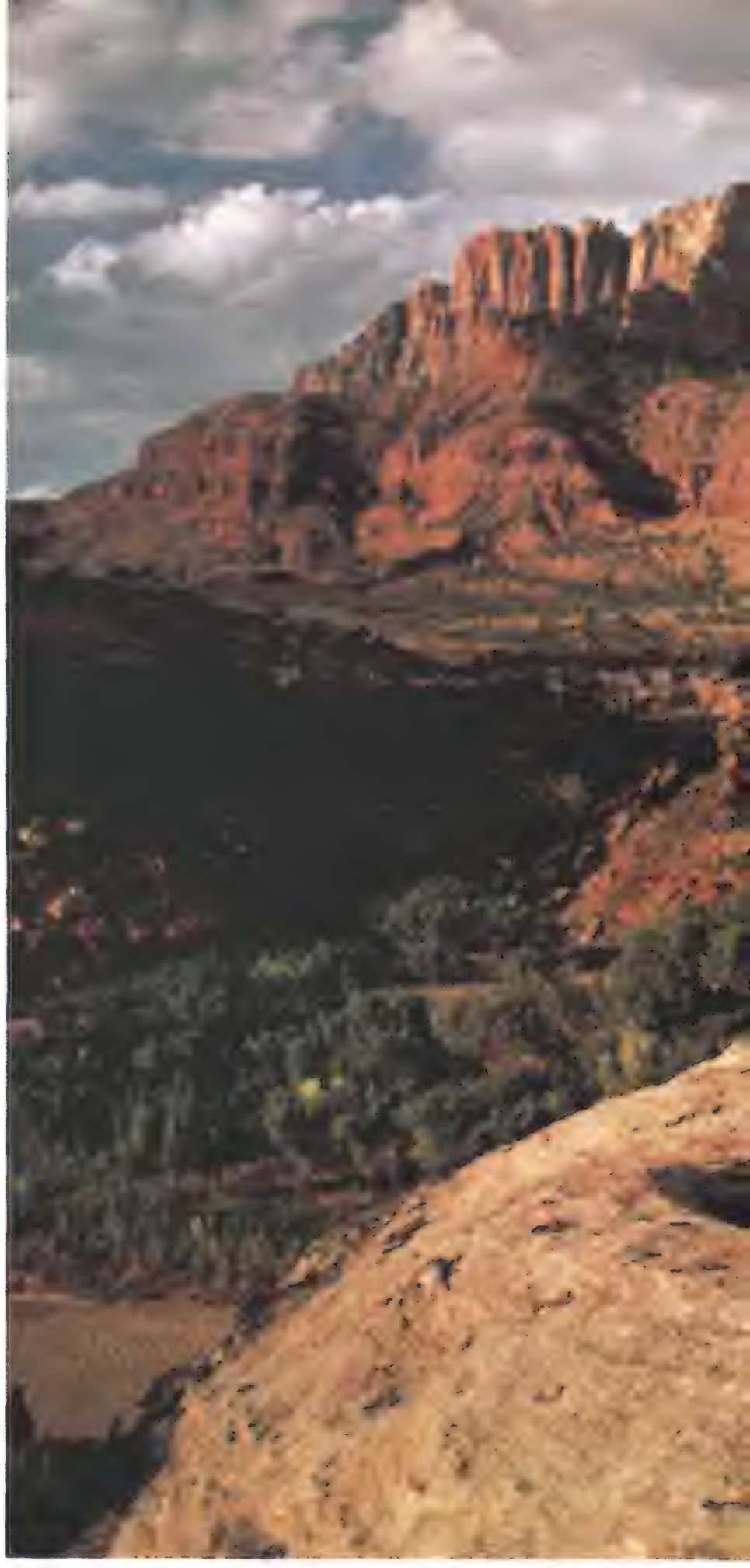
Pursuing a radio-collared cat, Colorado researcher Allen Anderson listens to signals received by antenna.



The very essence of wildness, a brawny lion stays alert while pausing for a drink in southeastern Utah.

By Michael Parfit

Its days as a varmint are over, but the cougar is still on the run

Now that the mountain lion is protected by law, it's being tracked down by scientists and sportsmen instead of bounty hunters

Allen Anderson strode on through the rugged landscape, limping, listening to the electronic signals of the lion. Blood oozed from scratches on his hand where the brush had torn him. White stubble glittered on his jaw. Don Kattner and I talked to him, but he ignored us. The headset and his determination muffled all but the ticking sound of the transmitter on the lion's collar. She was Number Six, frequency 149.909 megahertz. She lived in the rough canyons and on the tablelands

A surprised lion bounds across a snowy meadow in Montana, heading for the cover of some nearby trees.

of Monitor Mesa at the edge of the Grand Mesa, Uncompahgre and Gunnison National Forest near Delta, Colorado. Except for an occasional whiff of death emanating from a carcass buried under a pile of debris, no one might even have imagined that she existed. But the collar on her neck ticked on and on, showing where she went from week to week, slowly revealing her secrets and those of her secretive kind.

Kattner was a hunter; he'd chased lions with dogs much of his life. Anderson, who employed Kattner, was a research biologist for the Colorado Division of Wildlife. All his life he had pursued deer, lions and other animals of the wilderness to learn how they lived. The wilderness had not been kind to him. In 1951 he lost all the toes of his left foot to frostbite, studying elk. A year ago he tumbled down this same canyon going after a treed lion and tore a kneecap clean off its tendons. Now he fights daily with debilitating arthritis just to be able to walk.

Over the past three years Anderson spent 323 days hunting for lions. He treed, tranquilized and radio-collared 23 of the animals in the first part of a 15-year study of lion ecology. All of those empty days without lions were a lot like this one: hours on foot in the oak scrub, through the pine woods, up and down the sandstone canyons with Kattner and the dogs.

It might be possible, I thought as we followed Anderson up the hill, to spend nearly as much time figuring out what to call the animal. Each Western state in which it roams has at least one mountain-lion expert and each of them has a word of habit for the creature that has consumed his imagination. In Arizona, Harley Shaw of the state's Department of Game and Fish calls it simply a lion; in Colorado, Anderson chooses to use the Peruvian name, puma. Wain Evans, who is at the center of a lively lion dispute in New Mexico, favors cougar. Maurice Hornocker of Idaho, the dean of Western-lion scholarship who now runs a wildlife research institute that bears his name, tends to use the term mountain lion. In California there is no favorite word for a creature that has become increasingly controversial. So the mountain lion, the cougar, the puma, the panther, the painter, the catamount, the great sandstone-colored, dry-grass-colored cat of the West slips as elusively through our language as it does through the wilds.

The mountain lion is solitary and free. Its freedom is maintained by compromise with the human beings who surround it, and today that compromise is under stress. Throughout the West the number of lions killed by recreational hunters and in the name of livestock protection has increased by almost 50 percent in the past decade. In some states new arguments are brewing over what to do when lions feed on livestock. In California a political struggle over hunting, livestock kills and the lion's effect on deer herds has driven scientists into opposing camps. Just 20 years ago the lion was scorned, a worthless varmint. Today it is both a trophy that some are proud to kill and a symbol of the West's wildness that others are determined to preserve. In this kind of conflict even the lion, with all of its stealth and guile, cannot hide.

We came to the edge of the canyon. Anderson swept the wand of his radio antenna across the country, as if broadcasting a blessing on the expanse of creeks, mesas, boulders, scrub oak and pine. We paused. Doc, Kattner's most experienced dog, stood still, looking wise. Turkey, the youngest, sat down, gnawed a wad of cactus off a forefoot and ate it. The spiny morsel crunched. Anderson's headphones ticked. He swung his arm overhead in an arc, launching the assault. As we plunged downhill, I looked deep into the trees ahead, hoping that the lion would appear.

Michael Parfit's book about Antarctica, South Light: A Journey to the Last Continent, *will be published by Macmillan early next year.*

Seldom seen in the open, the cougar is so stealthy that scientists are hard-pressed to study its behavior.

The mountain lion is the Americas' second largest cat, only slightly smaller than the jaguar. Twenty-seven subspecies have been recorded. The animal ranges from the tip of South America to the Yukon Territory. In the United States the cats are concentrated west of the 100th meridian, although there are suspected populations as far east as Virginia. Three subspecies are considered in danger of extinction: the Florida panther, the Eastern cougar and the Costa Rican puma. Some people think the lion is threatened elsewhere and others believe it is overabundant in places, but no one really knows how many of the animals there are—or how to find out.

The lion's scarcity and stealth keep it out of the reach of much scientific observation. While we searched for Number Six in Colorado, I kept thinking about Harley Shaw, who told me of two men who radio-tracked a lion in Arizona. "The signals kept getting stronger and stronger, then fading. The two guys ended up at the center of radiating lines, standing across a patch of manzanita from each other. Just a little patch, ten to 15 feet wide. They couldn't figure it out. Then the lion stood up between them, looked both ways, stretched and walked off."

Historically, the lion has been portrayed as a tawny angel of death. Its scream was said to paralyze its prey; its footsteps made no sound at all; it killed for delight. It was afraid of nothing, not even men. The lore was a collection of rumors, glimpses, exaggerations and fears. But it has thrived for centuries because until recently only the barest facts were known. Like all wild cats except the African and Asian lions, the cougar was solitary; it associated with others of its kind only for procreation. A lion was born most commonly in a litter of two or three in a cave or other shelter and lived with its mother for up to two years. It usually did not live much longer than a decade. Its only natural enemies were parasites, hunger and men; in the past 50 years it was most likely to die, treed by dogs, from a hunter's bullet.

Maurice Hornocker, who documented cat territoriality in Idaho, adjusts radio collar on tranquilized female.

Activist Margaret Owings is defender of California's controversial moratorium on lion trophy hunting.

A sometime scavenger as well as a predator, a lion feeds on a deer that was run over by an auto in Utah. Picture was taken with radio-controlled camera set up next to carcass and triggered from a nearby hilltop.

Maurice Hornocker accomplished a research breakthrough at the Big Creek drainage in central Idaho in the late 1960s and early '70s. When he began his work, radio-collaring and tracking was not as sophisticated or as reliable as it is now. Consequently, Hornocker used a painstaking technique of capturing and recapturing study animals many times over in order to keep track of their location and physical condition. Eventually he learned how lions divide land into territories. Similar patterns have since been observed in several other studies, including Anderson's. Male home ranges, which may be a hundred square miles or more in area, overlap females' territories and not those of other males, but exclusive ownership seems to be established by mutual respect for a system of marks, rather than frequent fighting.

Lion society has its vagabonds. Through every established population wander a few lions that Hornocker describes as "transients," animals who sniff at the boundaries and soon get out of town. These homeless creatures apparently drift far and wide until they can find an unoccupied tenancy. They see the country. Kenneth Logan, a wildlife biologist who is starting a major research project on the lion in New Mexico under Hornocker's direction, once marked a two-month-old kitten in Wyoming. Two and a half years later it was killed near Aurora, Colorado, about 300 air miles away.

The lion is a lithe, lean, long animal that can be gray, brown, gold, tawny or russet, depending on where it lives, on sunlight, on the ruffle of wind in its fur and, in some places, on the season. It is about the size of a human being—the average weight of an adult male lion is a little more than 130 pounds and the largest recorded lion weighed more than 276 pounds—but it can leap tall boulders in a single bound. Anderson, in a comprehensive review of lion literature, found references to horizontal leaps of more than 45 feet and vertical leaps of up to 18 feet. "This is a powerful, formidable animal," says Kenneth Logan. "Once you learn how these cats make their living, they command a lot of respect." Lions and other cats, Hornocker emphasizes, are "the epitome of carnivore evolution. They're more specialized, their senses are the keenest; they're it."

"Puma charged group of four wapiti [elk] from

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downhill," Anderson wrote in his review, paraphrasing an event reconstructed by another scientist from the evidence of tracks and blood. "Victim ran downhill with puma pursuing in great bounds for about 30 yds where puma leaped on back. . . . Puma had probably grasped the wapiti's muzzle pulling head down and back for another 175 yds to roadside where wapiti dropped from neck being broken at the atlas."

The lion's specialty is violent death. It preys upon elk, deer, coyotes, rabbits, marmots, skunks, mice and even grasshoppers. It has done so for millennia. But in the early 1600s the Spanish introduced a tempting new food supply—what Bruce Ackerman, who studied lions in Utah, calls "little box lunches running around." The box lunches are sheep and cattle.

Listening to the coyotes wail

On the night of a full moon out in the mesquite brush on the flatlands below the Baboquivari Mountains southwest of Tucson, I joined Harley Shaw and several cattlemen around a campfire. We were eating rib steaks, listening to the coyotes wail and talking about lion depredation. "In '84 I found nine kills," said Clay Parsons, a 23-year-old rancher who was a national collegiate rodeo champion in 1983. "This year already in Wilbur I've had two. Probably going to lose 12 to 15 this year. Going to cost me three, four thousand dollars."

It was a familiar complaint of long standing. Throughout the West a dead lion used to be worth $50 or more in state bounties. In the late 1960s and early '70s, prompted by concern for the future of the species, all of the Western states except Texas changed their ideas and made the lion a regulated game animal instead of a varmint. But that didn't alter the lion's attitude toward calves, nor the rancher's attitude toward lions. "I don't want to get rid of them," Clay Parsons said, "just to thin them out." Parsons rides in the brush and grassland of his ranch nearly every day. He has seen a lion once. "I seen his tail, up in San Luis Wash," he said. "I seen his tail is all I saw."

By the time I got to Colorado I would have been delighted to see that much. I had spent three days with Harley Shaw looking not for lions but for lion tracks. We didn't find any. Now Anderson, Kattner and I stood on a bench above a little canyon in the last sunlight of the long day and abandoned Number Six to the approaching night. As we walked the long miles back to the truck in the darkness, Anderson suffering silently as his joints stiffened, it seemed as if the animal was some kind of mythical beast: a winged cat, a fanged eagle, the griffin of the West.

There is nothing mythical, however, about the lion's occasional predation on livestock. While this is not a problem over much of its range, it can be a problem when it comes to sheep. Sometimes a lion will strew a pasture with wool and carcasses. New Mexico has the largest sheep problem, and much of it occurs near the Guadalupe Mountains National Park, which is on the Texas side of the border between the two states. Lions are protected within, but outside the park it's different. "The ranchers to the north of us try to set up a Maginot Line," said Milford Fletcher, chief of Natural Resources Management of the National Park Service office in Santa Fe. "They go in here and they hunt 'em and they trap 'em and they shoot 'em and they nuke 'em and all that sort of thing."

Fletcher, a forthright person, suggested that ranchers should use the lion's territorial social structure to their advantage: "The answer for these guys," he said, "is that some lions eat sheep and some don't. If a lion's eating your sheep, run him down and kill him. But if he's not eating your sheep, he's spending 24 hours a day marking and guarding his territory against intruding mountain lions. Keep him! That animal can be a valuable asset."

The good-lion-bad-lion theory is central to the current state laws that allow the quick killing of lions that evidently have eaten livestock. But like most assertions about the animals, it has little solid data behind it. All of the lions Harley Shaw studied preferred deer but ate beef when the box lunch strolled by. "If you're talking lion control, you're talking thinning them out," he said. "You're not talking about getting the bad guy."

Bighorn sheep flees hunting lion. When larger prey are scarce, the hungry puma will settle for grasshoppers.

In 1844, Queen Victoria granted the 5th Duke of Atholl the right to maintain Scotland's only private army. Now, when his successor and great-great nephew, the 10th Duke, retires for the evening, he need never issue the order, "Do not disturb." Would you? The good things in life stay that way.

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On a cool spring morning in Utah, mother and kittens about three months old take a stroll near their den.

Playing with a desert tortoise, kittens attempt to get the animal out of its shell. They did not succeed.

Exuberant kitten hops on mother's back. Spots and tail bars start fading at two months, may be gone at six.

Allen Anderson is more cautious: "There's no evidence either way. It's just speculation."

Because of the lack of information, public policy toward lions is, to understate it, variable. One participant has called it "management by superstition." He was referring to New Mexico, where hunting regulations have been changing dramatically. In 1983, although the New Mexico lion-hunting season ran for 11 months and was one of the most liberal in the West, ranchers supported a bill to make the animal a varmint again. Conservationists entered the fray and before they knew it the ranchers had lost not only their varmint but the liberal season as well. The 1983 debate ended in a legislative call for a study of the lion. The paper was written by Wain Evans, assistant director of the Department of Game and Fish, based on existing data. When the study was published it created a stir. New Mexico was not overrun with lions, Evans wrote. In fact, in his cautious words, the study reported that "We have no evidence we do not have a dwindling population and some evidence we do." In 1984 the Game and Fish Commission cut the lion season to three months; it has since been expanded to four months statewide.

"Control them or live with them"

Over in Arizona, Harley Shaw noticed the New Mexico surprise. Arizona's lion laws are even more liberal than New Mexico's were. You can hunt lions in Arizona year-round. So on the night we sat in the mesquite around the fire, Shaw told the men not to demand too much, or they might lose the latitude that they already have. "I don't know what would be better," he said. "Control them or live with them. I think if a rancher can find a way to make a few bucks off of 'em it's probably his best bet."

The way to make a few bucks off a lion is to sell it to a hunter. One well-known Montana guide charges $2,400 for a ten-day hunt: "first class, fair chase," no guarantee. That price is not unusual in the West. A few years ago this particular guide quit guiding in disgust, partly because he was fed up with hunters for whom the only thrill was the head of an animal in a bag. Now he is back guiding again, but very selectively. "We use hunting as an excuse," he said. "We have an inherent yearning to have fellowship and commune with God."

The occasional excesses of the sport give the opponents of hunting plenty of ammunition. Chasing lions is an arduous job, so sometimes a guide goes out and trees an animal in advance. Then the guide phones the client in, say, Minneapolis. The hunter flies to the West, helicopters to the base of the tree and, demonstrating his prowess, blasts the lion out of the branches.

Kittens are usually thrown out of den in second year but this pair was found napping with mother (right) in a cave in the Sonoran Desert at the Mexican border. The day was hot and heat prostration kept cats quiet.

A variation on this timesaver is the so-called "canned hunt," in which a guide signs a client up for a long, expensive pursuit, then secretly releases a lion he caught earlier. Tally ho! The client quickly gets his trophy and, since there's no discount for efficiency, the guide goes home early with the cash.

These and other grievances come up regularly and loudly in a state that lion observers in the rest of the West watch with trepidation: California. It was in the vanguard of the Western move to remove the lion from the varmint list. The state was pushed along this road by a remarkable political activist, Margaret Owings, whose efforts to protect wildlife have prevented the killing of thousands of sea lions, sea otters and lions. Owings lives in an A-frame house on a high promontory over the surf at Big Sur. She still works at the big redwood table that bore the heaps of documents she used during her many earlier legislative battles. The lion was the beneficiary of one of her first crusades in Sacramento, which culminated in the ending of the state's bounty system in 1963. In 1969 the lion became a regulated game animal. In 1971, still pushed along by Owings and others, the state took a further step: it established a moratorium on the killing of any lions except of animals that had been eating livestock. The moratorium has continued until this year, but now, with Governor George Deukmejian threatening to veto an extension, trophy hunting could begin again.

The lion's loss of support in the state is based not just on livestock-depredation problems—the state's cattlemen's association backed an amended extension of the moratorium until the organization was alienated by an animal-preservation group's ill-timed lawsuit—but on its consumption of deer. One of California's

Hunters use dogs to tree cats for them to shoot.
This lion was treed, photographed and then released.

major deer herds—the North Kings—has dwindled from about 17,000 animals in 1950 to about 2,600 in 1984. No one blames the lions alone for the loss, since other factors like housing developments, poaching and feral dogs are also responsible. But the groups opposed to the moratorium say that a substantial lion population in the area keeps the deer herd from recovering. Wildlife protection groups counter that this argument is nothing more than a ploy by trophy hunters that is calculated to enlist the active political support of mainstream sportsmen.

Donald L. Neal, a range scientist for the U.S. Forest Service in Fresno, is one of the few people who have actually heard a lion scream, a distinction he shares with Margaret Owings. They share little else. He testifies regularly for the moratorium's opponents. Between June 1978 and June 1983 he radio-collared 39 North Kings fawns and learned the fate of 33. Of these, about 39 percent were killed by lions. Since the overall seasonal pattern of fawn deaths among those 39 closely matched the mortality figures for the whole herd, Neal used a computer to extrapolate the lion-kill ratio. For this, much scorn is heaped upon him by California wildlife scientists from the opposing groups, which he cheerfully returns in full measure.

Neal's slight figures look like the soul of substance compared to various estimates of California's total lion population. When questioned about this at a recent hearing in Sacramento on the moratorium issue, former state game researcher Susan de Treville at first appeared bewildered that she should be asked for such an obviously impossible figure. She finally shrugged and said, "Probably the same as '71. Twenty-four hundred, plus or minus 1,000."

The number of lions at large elsewhere in the West is equally difficult to ascertain. Consequently, important decisions about this remarkable beast will continue to be based mainly on conjecture until scientists are able to learn much more about its population densities, its behavior and its relationship to prey populations. Hornocker, Anderson and others are studying these questions in the field but it will be years before answers are forthcoming.

With Anderson I finally saw a mountain lion. He and I came up a small rise through a scrub-oak thicket, approaching the chorus of Don Kattner's dogs—and there it was. A tall Douglas fir tree stood in a clearing. The Dry Fork of Escalante Creek rushed heavily past below it, rumbling stones down its bed. The lion was a bundle in the tree, about 50 feet up, crouched on branches close to the trunk. The sun was behind it. It was in shadow. It was looking down at the dogs, but when it heard us in the brush, it looked up.

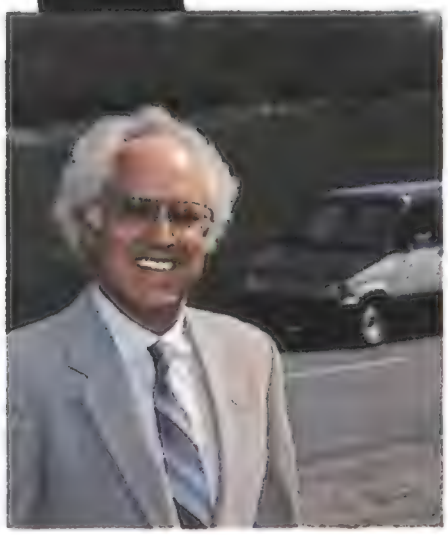
For a moment we stared at each other at 50 yards. The lion's face was square and marked strongly with vertical bars. I had seen many photographs of lions. This one seemed both enormously rare and familiar. It was like making eye contact with a famous person in the street: a shock of connection and then distance. Its gaze was intimate; it was remote.

We would never be less than honorable enemies, its species and mine, but we might both live. "The cougar has made a beautiful, beautiful transition in a relatively short period," Maurice Hornocker had said, "from vermin to a very desired animal by people in the West. It's not just a trophy for hunters. It's an inspirational species for a lot of people, just knowing that the animal is there."

This lion knew we were there and now it made a transition of its own. It came down the tree, descending right in the faces of the dogs. As it dropped from branch to branch, it seemed to grow in size until, with its final leap ten feet to the ground, it stretched huge and golden, backlit by the sun. Turkey, the youngest dog, never saw the lion leave. He was still looking up the tree, howling away. After the lion hit the ground, it made a single leap to the middle of the creek, sprang out of its splash and was free.

Escaping a pack of dogs in Montana, powdery puma skims a fallen tree in its headlong dash for safety.

AEROEN



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By Geoffrey Ward

Benares, India's most holy city, faces an unholy problem

After 2,500 years of pilgrims, ritual bathers, cremations and everyday waste, its sacred Ganges River is being worshipped to death

Before dawn each day of the year, a tall gaunt man named Veer Bhadra Mishra, chief priest of the Sankat Mochan Hindu temple at Benares, emerges from his whitewashed house high above the Ganges and makes his barefoot way down the colossal stone stairway that leads to the river. Then, no matter what the weather, he strips to a loincloth and steps gingerly down the mossy underwater steps to immerse himself in the opaque gray-green water, there to offer prayers to the river and to the rising sun.

Mishra is only one of the countless thousands of worshippers who every morning crowd the extraordinary waterfront that curves northward from his home for more than three miles, just one of untold millions who have come here to cleanse themselves of their sins since the city was founded more than 2,500 years ago. To bathe here in the Ganges, which for Hindus is the River of Heaven—"the liquefied form of God," Mishra explains—should be a joy as well as a sacred duty. Instead, for him it has become an agony. "I will not stop taking my daily bath in the Ganga in this lifetime," he says, "but the struggle inside me every morning is terrible, inexpressible." Mishra is both a priest and a man of the modern world, a professor of hydraulic engineering at Benares Hindu University, and therefore painfully aware that the waters into which he plunges are dangerously polluted and that the survival of his ancient holy city—perhaps the oldest functioning city on Earth—is now threatened by problems peculiar to our century.

Religious faith—venerable, unshaken, unadulterated—remains the city's reason for being. Pilgrims still arrive from all over India each day to push through its lanes, make the prescribed circuit of its most important temples and visit some of the 70-odd sacred stairways, or ghats, that offer access to the river itself. They believe, as did their distant ancestors, that "when sinful people set out for [Benares] all their sins, even those that have affected the very elements of their bodies, stagger and fall off"; that the souls of all those who die or are cremated here will be liberated from the cycle of birth and rebirth.

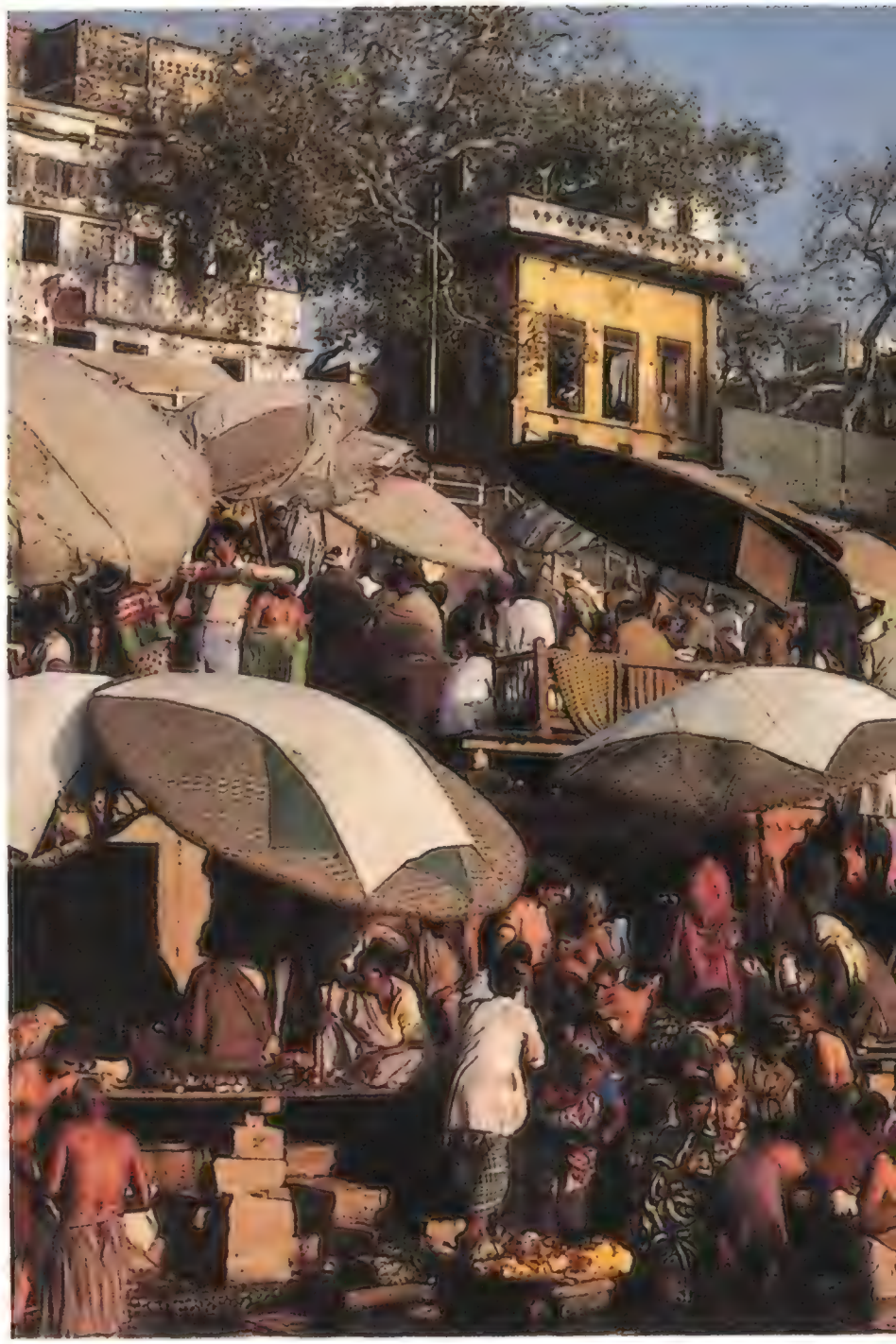
In the 1880s an overambitious Englishman sought to count all the temples within the city's most sacred precinct. He stopped when he neared 1,500 with hundreds still to go, and no one has ever tried to update his tally. All the Hindu deities may be worshipped here, but Benares is above all the home of Shiva, the multifaceted god who is worshipped in many guises and embodies within himself the active principles of creation, preservation and destruction (SMITHSONIAN, May 1981). The linga, the upright phallus of polished stone that is Shiva's symbol, is seen throughout Benares; it is so ubiquitous, in fact, that the old Benares saying that the city is "made of lingas," that its stones themselves "are Shiva," seems close to the literal truth.

Benares is actually older than the individual gods it now celebrates: when it was founded as an outpost by light-skinned Aryan invaders from the grasslands of central Asia sometime toward the end of the second millennium B.C., the busy Hindu pantheon had not yet evolved, though the Mother Ganges, whose waters wind 1,600 miles from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal, was already revered by the people who lived along her banks. A host of empires have risen and fallen around the city over the centuries since, and it has withstood or absorbed nearly every sort of change,

Fires of Manikarnika ghat on the Ganges River—where corpses are brought to be burned—never die.

Photographs by Raghubir Singh

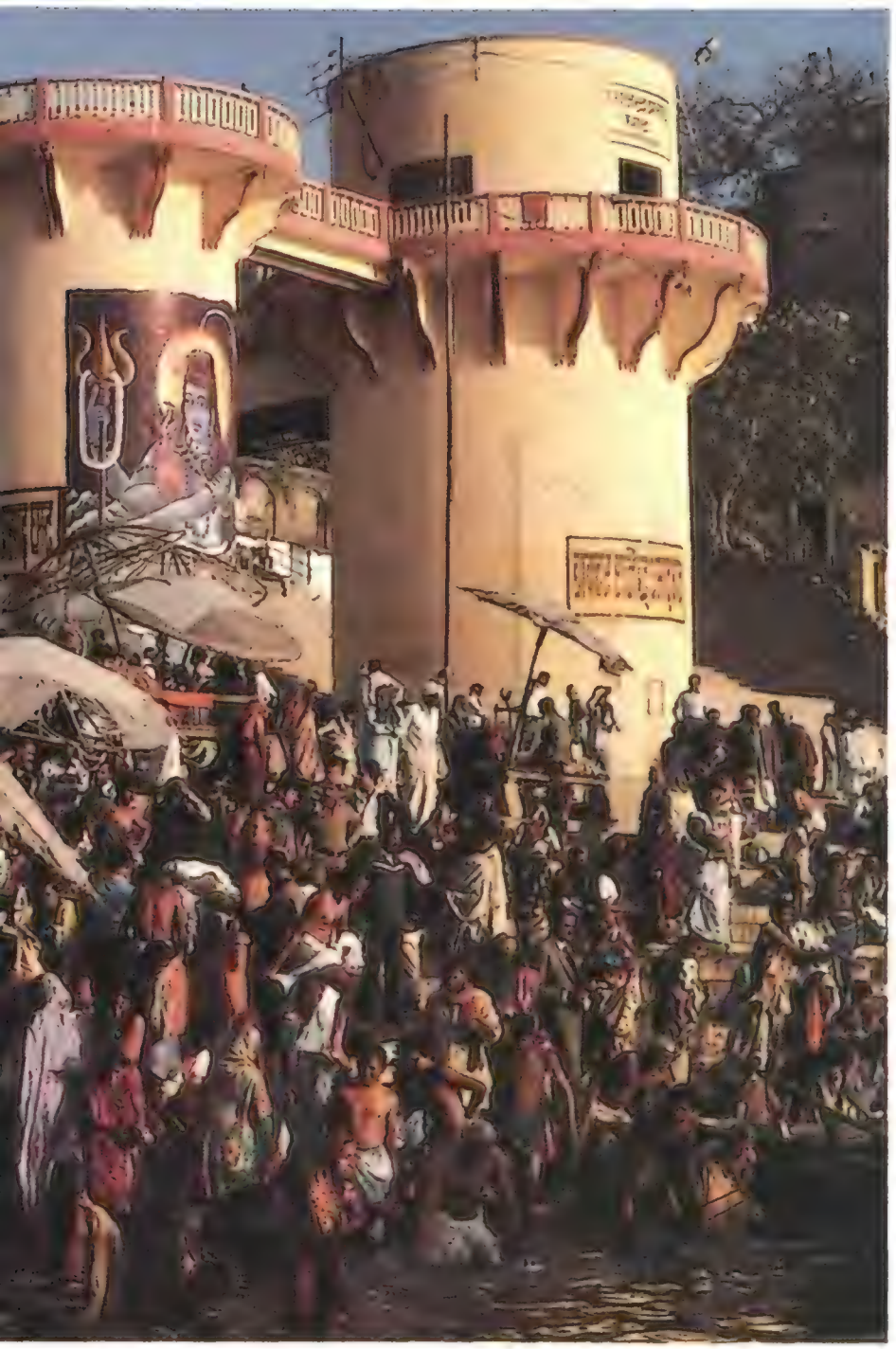
Veer Bhadra Mishra, standing, visits painting contest for children in campaign to clean up the Ganges.



On Shivaratri Day, a Benares festival, pilgrims from throughout India swarm over a bathing ghat.

remaining always a haven for holy men and for pilgrims seeking salvation. Gautama Buddha himself came here in the sixth century B.C. to preach his first sermon at a northeastern suburb now called Sarnath; a massive stone reliquary mound marks the spot, ringed by formal gardens and circled constantly by Buddhists from Tibet, their quiet prayers in sharp contrast to the pious din of Benares.

The city's temples were destroyed again and again by Muslim conquerors. The most ruthless of these, the 17th-century Mughal emperor Aurangzeb, reduced a number of important shrines to rubble, forbade even the playing of music as idolatrous and had coins struck renaming the city "Muhammadabad"—the city of Muhammad—in the vain hope that he could somehow make it stick. No major temple now standing in the city predates his fanatical reign, yet Benares outlasted



Old treatment plant, at right, one tower painted with god Shiva, can no longer render water safe to drink.

him and his successors, just as it outlasted the British who eventually took their place. None of these changes, which elsewhere might have been cataclysmic, more than momentarily slowed the steady torrent of the faithful that daily floods the city, or interrupted for long the thousands of resident priests who hourly chant Sanskrit prayers composed 35 centuries ago.

I first visited Benares as a boy 30 years ago and today, shortly after dawn, the riverfront initially seems precisely as it was then. The city's most ancient name is "Kashi" (City of Light), and in the coppery early morning haze everything still seems to glow—the intricately carved temples and maharajas' palaces that

The author, former editor of American Heritage, *lived in India as a youth. His newest book is* Before the Trumpet: Young Franklin Roosevelt.

Using age-old method that no longer works, boy hired by city sifts scum near Ganges bank with wire mesh.

overlook the ghats; the mushroom-shaped straw umbrellas beneath which the pilgrimage priests, or *pandas*, sit, dispensing prayers and blessings; the tall flights of crowded steps; the orange and yellow offerings of marigolds tossing gently at the water's edge; the gleaming skin of the bathers themselves, thousands of them, old and young, well and feeble, who stand or sit or splash, their eyes on the rising sun.

Hindus see no sharp distinction between religious and secular life; each is allowed to overlap and intrude upon the other. And as the sun climbs higher everything seems to happen at once. The bathers still busy with their prayers are joined by men vigorously chewing sprigs of neem to clean their teeth, and women intent simply on shampooing their hair. A holy man, frozen in silent meditation, sits beside a madman shrieking his nonstop confusion. Three massive wrestlers sprawl on all fours, performing swooping yogic push-ups; a fourth stops swinging a huge stone-headed club around his head just long enough to let a fisherman step ashore, carrying a basket of the fingerlength silver fish he has managed to trap in his ragged nets. From within one temple loudspeakers blare the sound of bells and chanting across the water; they are the deafening gift of a prosperous worshipper hoping to be rewarded for his public generosity in the next life. Across the same shrine's whitewashed facade is painted "PIK-UP—THE PERKY COLA." Other slogans—for laxatives, political candidates, baby oil—are scrawled on palace walls and on the *pandas*' stone platforms.

Blue smoke hangs above Manikarnika, the more important of the two Benares burning ghats, located near the center of the long crowded waterfront. Standing at its top, the five towers of the temple of Durga, goddess of destruction, are permanently blackened by fires that are never permitted to die out. At the waterline half a

Two Benares residents cross paths in a *gullie*; most of city's homes and shops are on these ancient lanes.

dozen shrouded bodies wait on litters to be burned. Not far away, washermen batter the shore with wet clothing, old women spread dung cakes out to dry, small boys scrub down their shiny water buffalo. And everywhere, dodging in and out of the crowd, are stray dogs—mating, sniffing out tidbits, yapping and snarling at one another to establish proprietorship over some sliver of teeming riverfront turf as if they alone were present.

The long wooden rowboats filled with foreign tourists being pulled past within a few yards of all this have become just another Benares fixture. No one onshore pays much attention to these curious new pilgrims, who dress oddly and face the wrong way, of course—away from the sacred sun—but are otherwise unobtrusive except for the click and whir of their cameras.

Five days, 108 stops to encircle the city

To walk the Panchakroshi, the 50-mile pilgrimage road that encircles the old city—a journey that, properly undertaken, requires five days and 108 stops at important sites and shrines—is believed to approximate in miniature the girdling of the whole world. Certainly it provides a vivid cross section of India's complex culture. Nearly a quarter of the residents of this overwhelmingly Hindu city are Muslims, for example; it is they who weave the celebrated Benares silk, shot through with gold and silver thread. Hindu art and learning have always been centered here; there are still about 40 Sanskrit schools in the city, and the huge modern campus of Benares Hindu University sprawls along its southern edge, its shady avenues filled between lectures with thousands of students from all over the subcontinent who come to study everything from ancient dances to up-to-date science. Standing in the flower-filled garden of its music school, half a dozen young women greet their sitar master by bending to touch his feet. Nearby stands the Bharat Kala Bhavan, an art museum so rich in artifacts that the overflow of sculptured gods and goddesses has been heaped in the corridors.

Not far away is the blinding-white tower of the New Vishvanath Temple. Unlike many places of worship in Benares, it is open to outsiders and here, too, the sacred and the secular are allowed to blend. Around the great linga at its center, which is constantly bathed by Ganges water dripping onto it from a hanging vessel of brass, three priests receive offerings of sweets and flowers brought by a stream of barefoot worshippers. In the courtyard another priest chants from scripture, apparently deaf to the three small boys playing tag among the carved pillars behind him and the chattering families who stroll about reading the inscriptions inlaid along the walls in a variety of languages. Pil-

grims come here but, as with all the city's temples, so do the people of the neighborhood—housewives, students, shopkeepers, professors on their way to class.

At first Benares seems the same as when I first saw it —little different from the city Aurangzeb tried to destroy, for that matter—but it is not. The permanent population of the city has almost tripled in the past three decades; well over a million people now live in this small area, and nearly 70,000 pilgrims arrive each day to join them for a time. Because most of those who come here wish to cluster as close as possible to the ghats and temples, Benares has not spread outward so much as become more densely packed.

Its century-old sewage system is grievously overloaded. Seven modern plants, built with $34 million from the World Bank and meant to pump sewage to a yet unbuilt treatment facility below the city, have never functioned properly, in part because the city's antiquated power stations, already prone to blackouts, cannot provide them with sufficient electricity. Raw sewage tumbles into the river at half a dozen places—3,500 gallons of it every minute—and it washes down as well from the bare patches of riverbank that serve as toilets for the poor. At the city's northern edge, near the site of the ancient Aryans' first encampment, the water actually winks and bubbles with noxious gases and smells so bad that even hardened boatmen hold their breath as they row past. The brightly painted water-treatment plant on the riverfront (pp. 84-85), one of its two cylindrical towers bravely decorated with a dancing Shiva 30 feet tall, can no longer render the river water safe to drink.

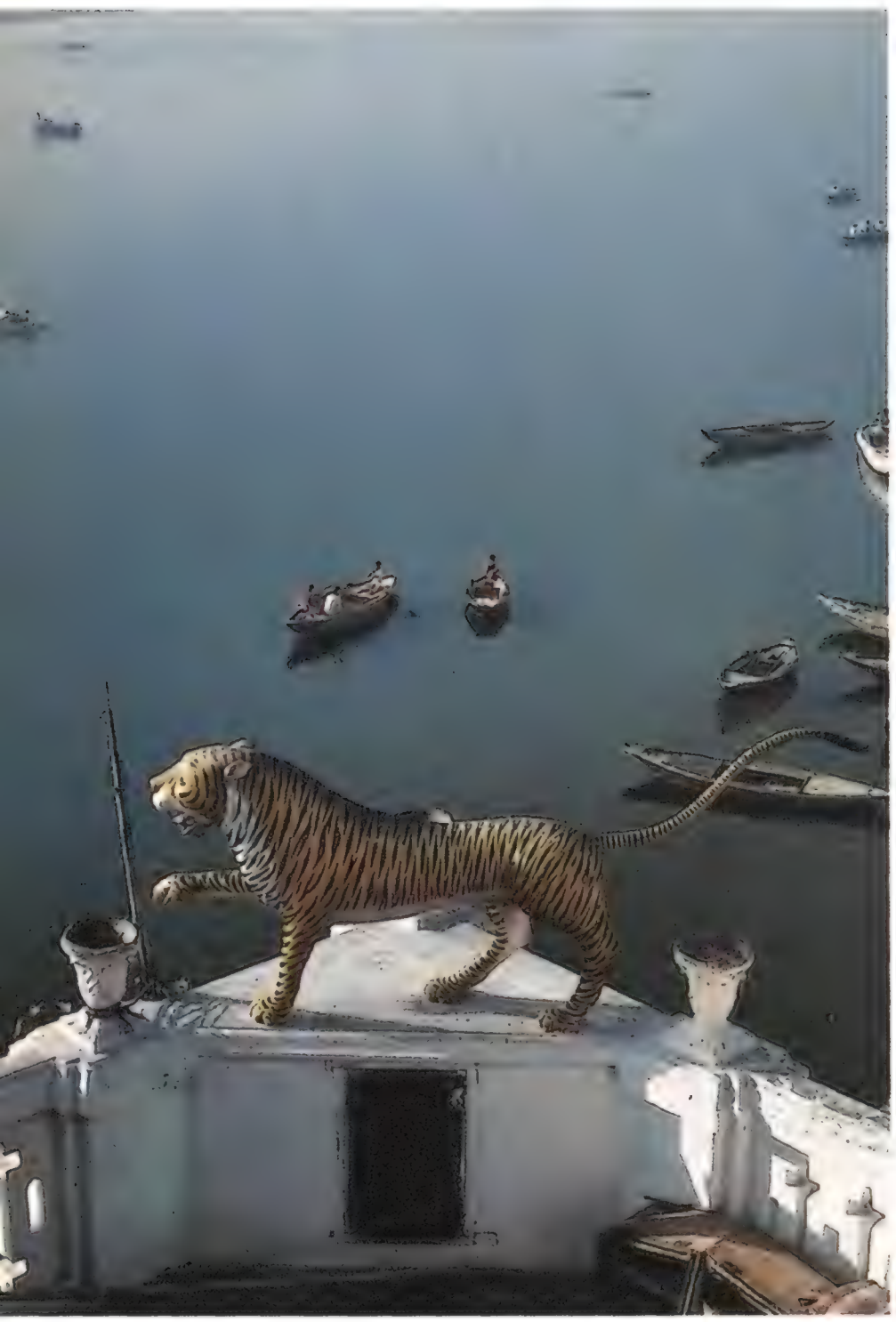
Self-appointed scold for two decades

Tarun Kanti Basu lives in the crowded heart of the old city. He is a Bengali, a former lawyer and sometime guide whose family has lived in Benares for five generations, and for more than 20 years he has been a self-appointed public scold, urging the cleansing of the city and its sacred river before it is too late. To reach his home, I leave the noisy bazaar and enter the *gullies*, the twisting ancient lanes along which most city life is still lived. Direct sunlight reaches down into them for only a few moments each day, blotted out the rest of the time by the five- and six-story houses that form their walls, but they are filled with energy, a steady two-way flow of pilgrims and shoppers, peddlers and small children. Young men on motor scooters weave in and out of it all, steadily honking their horns. Tiny shops open off each side. The simple fact that something is produced here adds to the city's luster, and Benares is nearly as celebrated in India for its products as for its piety: Benares brassware and hashish and ivory; Benares sweets and scents. Even Benares

Swathed in red cloth, body of a holy woman is borne down to ghat, where it will be put into sacred river.

In an idol shop, multi-armed figure of monkey god Hanuman presides over deities of all shapes and sizes.

Flooding waters of Ganges, which jumps its banks every year, do not deter chess players from their game.



Tiger surmounts house of Dom Raja, who controls burning ghats and opposes proposed electric crematory.

paan, an aromatic blend of spices and condiments chewed with betel, is thought unique. I stop to ask directions of a *paan*-seller, his lips and teeth crimson from sampling his own addictive wares; he points the way without speaking to me, his head tilted back to avoid spillage.

Turning into a *gullie* so narrow that I can touch both walls without fully extending my arms, I push past the unyielding side of an oblivious cow, then step briskly into a doorway to get out of the way of four mourners jogging toward me on the way to the burning ghat. They chant "*Ram nam sat hai*" (meaning "God's name is truth") as they carry a woman's corpse, wrapped in red. Every few feet there is further evidence of the religious belief that pervades the city. Tucked in between the shops and doorways are scores of temples, some so small that only one or two worshippers can squeeze in beside the priest. The walls of many houses are covered with bold, gaudy renderings of the gods. Wall niches shelter smaller shrines and among the gnarled roots of the old tulsi trees that have managed to cling to life here stand still more tiny deities and minute lingas, each carefully sprinkled with blossoms by passing pilgrims.

"A democratic right to ruin the city"

Basu's enormous house was built in 1773. It contains 13 separate courtyards and a sizable private temple. His family and their servants once occupied all of it; Basu now rents out most of its rooms and has lost count of his tenants. "In my grandfather's time," he says, pouring sweet tea into my cup, "not even soap was allowed near the river; no one was permitted to wear shoes. The maharajas paid for keeping up the ghats, and the *pandas* and boatmen policed the waterfront. Anyone who dared dirty the riverbank would have been lynched. Now, everyone is exercising his democratic right to ruin the city." Attempts to persuade Bombay industrialists—the modern equivalents of the old-time maharajas—to shoulder the deposed princes' custodial duties have largely failed, he explains. A 1948 flood ripped away three whole ghats and subsequent inundations have badly damaged others. "Government has done nothing about it," Basu says. "Benares was once a quiet center of religion and contemplation. It has become a city of shopkeepers and ruffians."

Nostalgia may have colored Basu's memories; as early as 1887 the British felt it necessary to draw up plans aimed at "restoring the Ganges at Benares to its native purity." But things have clearly worsened in recent years, and the very fervor with which the city's residents venerate their river has contributed greatly to the problem. For, to many of those who bathe and worship here, waters so sanctified simply *cannot* be-

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come polluted. I was solemnly assured 30 years ago that there was "scientific proof" that no microbe could survive more than a few moments in the river's holy environment. The same claim is sometimes made today.

"Let them tell *me* that," says Dr. P. N. Singh, a weary but voluble Benares physician, at the end of a long day of seeing patients in his storefront office. "It's nonsense. Dangerous nonsense." He angrily ticks off the river-borne ailments with which he increasingly has to deal: hepatitis, amoebic dysentery, jaundice, cholera—the list is long and disheartening. "Overpopulation is the central problem, both for Benares and for India," he says, shouting to be heard above the blare and rattle of a wedding procession slamming its way through the bazaar outside his window. "But that requires a long-term answer. In the meantime, we must clean up our river. No solution can be imposed from above; religious sensibilities are too strong. It must come from within. We have cruelly mistreated our river and now we are beginning to pay a fearful cost. Our people must be made to see that."

Veer Bhadra Mishra, the priest and engineer who bathes daily in the Ganges despite its risks, devotes his energies to making them see precisely that. As the leader of a citizens' group called Swatcha Ganga (Cleanse the Ganges), he has big plans for his troubled city: a purified river, clean streets, a restored waterfront with its most impressive stretches floodlit so that their story can be told to nighttime visitors with sound and light. In fact, there are official government schemes promising all these things and more. Until very recently, the problem has been implementation. "Whatever else we do," Mishra urges, "let us at least get the sewage plants working at full capacity; that alone would divert 90 percent of the problem downstream. And let us build public latrines now so that the poor will no longer be forced to humiliate themselves."

"This is no way to treat your Mother"

Mishra has few illusions about government. "It can do nothing—*will* do nothing—unless the people make it act." His appeal is a shrewd blend of mysticism and common sense. "The Ganges is our Mother," he says, "so I ask the people: 'If Ganga is your Mother, how can you allow this harsh treatment to be meted out to her?' " With support from the California-based Tides Foundation, he and his colleagues have taken that message to those most directly affected by the river's dangerous state: the boatmen and fishermen who earn their living from it; the women who use its waters to cook; the children who will one day inherit it. They have organized petition drives, sent troupes of dancers and singers into the bazaars to perform traditional hymns to the river goddess interspersed with new songs

Former Benares lawyer Tarun Kanti Basu has spent past 20 years trying to get action on the river cleanup.

calling for her restoration; persuaded hundreds of schoolchildren to paint posters calling attention to the river's desecration; fitted out a houseboat with exhibits that show pilgrims what has happened to their river—and the steps that must be taken if its purity is to be restored.

As a priest, Mishra understands the great sensitivity with which change in his timeless city must be approached. The burning ghats, for example, are perhaps the most obvious source of pollution along the waterfront—though they actually constitute only a minute percentage of the total problem. The ashes of the dead are routinely sifted into the water; intact or partially burned bodies are sometimes dumped there, too. Funds have been allocated for an electric crematory but, for a time at least, opposition from conservative opponents has stalled construction.

The leader of that opposition has been the Dom Raja, hereditary chief of the Doms, the low-caste men who tend the cremation fires. (So dispiriting is their work that they are said to weep when their children are born and to exult when death releases one of their number from his grim duties.) The Dom Raja controls the burning ghats and the huge supply of logs that are heaped there. Thirty-five thousand bodies are brought to the ghats each year. None is burned until the Dom Raja's agents collect money for the necessary wood—500 to 600 rupees is usually needed, about $45—and he often is said to demand an additional gift of cash or land before he will provide the grieving family with a brand from the perpetual fire without which, he claims, the soul cannot be liberated, even at Benares. If the body is not consumed, what remains is set afloat.

Such behavior is said to have made him the richest man in the city. I visited him in his old riverfront house not far from the cremation ground. In its enclosed courtyard—no larger than 15 by 15 feet—stood

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Maharaja of Benares, here riding out during festival, says government should honor cleanup promise.

tethered a cow, a buffalo, a goat, a sheep and two dogs; half a dozen chickens flapped and scurried in and out among their legs. The Dom Raja himself sat cross-legged on a string bed inside his darkened room. Eight hangers-on sat at his feet around a little table on which rested a brass tumbler and a half-empty bottle of clear homemade liquor. The Dom Raja was immensely fat, nearly naked and totally bald. His thick fingers were covered with big gold rings. When he spoke, he slurred his words. I had not brought him a handsome gift, he finally mumbled, so he saw no reason to speak further with me. As I left, two ceiling fans were turning slowly; on each of the six blades sat a black disconsolate crow.

"Who is the Dom Raja?" Mishra asks, dismissing him with a shrug. "His time is past. When the people fully understand that the new crematory will be cheaper and more efficient, and that its use will stop the cutting of our precious forests for fuel, they will endorse it. Then," he adds, smiling, "when the time comes, one of his Doms can throw the switch."

Mishra's campaign is showing signs of success. In 1983 he and his colleagues persuaded the late Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi, to endorse their program. Last winter, Mrs. Gandhi's son and successor, Rajiv Gandhi, strengthened that pledge, promising in his very first post-election address to the nation that he would personally see to it that India's most sacred river was cleansed. The newly formed Indian National Trust for Art and Cultural Heritage (INTACH), of which the new Prime Minister is chairman, has designated restoration of the Benares waterfront as one of its high-priority projects.

Before leaving, I paid a visit to Ramnagar, the palace of the Maharaja of Benares on the opposite bank of the Ganges and two miles or so upriver. The Maharaja is politically impotent now, of course, and his hulking palace is in very bad repair, but on several ceremonial occasions each year he still appears before his people as the earthly embodiment of Shiva and he retains a considerable measure of their affection.

An aged retainer tottered up the dark stairs to his office ahead of me and pulled aside the faded cloth that covered the door. His master was a stocky genial man with a gray mustache, wearing a tarnished green-and-gold cloth cap. He motioned me to a chair beside him at the end of a long battered table.

He did not think his city especially notable for its beauty, he told me, at least not anymore. "It is too crowded, too dirty. There are more beautiful cities than Benares, in India and elsewhere. It is its religious devotion that still makes it unique. Its faith is infectious; even scoffers are impressed."

The Maharaja is careful always to remain officially above politics, but I sensed early on that democracy was not his favorite form of government. Will the river really be cleaned up? I asked him as I left. "*We* can do nothing," he said, waggling his head vehemently. "The government must do it. It *says* it is our government. As your Abraham Lincoln says, 'government of the people, by the people, for the people.' This is a test whether they mean what they say. Let us see. . . ."

At dawn, Hindu father and son do ritual ablutions in the sacred—if not germ-free—water of the Ganges.

The Onion Omnibus

Anecdotes and facts about one of Stouffer's favorite vegetables.

Maligned and often misunderstood, the noble onion remains one of the best friends that a good cook ever had. A hardy biennial with a varyingly pungent bulb, it is distantly related to the lily family and one of the world's oldest cultivated vegetables.

A Spicy Bit of History. The onion was grown by farmers in the Middle East as long as 5,000 years ago. The Bible tells of the Israelites longing for its zesty goodness while wandering in the wilderness. Because its layers formed a sphere within a sphere, the Egyptians revered the onion as a symbol of eternity. Our word "onion" actually comes from the Latin word "unis" meaning unity or many things in one.

A True Health Food. For centuries, the mysterious onion has been credited with nutritional as well as medicinal properties, for it is a salutary source of iron, calcium, potassium, protein, B-vitamins and vitamin C. One medium-sized onion delivers as much vitamin C as a ripe Florida orange, yet it contains only 38 calories.

Nine Gold Rings. Green onions (sometimes called scallions) are harvested while their tops are green and tender, before the underground bulbs are fully developed. Dry onions have flaky outer skins, are juicy and fresh on the inside, with fully developed bulbs. Regardless of its size or dimension, every true, single-hearted onion presents nine perfect rings on the inside.

A Vegetable For All Reasons. In the kitchens of the world, onions are baked, broiled, fried, stuffed, sautéed, glazed, brined, creamed, steamed, barbecued or simply prepared raw. Whether sliced, diced, minced or shredded; grated, puréed, chopped, pickled or quartered, every onion should have a certain tang and a bit of a bite.

Why Cry About It? Slicing onions often induces tears in the eyes because microscopic sulphuric compounds are released that cause a temporary irritation. You can control your weeping by slicing onions under running water or briefly refrigerating them prior to chopping or dicing.

A Constant Quest. Stouffer's® searches year-round for onions of special texture, spiciness and configuration. Our selections are frequently made from three or four basic strains:

Globes, the most common dry onions, usually have yellow, but sometimes white or red, skins. They range from 2" to 5" at harvest, vary in shape from round to oval and are pungent, all-purpose favorites.

Sweet Spanish Onions, grown over the fall and winter months, are large, globe-shaped and usually yellow-skinned. They have a mild, sweet flavor.

Granos are semi-pungent, globe-shaped and yellow. Measuring up to 5" in diameter, they are excellent spring and summer growers in Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and California.

Pearl Onions, usually Sweet Bermudas, are restricted by growth density to measure less than an inch at maturity. These mild, sweet, crunchy favorites often come from Colorado, Washington and Idaho.

Always Looking For An Edge. Stouffer's uses onions to enhance and accent. To highlight. To add spirit and snap. To simmer just the proper edge to soups and stews. To accommodate such favored vegetable companions as tomatoes, cabbage, carrots and peas. To lend a subtle oniony dimension to beef, chicken and fish.

So, the next time you ponder and enjoy the good taste of a Stouffer's entree, whether it be Spaghetti or Short Ribs, Cashew Chicken or Swedish Meatballs, it may be the subtle, spicy taste of the noble onion that has quietly presented itself again.

Stouffer's.® As good as can be.

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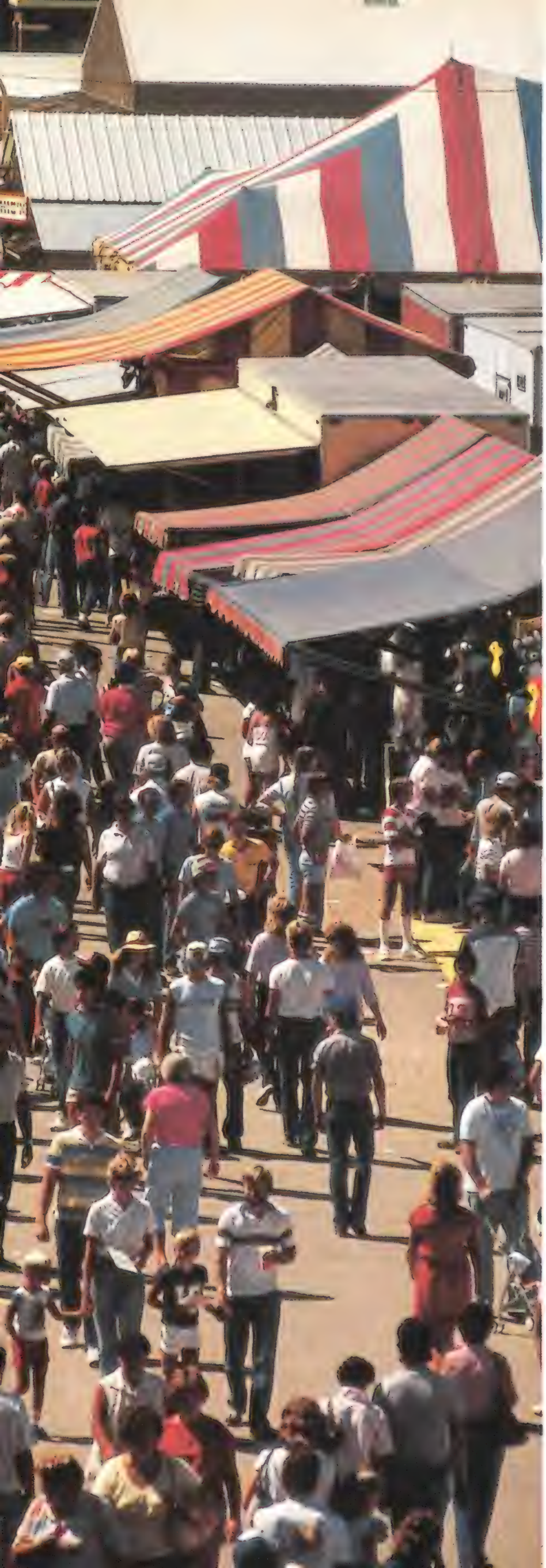
FARM BUREAU

SELLERS
COMPANY



By Noel Perrin

The old state fair, still what it used to be—even more

At a down-home gathering in Kansas, midway hijinks and ritual displays of cows and crops make way for theater, music, the China trade

Last year about 13 million people attended professional football games and 23 million went to symphony concerts. Nearly 130 million, however, went to state, regional and county fairs. There was a day in North Carolina when the North Carolina State Fair was the fourth largest city in the state. There were numerous days when the ascending order of size in Ohio went: Dayton, Akron, Ohio State Fair, Toledo.

The Kansas State Fair is not one of the giants. Even on a good day there may be no more than 50,000 people on the grounds. But it is one of the most thoroughly American—as befits the fair of our central state, the one that occupies the geographical heart of the country.

Consider. State fairs began basically as cattle and sheep shows. The fairgrounds in Hutchinson, Kansas, swarms with cows and sheep. Long ago they added entertainment. On one day at last year's Kansas fair I counted 172 different modes of entertainment, from car races to 4-H fashion shows to avant-garde theater. Right now foreign exhibits are in fashion at many state fairs. In Hutchinson I saw not only Governor Carlin of Kansas but also Governor He (you pronounce it Huh) Zhukang of Henan Province, China.

Clockwise from top left: Ottawa Cytones, high school singers, give a free concert; even the 100-degree heat doesn't faze this midway throng; Waylan Wade trims his prize cow with electric shears on judging day.

Photographs by William Thompson

He was there with a delegation of 30 Chinese officials to open the fair's first foreign trade exhibit. To all this Kansas adds a down-home quality that sometimes gets lost at bigger fairs—even at some its own size.

The Kansas fair runs for ten days in early September —nine regular days and one extra tacked on the front. That's called Preview Day and admission to the grounds is free so as to encourage people to pour in and get the fair off to a lively start. The other nine days you pay $2.50 to enter. I chose to arrive on Preview Day because I like to see things begin. Within two hours I knew I was in luck. Coming from rural New England where there are lots of small, local fairs and a mere handful of big ones, I had evolved three criteria for judging the down-homeness—you might even say the authenticity—of a fair.

One is food. All fairs sell large quantities of junk food. In fact, fairs probably invented junk food. They were supplying an eager public with cotton candy and fried dough long before fast-food chains were dreamt of. But the best fairs also have plenty of good home-made food. Quite often it's church food. You can tell when a fair has gone commercial by the decline in the number of booths selling home-made baked goods, by the disappearance of suppers put on by local groups.

Another is the proportion of volunteer workers. No fair worth its salt can be staffed entirely by volunteers because a good fair needs a midway, and a midway that involves much more than throwing darts at balloons needs to be operated by professional carnival workers. Who else has access to Ferris wheels and Tilt-A-Whirls? But when the booths *and* the rides come to be operated by bored carnies, you know that the fair has ceased to command the loyalty of its community.

The third is the ratio of participants to spectators; the higher the ratio, the more genuine the fair. A tribal ceremony would be the ultimate in genuineness, since the entire tribe participates and no one is merely a spectator. That never happens at an American fair, but some come close. The month before going to Kansas I'd been to the fair in Chelsea, Vermont, a special, fancy one celebrating the 200th anniversary of the town. The immense parade down the main (and almost only) street in Chelsea had so many of the towns-

During 25 years in New England, Noel Perrin has written articles and books, taught at Dartmouth and farmed in Vermont, where his specialty is cows.

Cleo McBride has been making pies for the United Methodists' cafeteria for as long as she can remember.

Tension shows as pie-baking contestants await judges' choice. Winner: Helen Ann Neufeld, at far right.

people in it that there were barely a couple of hundred left to watch. Even I, though not from Chelsea, was there as a participant: I was one of the float judges.

By all three criteria, the Kansas fair is authentic. When I reached Hutchinson later in the day than I'd meant to, I checked into a local motel and went right over to the fairgrounds to check things out—and to get something to eat.

Strolling in through Gate 12, the first thing I passed was a cluster of gigantic horse trailers. One of the main events of the first regular fair day is the draft-horse pull, and the participants were beginning to arrive. Men and women in cowboy hats were unloading enormous Belgian horses, pulling out hay bales, checking harnesses. There were more draft horses than I had ever seen in one place before.

Next I passed the Sheep and Swine Barn, already filled. Then a building devoted entirely to rabbits. Soon—I have a sure instinct for food—I came to a cluster of eating places. Some were commercial, but the three that caught my eye were all church. In a small white building, an all-male contingent from Our Lady of Guadalupe was busy serving tacos and frijoles to a mixed crowd of Kansas farmer-types and teenage couples. Fifty yards away, side by side, were the larger eating places run by the Central Christian School (of Hutchinson) and by the United Methodist Church (of South Hutchinson).

I know Methodist food intimately. Vermont is well supplied with Methodists and I have been to numerous suppers put on by them—have even worked in the kitchen at a few. One can nearly always count on a good meal. Even at times of peak demand—say, during fall-foliage season, when many supper organizers get overwhelmed by the sheer volume of tourists and take to serving pie with a crust made from mix, or actually going to a store and *buying* the dinner rolls—even then, Vermont Methodists go right on making the crust from scratch and kneading the bread dough. It was the work of an instant to decide to sample the Methodist cuisine of Kansas.

When I went inside, I found myself in a large white rectangular space. There were six tables, each holding 16 people, and a serving line at the back. Five of the tables were full and there were only a few places left at the sixth, even though it was now past dinnertime. I asked the people in front of me in line what I ought to get. "Chicken with noodles and raisin cream pie,

Overleaf: Turtle Girl (alive!) is a midway temptress.

Shelly the TURTLE GIRL

alive

FIRST

ME HERE

Shelly the

TURTL

ALIVE

don't you think, Fred?" the wife answered. So I did. Delicious, both. Real crust on the pie, and real cream, too. It would pass muster in Union Village, Vermont.

Sitting there eating my chicken and noodles, I had plenty of time to look around—at the Bible quotations on the walls, the printed graces up and down the red-checked tablecloth, the sign that said "God deserves our best." I also noticed another, more secular sign. This one noted that at the 1983 fair, the women of the church had baked 2,045 pies. Wow! That's roughly 2,000 pies more than I'm used to—that's down-home food on a truly gargantuan scale. (I never said the Kansas fair was small; it's only small compared with giants like the Texas State Fair, which on some days is as large as Trenton, New Jersey, and Wilmington, Delaware, and Charleston, South Carolina, combined.)

When I had finished the last crumb of my pie, I slid out past a remarkably thin farmer who had three pieces, all different, laid out in front of his noodles. Then I ambled back to the Sheep and Swine Barn. The midway was going full tilt—a cacophony of music and recorded spiels. I was tempted to try a roller-coaster or maybe even look in on one of the two freak shows and see the lobster people. But I raise a few sheep and pigs myself, and state fairs did begin with animals, 144 years ago. I decided to start there.

By now it was 9 P.M. Pigs like their sleep. What you'd have seen on the swine side of that huge barn were hundreds of recumbent pigs. They were sleeping two to a pen and quite often one pig would have an affectionate trotter resting on the other pig. Occasionally a small group of people would walk through, quietly commenting on a handsome Duroc or Berkshire. It was sort of like night rounds at an old-fashioned hospital, where there are wards.

By contrast, the sheep side of the barn was all noise and activity. The exhibiting of farm animals has changed a lot since the first state fair, held in Syracuse, New York, in 1841. (There was an attempt to start a New Jersey state fair as early as the 17th century, and George Washington tried his hand at encouraging them in 1796. But the New York State Fair—it's still at Syracuse—is generally agreed to be the true beginning.)

Of course farmers groomed their animals back then—and there were plenty to groom. On one train alone, 25 carloads of livestock arrived in Syracuse in 1841. But what was then amateur beauty treatment has now become professional. All over the sheep side of the barn were slender metal stands, each with a fancy head-grip at the top. To each stand was tied a reluctant sheep, its head held high. Owners busily trimmed their coats with electric shears and gave them sponge baths. Hundreds of other sheep watched, most wearing canvas overcoats—not because it's cold in Kansas in September, but to keep them clean. Almost every sheep steadily baaed. In the distance you could hear five kinds of midway music. The pigs slept through it all.

"That's his wife—she's playing the critter"

From there I went next door to the Horse Arena, empty as yet of draft horses. Instead there was one lone cowboy out in the arena and maybe 50 people in the stands watching him. In front of him a blonde young woman in a red shirt darted from side to side and as she darted, he wheeled his horse. I had to ask one of the spectators what was going on.

"He's practicing for the Open Championship Cutting," my neighbor said. When I still looked blank, he explained that there were five different competitions in which a rider's job was to separate one cow from a herd. "That's his wife," he went on; "she's playing the critter." As I later learned, there are a total of 308

Hand extended in greeting, a professional carnival worker hawks Stetson (and other) hats along midway.

With Sky Wheel as backdrop, young passengers are exhilarated by ups, downs, arounds of Yo-Yo ride.

Victory on the midway—how sweet it is! Through luck and/or skill, a triumphant couple carries off spoils.

4-H'er Charlene Rein, 17, bought Dude at 500 pounds, sold him at 1,250 a year later—after fair—for $1,100.

horse competitions at the fair. A far cry from the first New York State Fair, which featured a plowing contest.

Leaving the cowboy still wheeling, I followed the noise from this now mostly dark side of the fair over to the brilliant midway. I was still too full of dinner to be tempted by the homemade cake and candy being sold by teenage members of the Apostolic Faith Tabernacle. I did ride the Ferris wheel, from whose top I could see into the main grandstand, where close to 8,000 people were listening to a concert by the Beach Boys. I tried a couple of other rides. I proved too squeamish to go in and see the lobster people, though I listened entranced to the recorded spiel out front: "They're reeel! They're a-lahv! Ten thousand dollars reward if they're not reeel and not a-lahv! They have claws instead of hands. They have flippers instead of feet. Fahv generations of their kind have baffled medical science." I also talked to a young carnival worker from Texas, who advised me to be sure to have some Methodist food the next day. He said he himself began to think about chicken and noodles when he was still three fairs away.

As I see it, state fairs have passed through four stages in their history, and I'd already had glimpses of all four in Kansas. In the first stage, a very brief one, fairs were entirely for farmers and they were almost wholly educational. You went there to learn how to plow better, or to look at new farm machinery, or maybe to win a small cash prize for your cattle or carrots. You still do if you're a farmer or a 4-H kid. There were three carrot prizes awarded at the Kansas fair—nothing to make a person rich, being $3 for best carrots, then $2 and $1, but still prizes. There were also 778 sheep prizes, mostly in the $4 to $18 range, six turnip prizes, 27 hay prizes, 92 apple prizes, and so on.

But there is a certain lack of drama to carrots or even (unless you're a farmer) to a display of new farm machinery. Fair organizers quickly discovered that it's hard to draw really big crowds unless you add a bit of frivolity to your educational enterprise. Since state fairs were cropping up all over in the mid-19th century, there were lots of organizers around to make the discovery. So along the way they added two more elements: politicians and fast horses. The politicians, of course, came to make speeches, just like Governors Carlin and He in Kansas in 1984. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were both star attractions in the late 1840s. A generation later, President Grant canceled appearances two years running at my own state fair in Vermont, causing a local journalist to write somewhat bitterly, "It is a settled fact that public men do not always keep their promises."

Diane Placek of Topeka pridefully shows her mottled Houdan hen. Their home is named Czechered Acres.

In the MoKan Pony Pull, pair of diminutive equines strains to drag a sledload of 50-pound salt blocks.

The horses originally came to be put through their paces in exhibitions of fancy riding and "trials of speed." A top attraction at the Iowa fair in 1854 was the competition for "boldest and most graceful female equestrian." Prize: a gold watch. Educational value for farmers: zero. Interest: intense. The crowd got so excited that when judges gave the watch to what it considered the wrong girl, there was a near-riot. The spectators collected a purse of $165 (read $5,000) for their candidate—and gave her a college scholarship as well.

It is hard to bet on exhibitions of fancy riding, however; the horses began to race for money. What ensued was probably the most corrupt period in the history of state fairs. The education of farmers was never quite forgotten and politicians kept coming to speak but horse races dominated most fairs in the late 19th century. Many of the races were fixed and sometimes the people who fixed them also ran the fair. In Minnesota in the 1880s the state fair was accused of becoming a private enterprise run for the benefit of the Twin-City Jockey Club. When farmers complained and asked for more attention to carrots and sheep, the gamblers in Minneapolis and St. Paul could hardly contain their laughter. "Let 'em have a fair run on Sunday-school lines," said a Jockey Club official. "There won't be enough people there to trample down the grass."

He was wrong. The wrath of farmers and the concerted efforts of farm magazines did eventually restore the fairs to respectability, though it took a generation. (As late as 1902, novelist William Dean Howells went to an Eastern fair, which he carefully didn't name, and was aghast. "There was not one honest start in all the races at that fair," he wrote indignantly.)

But when the gambling died, the crowds remained. What kept them coming was a wonderful French invention called the Midway Plaisance. It first appeared in America in 1893. The original elements, all but one, were direct borrowings from abroad: the balloon rides, the belly dancers, the first primitive roller-coaster. To these the organizers of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago added one local attraction that has since become almost the symbol of American fairs. George Ferris built the first Ferris wheel, and it was an instant success (SMITHSONIAN, July 1983).

By the turn of the century many state fairs had a midway and had assumed the form later immortalized by the movie *State Fair*, starring Jeanne Crain and the state of Iowa. They have that form still, though there have been some major additions.

I got up early, and over the next two days I indulged in a kind of orgy of fairgoing. One morning was really early: I arrived at 4 A.M. to catch the predawn action

In Kansas, a down-home state fair

One man's meat is another man's trophy: an ecstatic young farmer hugs championship-class livestock award.

at the Milking Parlor. (Not much of a crowd. People mostly watch the afternoon milking.) Some hours later I had an outstanding pancake breakfast at a stand run by the First Congregational Church of Hutchinson. Then I spent a long time in the giant farm-exhibit building known as the Pride of Kansas, visiting with judges of hay and corn and with members of the all-female support group for the Kansas cattle business known as the CowBelles. I stuffed myself with tacos at Our Lady of Guadalupe. I watched a performance of Complex Improvisational Theater and another of the State Fair Promenaders. I rode Dodgem cars.

And I ate and ate. For lunch one day I bought a porkburger at the stand run by the Kansas Pork Producers Council and topped it off with a corn dog from one of the dozen or so commercial corn dog stands. Then I had a jaffle (a wafflelike tart). After that I waddled off to watch a set of stock-car races, regretting that I wouldn't be there the day they were going to have a demolition derby featuring farm combines.

After the Beach Boys, truckloads of trash

I also kept meeting more participants. I got to know a Kansas sheep farmer named Chuck Woodard, who keeps almost a hundred times as many sheep as I do, and who was head chef at a lamb barbecue the sheep exhibitors put on. I went back to the Methodists one afternoon to sample some more kinds of pie and got to know Lyle Case, head of the 200 or so volunteers who run the cafeteria, 16 or 18 to a shift, four shifts a day for ten days. I even had a chance to meet a couple of the 60 prisoners from the Kansas State Industrial Reformatory who volunteer to clean up the fairgrounds each morning (ten dumptruck loads alone from the grandstand after the Beach Boys concert).

But two events stand out. One represents the still-vital rural past of state fairs, the other their urban, show-biz present. One full morning I spent in the packed stands of the Horse Arena, watching the draft-horse pull. About 1,500 other people were also watching: teenage girls in pink T-shirts as well as farmers in Stetsons and dark blue overalls. Nineteen teams competed. What each had to do was pull a sort of sled loaded with 50-pound salt blocks. To start things even, each began by pulling its own weight, so that out in the arena a group of men threw on a few salt blocks or pulled off a few as a team backed up to the sled.

All 19 pulled their own weight with ease and none needed the full three tries allowed to get the sled the required ten feet forward. After the first round, the handlers added 1,000 pounds, then 500. Every team managed that, too. Meanwhile, the audience was getting a sense of the drivers: whether he (or in one case she) could *talk* the horses into lunging their hardest or

Four-year-old Trina Torgrimson with grandfather James Keever and spotted pony get color-coordinated team together to compete in a horsemanship event. Keever's role: lead pony around ring as Trina rides.

had to use a whip; whether after a pull he dashingly rode the whiffletree on around the arena like a Roman charioteer whose chariot had happened to disintegrate, or just clutched the reins and ran alongside.

By 11:36 the load was up to own-weight plus 3,000 pounds and there were only three teams left. At this moment a series of events occurred that sums up one whole aspect of state fairs. One of the remaining teams got so excited trying and failing to pull 3.1 tons of salt that when the horses were unhitched they kept right on lunging. They very nearly crashed into the stands.

There was no panic, but there *was* a moment's confusion—and the busy salt handlers forgot to add three blocks for the next team. This was hard luck for Gene Boyd of Redfield, not to mention Pat and Duke, his horses. When you get up to several tons, there's a rule that if a team doesn't pull five or six feet on the first lunge, there's no way they'll make it to ten because that first heave takes so much out of the horses. Three blocks light, Pat and Duke got eight feet, six inches on their first lunge. But it's disqualified and they must start over. This time they make a scant three feet.

"Hard luck, Gene," the announcer calls—and for the first time the crowd mutters a little. The announcer, who's been calling the horse pull for 25 years, stops dead. He looks around. "All right," he says. "It's partly my fault. But Gene's a good sport and I know he's going to accept my judgment." Gene says nothing. Certainly he doesn't throw his racket down. He brings Pat and Duke around for the third pull. He clucks to them—they give a mighty heave and pull the remaining seven feet. At one minute to 12 Gene has won the pulling contest and a purse of $210. Good guys sometimes finish first at the Kansas State Fair.

The other event that stands out was a concert. It differed in almost every way from the horse pull. That was daytime; this is at night—the warm Kansas night, full of locusts singing and young couples courting.

Danielle Dunavan had to wear a wool dress (her mother made it) to enter sheep event with beribboned ewe.

That was a local thing and inexpensive; this is national and rather pricey. That was low tech; this is high.

On the fair's third night, I joined 3,700 other people in the main grandstand to listen to country music. George Strait and his Texans were the warm-up; Loretta Lynn and the Coalminers were the main show. For an afternoon performance plus this, Strait picked up $9,000. Lynn got $25,000, plus 70 percent of the gate over $65,000—netting her just under $10,000 more.

The grandstand faces due east. A huge moon was rising as we took our seats. It was tinged with red, said to be caused by prairie fires to the north. Big as that moon looked, though, it was not nearly as big as the loudspeaker in front of my section of the stand. That was something out of science fiction. A stupendous rectangular boxlike thing, it hovered 20 feet up in the air, supported by a giant metal arm. It seemed to have six speakers in it. It easily produced more noise than a supersonic jet taking off.

Almost stunned with sound as I was, I didn't particularly enjoy the concert—though the accompanying light show had its moments. I did enjoy the eager response of the mostly young crowd in the stands. They were prepared to love every song, to shout and scream and stamp and whistle. And it is that kind of audience enthusiasm that has sustained state fairs at times when it looked as if they might fade away.

Take 1952, for example. The place was Ohio. The Ohio fair, today the biggest in the country, had done badly. Despite the livestock, the Ferris wheels, the racing, the food, it lost $58,000 that year, and there was talk of closing it. Instead, the manager introduced the fourth stage to his state: he hired a big name to draw the crowds. When the fair opened in 1953, a native of Ohio named Roy Rogers was on hand, fresh from Hollywood. Twice a day he did a show. The crowds picked up instantly and the fair made money.

Other managers were watching. A few years later, the Wisconsin fair paid Rogers $234,000 for a ten-day appearance. Same happy effect. Soon it struck fair managers that almost any big-time performer would do—it didn't have to be Roy Rogers. It also struck them that it would be better to have ten different celebrities during a ten-day fair instead of recycling the same one day after day. The state fair as it now exists had come into being.

What will be next? Somewhere, another stage is waiting to happen. There are signs that it has already begun—in a return to more purely agricultural activities and lower-cost entertainment. But what form it will actually take I do not care to predict. Predictions made at or about state fairs are too apt to be wrong. Horace Greeley was one of the attractions of the 1865 Minnesota fair; he gave a speech in which he freely made predictions. One was that Minnesota farmers would soon be able to control rainfall by firing heavy artillery into the air. It hasn't happened yet. Another was that there would never be any decent apple pie in the state: "I should like to live in Minnesota but for one thing. You will never be able to raise apples here." Returning in 1871, he found his remark painted on a huge banner. Under it was an exhibit of a hundred varieties of Minnesota-grown apples.

One prediction does seem safe, though. State fairs will be around for some time to come. Last year the Ohio fair drew three and a half million people and the Texas fair three million. Even a "small" fair like Kansas drew 340,000. State fairs will be around, and they will embody most of the best and a little of the worst in American history.

Edwin Judy, fair veteran, feasts on chicken, beans to celebrate fifth place in 25th Anniversary Team Pull.

KEY

After years of enforced silence, we can now name the wonder fabric we've been using in our most luxurious Lands' End sportshirts.

The name of that fabric is VIYELLA and thereby hangs a tale.

Several years ago, when we set out to firm up a Lands' End position in sportshirts, we began as we usually do in these cases with a search for a source of top-quality shirting material.

That search eventually led us to a small mill in Derbyshire, England which owned the sole rights to make and market a remarkable cloth they had named Viyella. It was a soft, luxurious and incredibly longwearing cloth, finely-woven of 55% Merino wool, 45% long-staple cotton. A cloth that delivered the warmth of wool, the comfort of cotton. And had been regarded as the world's most desirable sportshirt cloth for almost a century.

Our first purchase had strings attached.

This fabric was so much in demand that the small mill had no trouble confining its output to customers who observed extremely rigid quality standards, and who marketed their finished Viyella shirts in the $70 to $80 range.

So it was that when we revealed to the mill our own plans to make and market Viyella shirts of equal quality, which had to meet standards possibly even more rigid, at a price under $50, the mill became troubled. How was that possible, they wondered? What would it do to their existing trade?

Our buyers were persistent, however, and finally the mill relented. They permitted us to buy Viyella provided we did not mention it by name in our catalogs. We accepted the condition. And for the past three years, we've been offering these mysterious shirts made from a "no name" wonder fabric.

Now, however, it can be told.

Time has passed, and with it there has been a change in the British economy, so we are now able to shout "Viyella!" from the house tops. And because we can, we've been rethinking our whole sportshirt position.

The Viyella shirt we're featuring in this ad is upgraded in the amount of "dress shirt tailoring" it embodies. We make no bones about manufacturing it in Hong Kong, because the source we use there has been encouraged to do whatever it takes to make a better shirt. Not to eliminate features that make a shirt cheaper.

The result is a happy one. For us and for you. Superb Lands' End quality in the world's most famous natural fiber sportshirt. Our usual hard-nosed insistence on a price that makes for value. And, as with everything we offer, the shortest, sweetest guarantee in the business: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Shakespeare first raised the question. And in the case of VIYELLA, the name has a source that seems appropriate.

This marvelous natural blend of wool and cotton came into being only after many, many failures. In the course of this search for the perfect blend, the nephew of the founder of the Hollins Mills bought another mill to eliminate competition in the merino hosiery market.

This mill was named after the Via Gellia, a picturesque road in Derbyshire, where it was situated. So when VIYELLA was achieved in 1893, it was dubbed with the name of that road—"Vi Jella"—even though today VIYELLA is woven by the descendants of the weavers who created the first fabric in a mill in Glasgow, Scotland.

NOT FOR EXPORT!

Of the roughly 40 breeds of sheep in the world, none is held in more universal regard than the merino.

The wool of the merino is of relatively short staple, but it has a "crimp" that spinners of yarn really treasure. And it blends superbly with the longer staple cottons, such as those grown in Egypt, to make of Viyella a fabric apart.

The merino breed originated in Spain and was once so highly treasured that it was a capital offense to export a merino sheep.

Fortunately, that stricture no longer maintains. And the merino breed is plentiful now all over the world. And the world is a warmer, more cozy place for all of that.

Single-needle shoulder and sleeve seams
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With El Mirasol, Mizner's Spanish style became fashionable. Built for the Edward T. Stotesburys, who added to it virtually every year (sometimes with other architects), it was demolished about 1953.

By Joseph J. Thorndike jr.

Addison Mizner —what he did for Palm Beach

The architect, using the Spanish style 'turned inside out,' remade a nondescript colony of cottages into a regal resort

Via Parigi is one of two short, charming streets designed by Mizner. The other is named for him.

"What would you do about it," asked Paris Singer, "if you could do anything you wanted?"

"I'd build something that wasn't made of wood," answered Addison Mizner, "and I wouldn't paint it yellow."

Singer, the 22nd of Isaac Singer's 24 children and heir to a good-size chunk of the sewing-machine fortune, shared Mizner's scorn for the huge yellow wooden hotels, the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers, where wealthy Northerners spent their winter vacations in Palm Beach. Soon afterward, in January 1918, he took his new friend Mizner to a stretch of low land on Lake Worth, at Joe's Alligator Farm, and said that he was thinking of building a convalescent hospital for officers wounded in the First World War. What would Mizner suggest?

Mizner's reply came not from any lessons learned at an architect's drawing board but from a fond scholar's dream of old Spain:

"It ought to be something religious—a nunnery, with a chapel built into the lake, with a great cool cloister and a court of oranges; a landing stage, where the stern old abbess could barter with boatmen bringing their fruit and vegetables for sale; a great gate over there on the road, where the faithful could leave their offerings and receive largess."

The architect's dream was realized, though the

Color photographs by Walter Smalling jr.

Addison and Wilson Mizner posed beside the same column at the opening of the Cloister Inn, Boca Raton, in January 1926. Addison was the more portly and genial of the two, Wilson the sharper wit. Addison had a heart attack in 1933. Wilson wired from Hollywood: "Stop dying. Am trying to write a comedy." Addison replied: "Am going to get well. The comedy goes on." He died just a few hours later.

owner's original purpose was not. Instead of the projected home for wounded veterans, it became the Everglades Club, the instant and still unchallenged center of Palm Beach society.

Soon after the club opened, Mizner came upon Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury pacing off the dimensions of the Court of Oranges. "Oh, Addie," said Queen Eva, "you've made me so discontented with the plans I have had done for my house." Whereupon she fired her Philadelphia architect and commissioned Mizner to build her a 37-room mansion with all the elements that became Mizner trademarks: stucco walls, multiple rooflines, orange tiles, open loggias and patios. The completion of El Mirasol, in time for the winter season of 1919-20, marked the beginning of a building spree that turned a nondescript colony of transplanted Northern bungalows into a resort of singular architectural coherence. Few places in America, if any, have been so clearly the creation of a single designer's vision.

Mizner's career in Palm Beach barely lasted through the 1920s. Like the resort itself, it was jolted by the collapse of the Florida land boom in 1926, further shaken by two bad hurricanes and stopped dead by the stock market crash of 1929. With the rise of the International Style in the 1930s and '40s, Mizner's romantic, slung-together style was scorned by the poohbahs of modern architecture. His first biographer, Alva Johnston, skewered it with a phrase: "A Bastard-Spanish-Moorish - Romanesque - Gothic - Renaissance - Bull - Market-Damn-the-Expense Style."

It was all those things, but more. Mizner's gift was to bring the varied elements together in buildings that delighted the eyes and lifted the spirits of almost all who entered them. Now that the purist modern style has run its course, they are being looked at with new appreciation.

Addison Cairns Mizner (pronounced Mize-ner by the family) brought to his profession, like most of his peers, no formal training in architecture. In its place he had an unschooled creative ability formed by a romantic nature, a hands-on knowledge of building and years of knockabout experience in far places. He had been born to an affluent, politically influential family in Benicia, California, in 1872. When he was 16 his father was appointed by President Benjamin Harrison as minister to the five small republics of Central America. Of his first sight of the port of Mazatlán in Mexico, Addison later wrote: "It prob-

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Playa Riente, designed for the Joshua Cosdens, was the largest house Mizner built in Palm Beach. Cosden made and lost two fortunes and started on another. The house was demolished in 1957.

ably was the greatest day of my life, for there lying white in the sun was my first Spanish town."

After a year in Central America, during which he traveled, studied and developed a skill in drawing, followed by a year at the University of Salamanca in Spain, he returned to San Francisco to become an architect. Three years of work as an apprentice and then a partnership in a small firm taught him the techniques of his profession.

Mizner's only problem at that time was that he had developed the tastes of a young, social man-about-town, and his earnings from architectural work were not enough to meet the bills. In 1897 he took off with two of his brothers to look for gold in the Klondike. There he built his own cabin, survived two winters in Canada's Far North, struck gold, escaped a plot to murder him for it, and got back to San Francisco with his winnings. Soon he was off again, this time to Hawaii in pursuit of an architectural commission. When that fell through he went on to Samoa, the Far East and Australia, working at times as a painter of small portraits on ivory and a colorist of lantern slides. Then back to Central America, hoping to start a coffee-importing business.

In Guatemala, where the Roman Catholic Church had been disestablished, he found instead a more congenial trade in religious artifacts. From priests of decaying churches he bought wooden carvings, silver vessels, embroidered hangings and one whole monastery that he stripped of its gilded altars. In 1904 he took his plunder to New York, where he sold it and used the proceeds to set up an architectural practice.

Whatever Mizner may have lacked in credentials as an architect was more than made up for by his social standing and contacts. Two of his California friends, Birdie and Tessie Fair, daughters of James G. Fair, the "Silver King," were now Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt jr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, rising leaders of New York and Newport society. With such connections, plus rather heavy good looks and a racy wit that made him a popular dinner guest, Mizner was soon established as a society architect. During the next 13 years he worked in the New York area, designing houses for various clients in various styles, including a Japanese house and garden in Huntington, Long Island, but increasingly favoring the Spanish.

Mizner was a giant of a man, six feet two inches tall with strength to lift a moderately heavy chair with one hand at arm's length, but in 1917 he was laid low with a serious leg injury inflicted by three hitchhikers who jumped him when he stopped his car to let them out. At the same time Paris Singer, a new acquaintance, was

The original Court of Oranges at the Everglades Club, since enclosed, is now the Marble Court.

suffering from exhaustion after his war work with wounded veterans, complicated by the collapse of his stormy love affair with Isadora Duncan. When they went to Florida together, both men thought they were dying, or so they let on. Under the magic of an architectural project, both recovered quickly.

"Spanish" is the word commonly used to describe Mizner's Florida architecture, and indeed his style was inspired by the buildings of 16th- and 17th-century Spain. But the houses and castles of that time were much more closed-up and barricaded than anything Mizner built. They had thick walls, small barred windows, fully enclosed courtyards, all designed to offer protection against marauders. Mizner's clients felt no need for such security (although some of the succeeding owners would welcome it today). Mizner made the walls thick and solid but he broke them open with large doors and many windows. Airy loggias led to spacious patios, and gardens ran down to the water's edge. "What I really did," said Mizner, "was to turn the Spanish inside out like a glove."

A series of opening vistas

Mizner understood that his clients came to Palm Beach for fun and that they wanted their homes for large-scale entertaining. He lavished his skills on fine living rooms, dining rooms, libraries and loggias. He planned the flow of guests from one room to another so that vistas opened up as they moved. An arriving guest might pass beneath a carved stone arch, through heavy wooden doors, into a dark, lofty foyer that opened onto a great tiled courtyard festive with flowers, fountain and the light of many candles.

Frank Lloyd Wright, while admiring some of Mizner's work, patronized him as a "stage designer," not without reason. When Mizner accepted a commission he insisted that his client allow him to design not only the house and grounds but the furnishings of the first floor. Some of the rooms were as big as those in the Newport mansions designed by that other famous society architect, Richard Morris Hunt. But whereas some of Hunt's rooms are grand and cold, many of Mizner's are warm and welcoming.

Mizner's most creative work was done in the first and last phases of a project—the conception and the decoration. Before he put pencil to paper he liked to give the house a long, imaginary history:

"I sometimes start a house with a Romanesque corner, pretend that it has fallen into disrepair and been added to in the Gothic spirit, when suddenly the great wealth of the New World has poured in and the owner has added a very rich Renaissance addition."

Out of such reveries would come quick sketches, followed by finely detailed drawings and sometimes

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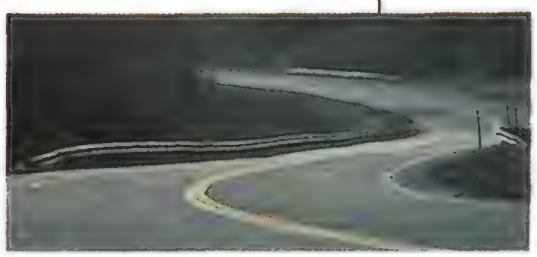

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watercolor paintings of a fine facade. If an ambitious lady wanted a big house, as Mrs. William Warden did, Mizner could devise a little conspiracy to fool her husband, who was loaded with Standard Oil money but did not like to show it off. He made a sketch in which the adjoining houses were magnified to match the size of the house Mrs. Warden wanted. When her husband asked for something more specific, Mizner feigned surprise: "Why, Mr. Warden, you sometimes seem like an intelligent man. How can I send you elevations when the house isn't even finished?"

Mizner's dealings with Eva Stotesbury prompted him to envy doctors. "If an architect could chloroform a client," he said, "the house would be more attractive and coherent." As it was, he relied on wit, charm and the firm conviction that he was at least the social equal of any client. If a prospective owner asked for an ornate staircase in place of the simple one he had designed, he could say to him, "It would look like a whore at a christening."

Mizner took advantage of the Palm Beach social calendar. Typically, he would meet with his clients before they headed north. During the spring he would refine the plans and turn them over to his staff to supervise construction. Then he would take off for Europe to buy antiques for all of his current projects.

When he returned in late summer he would look at a half-finished house and make revisions: a doorway

This is Paris Singer's elaborately tiled "Moorish" bathroom in the tower of the Everglades Club.

The paneling Mizner bought from the University of Salamanca was installed in his own dining room.

enlarged, a window moved, a balcony added, a roofline dropped. From such "dress rehearsals" sprang the legend that Mizner never made plans but built the house as he went along. In fact, he had a painter's eye for line and color, and added finishing touches as a painter might.

The most persistent of all legends is that Mizner, in his offhand way, sometimes forgot essential elements, such as a staircase. Indeed, the owners of one house found that they had to reach the second floor by going up a spiral staircase in a tower attached to the outside of the building. This arrangement may have caused some inconvenience when rain blew through the openings, but it was not an afterthought. In fact, he probably started with the stair tower. Mizner liked to keep a facade severely flat but then to relieve it with a single strong element. The outside staircase was used in several houses and at least one office building.

Mizner's casual approach to projects gave rise to other legends. According to Alva Johnston, a lady to whom he had promised a house found him lying on the beach one morning. Indignant, she upbraided him for loafing while she waited. Mizner picked up a stick, carefully drew a plan in the wet sand, and said, "Dearie, here it is." The lady accepted it.

What truth there may have been to that tale, no one can say. Mizner was a brilliant dinner-party raconteur who told just such stories about himself. In any case he did work fast. When Joshua Cosden, who had started out as a trolley-car conductor, asked him for a house that would outdo El Mirasol, he stayed up all night and had a finished plan by morning. He envisioned the Cosden house as "an old Gothic palace built out into

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The open-air, exterior stair tower at Casa Nana was a device Mizner often used on his houses.

Mizner made this watercolor sketch of the Casa de Leoni, a house he designed for Leonard Thomas.

the sea." Playa Riente ("Laughing Beach") served the Cosdens' social purpose. Mrs. Stotesbury was so envious that she employed architects to start adding rooms to El Mirasol.

Critics said that, in his passion for splendid reception halls, Mizner slighted the bedrooms, the kitchens and especially the baths. It is true that 17th-century Spain offered him no inspiration for bathrooms, since chamber pots and privies had been the rule in those days. Mizner was impatient with Mrs. Stotesbury for repeatedly changing the placement of facilities in her bathroom. "After all," he complained, "there are only three pieces that must go in." When Mrs. Vanderbilt could not make up her mind about her bath, she was told in effect to fish or cut bait, but in scatological terms. Nevertheless, Mizner provided adequate, if not inspired, bathrooms and was indignant when Capt. Alastair Mackintosh, speaking for his patroness Mrs. Cosden, suggested that more facilities were needed in Playa Riente. Before he joined the Cosden entourage, Mackintosh had been an equerry attached to the British royal family. "You," stormed Mizner, "who have stood in line for hours in the corridors of Buckingham Palace, waiting for your weekly chance at the tub—you dare to come over to this country and tell us about bathrooms?"

In fact Mizner was attentive to practical needs. If a house was meant for an oceanfront site, he would usually place it on the ridge just back from the sea, to keep it well above water and catch any breeze. Working in the period before air conditioning, he built many of his houses in a U-shape that provided every room with cross ventilation. To keep odors out of the house he placed the kitchen in a corner away from the prevailing wind. At the same time he often felt that he was fighting the flat Florida landscape which, he said, "gives you no help." Without tall trees or hills to set off a house, he relied on towers, off-center windows or an array of different rooflines to hold the eye.

Mizner's houses were furnished in part with the pieces he brought back—"by the half shipload," according to his friend Ida Tarbell—from his European buying trips. A young English interior decorator named Alex Waugh (not to be confused with Evelyn Waugh's brother Alec), who accompanied Mizner on one of these forays, was awed by his knowledge of where the finest antiques were and how they could be pried loose for export. His contacts ranged from bellboys to dealers to abbots to King Alfonso XIII. One day, by Waugh's account, he took a call for Mizner in a hotel room at Madrid. "There's a man in the lobby to see you," he reported. "Tell him to go to hell," said

Because the lot was on the edge of Lake Worth, he decided that it called for a Venetian palazzo.

Mizner, "and take his family with him." Waugh delivered the message in politer language and hung up. A few minutes later the caller burst into the room. "Well, you old son of a bitch," said Mizner to the King of Spain, "why didn't you say it was you!"

It was Alfonso, some say, who made it possible for Mizner to buy the paneling from a room at the University of Salamanca where Ferdinand and Isabella had met with Columbus to plan one of his voyages to the New World. Mizner brought the panels back and installed them in his own home, where they remain to this day (p. 118). Over the years he had them reproduced in a composite material he called Woodite and used them in half a dozen of his clients' houses.

No matter how many pieces he brought back from Europe, there were never enough to furnish all his houses. So Mizner set up shops to reproduce antiques in quantity. The shops turned out not only furniture but ironwork for grilles, lanterns and fountains, cast stone and leaded-glass windows. Floor tiles were made in many colors but especially in Mizner Blue (a shade of turquoise) and Mizner Yellow (between mimosa and apricot).

To make his products look old, Mizner developed methods of antiquing them. Tables and chests were rubbed with acid and beaten with chains to give them a scarred and weathered look. For ceilings and woodwork he used pecky cypress, a local wood theretofore scorned for its rough and pitted surface; sometimes he had it painted and then wiped almost clean, leaving traces of soft color in the crevices. Marble mantels were chipped with a sledgehammer. Mizner never tried to pass off his instant antiques as the real thing. His policy was to use authentic pieces when he could get them, but when he couldn't, to simulate the wear and tear of centuries.

Mizner's workmen, to whom he was an unfailingly kind and genial boss, shook their heads when they saw him coming with a hammer, or when he sent up an inexperienced roofer to lay tiles more crookedly. But they respected his knowledge of materials and how to use them. On his travels he had always looked closely to see which woods were used, how stone was cut, how paints were mixed. "One has to know these things," he said, "otherwise . . . there is the eternal objection, 'it can't be done that way.' I know enough to say, 'We will do it that way.' "

At the peak of his success Mizner made two fateful errors in judgment. The first was to import from New York his younger brother Wilson. Addison's older brothers included a successful doctor, a clergyman, a lawyer and a mining engineer. But Wilson was a black sheep whose ruling principle of life was never to do an honest day's work. He had made his living from time to time as a gambler, a prizefight manager, a barroom singer and a cardsharp on transatlantic liners. He was also an occasional playwright and a renowned wit. When a publisher asked him to write the story of his life, he said, "It will be interrupted by the blowing of a million police whistles." When Addison was young his mother enjoined him to look after her "Angel Birdie," and Addison took the charge seriously. In 1925 he enlisted Wilson to help launch a new resort.

"The world's most exclusive resort"

Boca Raton was to be Addison's second great mistake of the boom years. In the dreams that the Mizner Development Corporation conjured up, it was to rise full-blown on an inlet south of Palm Beach. Its centerpiece would be Addison's own residence, an island castle straight out of medieval Spain. A few bits of Boca Raton were completed before the boom ended. These included a hotel, an administration building, a cluster of little Spanish bungalows (almost the only small houses Addison ever built) and an entrance road.

Wilson had two contradictory functions in the enterprise. As head of a screening committee, he invited the titled aristocracy of Europe and the untitled plutocracy of the United States to make their winter homes in "the world's most exclusive resort." As a peddler of

lots, he lured the common folk with extravagant promises of Venetian waterways, golf courses, polo fields and the company of their betters. Since none of these amenities actually existed, Boca Raton's promotion began to worry its gold-plated board of directors, headed by T. Coleman du Pont. He resigned, with a public blast at the Mizners. That blow, followed by the collapse of the boom and the hurricane of 1926, left Boca Raton an unfinished shell of a resort. Today fully developed, it has institutionalized the "Mizner Style" in its architecture.

The Mizner brothers were left with a flood of lawsuits brought by creditors and angry lot buyers. "He told me I could grow bananas there," one aggrieved buyer reportedly complained about Wilson. "I said *go* bananas," muttered Wilson. Shortly afterward Wilson, having no reputation to lose, left for Hollywood. But Addison's name was clouded by the widespread perception that the promoters of Boca Raton had behaved rather as buffoons and charlatans.

Addison's Palm Beach practice was nearly dead but his talent was undiminished. In the remaining six years of his life he designed handsome houses for clients in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Texas and California, as well as The Cloister at Sea Island, Georgia. He continued to live in the tower apartment he had built for himself on Worth Avenue overlooking the Everglades Club, Lake Worth and the ocean. Below the tower, leading off Worth Avenue, are two wonderful little alleyways, Via Mizner and Via Parigi, named after Paris Singer (p. 112). They are tiny masterpieces of urban planning, filled with elegant shops and restaurants, arches and balconies, fountains, potted trees and hanging bougainvillea vines. For the visitor who cannot see the insides of Mizner houses, these little streets of his design are enough to demonstrate his talents as builder and decorator.

Architects who build great houses for rich people in boom times are held hostage to social and economic change. After 1929 hardly anyone had the means to keep up an establishment like that of the Stotesburys or the Cosdens, with platoons of gardeners and a footman behind every chair. Some of the biggest of the Mizner houses were torn down. Others fell into disrepair or were desecrated by owners who did not appreciate Mizner's work. The vagaries of changing ownership are exemplified by El Solano, a house that Mizner built for himself on South Ocean Boulevard but sold almost immediately to Harold Vanderbilt. Some years ago a later owner was pained to discover that she had unwittingly rented it one season to Larry Flynt, the publisher of *Hustler* magazine. In 1980 it was bought by John Lennon, whose widow, Yoko Ono, has it up for sale again, for $6.5 million.

The tide of appreciation for Mizner's work began to turn in the late 1970s. Thanks to a strong landmarks-preservation movement, the exteriors of the best Mizner houses are now protected from alteration, though the interiors generally are not. The ideal way to save a Mizner interior is simply to live in it for 40 years, as Mrs. Mortimer Sachs, at first with her late husband and now alone, has lived in Mizner's own apartment, keeping the spirit and many of the original furnishings. Another solution was found by Robert Eigelberger, a professional restorer who bought the Warden house, induced a colony of hippies to leave, and turned it into six condominiums, with meticulous respect for Mizner's decorative detail.

In another community of faded grandeur, such white elephants might be turned into historic monuments, supported by public admission. But the *Fortune* 500 families that still dominate Palm Beach are loath to permit anything that might attract tourists. So the fate of Mizner's surviving houses remains in the hands of individual owners, who find them expensive to maintain. The fortresslike walls resist plumbers and electricians, while the decorative elements tend to crumble and fall like the parts of a stage set. As the years pass, changes are made: a pair of ancient wooden doors is replaced by a burglarproof grille, a fine but rain-streaked ceiling is painted over, a patio is dug up for a swimming pool. Yet Mizner perhaps would not have been distressed by changes made to meet the needs of new generations. He liked to imagine that his houses had evolved through the centuries and, as long as the owners loved them, he might even be pleased to see them evolving still.

For the William Gray Warden house he created one of his most attractive rooms, a breakfast loggia.

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Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington

Frederic E. Church's rhapsodic eye-level scene of the Falls was completed in 1857 after much study.

Niagara's power as seen by painters through the ages

For more than 200 years the mighty Falls captured the minds of artists. Their major views are presented in a grand show

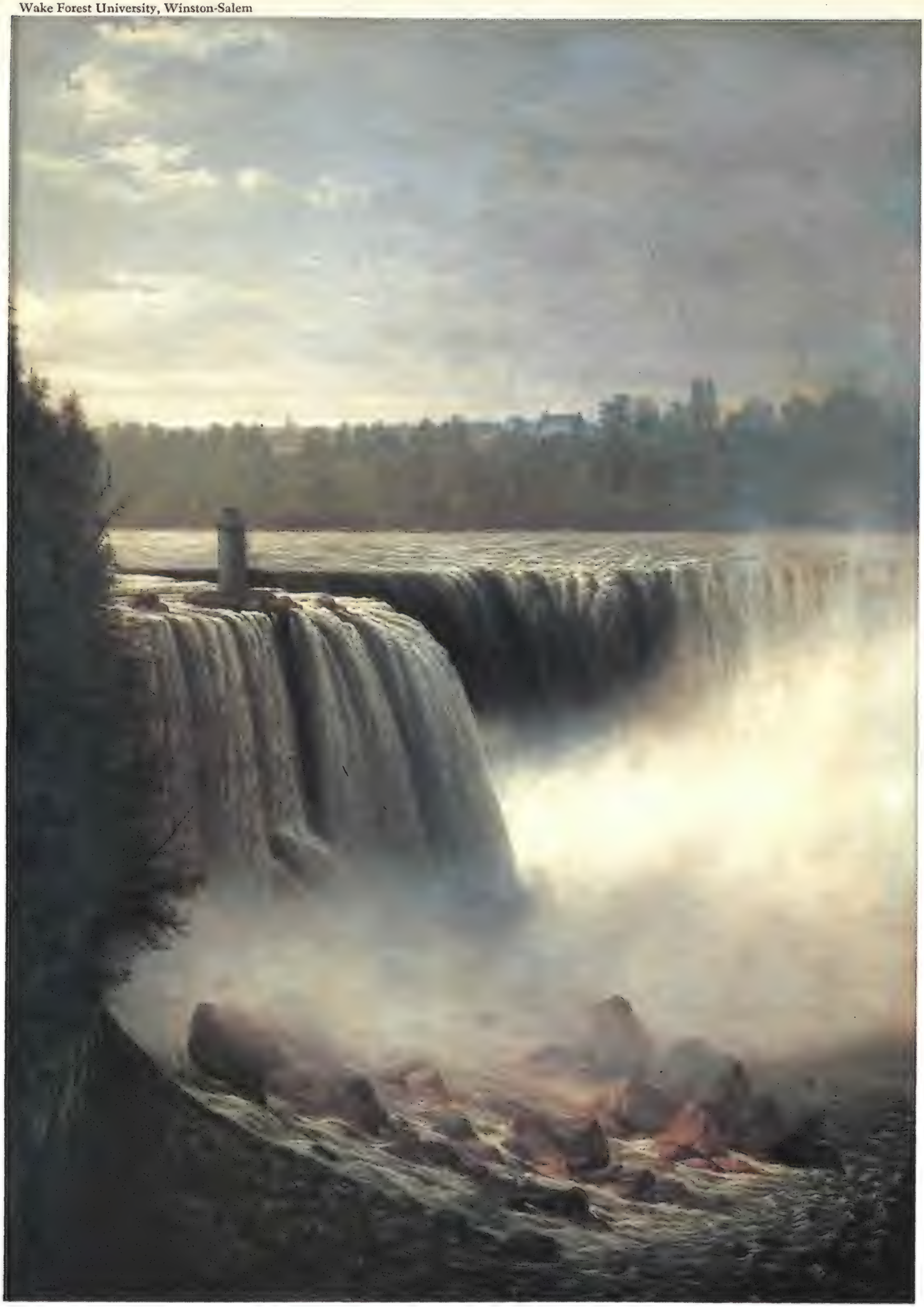
Measuring three-and-a-half by seven-and-a-half feet, *Niagara* drew admiring crowds when it went on view.

Of the millions of pilgrims who have been drawn to Niagara Falls over the past 200-odd years, two groups have undoubtedly been most affected by their experience: honeymooners—and artists. If the honeymooners took away with them only private memories, the artists, who included many of our history's greatest landscape painters, left with mementos that often became very public—sometimes spectacularly so.

The best of that work—more than 200 paintings, watercolors and prints as well as photographs and memorabilia—have now been assembled in a Niagara-size show by Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art, where they will be on display from September 21 through November 24. The show opened at Buffalo's Albright-Knox Art Gallery, almost within hearing of the Falls; next year it will be on view at the New-York Historical Society from January 22 until April 27.

The first visual depiction of Niagara Falls was an engraving by an anonymous Dutch artist who had never seen them. It was an illustration accompanying

Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem



Newington Cropsey Foundation, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

Jasper Cropsey first visited the Falls in 1852 and painted this downriver view the following year.

National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution

American impressionist John Twachtman brought a more intimate way of seeing to his version, 1894.

Father Louis Hennepin's popular travel book, *A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America* (1697).

The first literal description of the Falls, by Samuel de Champlain in his *Voyages* (1604), was written by a man who hadn't seen them either; he reported what Indians had told him and he managed to get things all wrong. Indians going upstream from Lake Ontario, he wrote, "pass a fall, somewhat high and with but little water flowing over. . . ." Father Hennepin, who *had* seen the Falls, got things all wrong too, but in the opposite direction. He reported that their height was 600 feet; in fact, the Falls are about 160 feet high.

A truer picture began to emerge after the conquest of New France in 1760, when British officers, trained in map drawing and watercolors, began to render the Falls with some degree of accuracy.

Niagara became known as one of the world's great wonders, and to Americans it was something even more than that: a manifestation of God and Nature bestowing magnificence on a new nation. It became a symbol of Manifest Destiny and to view it became almost a patriotic act.

From the early 19th century, Americans thronged to Niagara. (By 1851, landscape artist John Kensett was moved to complain about the inquisitive mobs that closed in around him every time he set up his easel.) Artists great and small came in droves, turning the Falls into the most abundantly depicted site in North America. What they produced ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime, a cataract of paintings, chromos, curios, lampshades, even wallpaper.

Thomas Cole came to paint the Falls. So did Edward Hicks, Albert Bierstadt, William Morris Hunt, John Trumbull and John Twachtman. Thomas Moran concentrated on the terrifying energy of the rapids, creating settings that might do for Wagnerian opera. Jasper Cropsey made his way to Goat Island, a spray-soaked promontory, and gave the viewer the illusion of seeing Niagara from a point in the river itself. "This sublime nature about me," he wrote his wife, "constantly moves my soul in admiration of its creator."

The works of all of these painters are in the exhibition, and so is Frederic Edwin Church's monumental *Niagara*, painted in 1857. It is an epochal work that stunned the American public, which lined up in droves to look upon it and gasp in admiration. The National Gallery of Canada's Jeremy Adamson, one of the authors of the exhibit's excellent catalog, calls it "the finest depiction of liquid motion in Western art."

The Corcoran show marks the centennial of the Niagara Reservation, which has reclaimed the area around the Falls as a sanctuary against commercial exploitation. Thanks in good part to such preservation efforts, the Falls today is as much of an attraction as ever. According to the catalog, last year the Falls drew 100,000 honeymooners.

No one even tried to count the artists.

Better known for his Western landscapes, Albert Bierstadt also painted many Niagaras, this in 1869.

New-York Historical Society

One of the earliest painters of the scene was Thomas Davies whose imaginative view dates from 1762-68.

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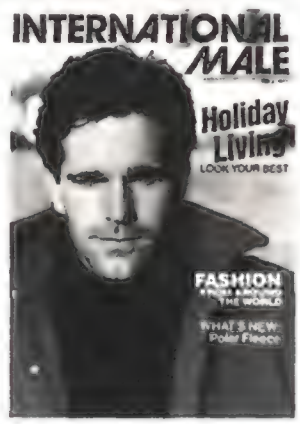

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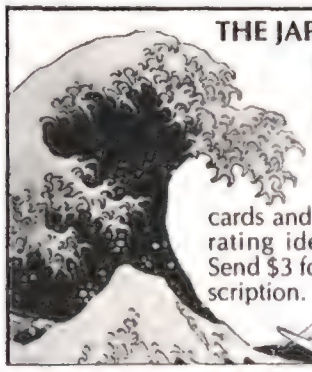

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In chateaus and palaces, entertaining your guests was all display and pomp, more carnival than dinner.

By Rudolph Chelminski

The gluttonous evolution of *la cuisine française*

Though France is generally considered to be tops in cooking and good food, it was not always so; the story begins with the Gauls . . .

It was food for social climbers and parvenus, out to impress, and at its extremes was perfectly ludicrous.

The subject of food and cooking creates a curiously contradictory reaction within the bosoms of the brilliant, irritating but admirable people of France. They are proud of their reputation as the world's leading gourmets, but it annoys them to be shoved into that pigeonhole of popular imagery. Descartes was French, they endlessly point out, and Pascal and Pasteur and Lavoisier and de Gaulle, too, for that matter. And how about the Concorde, the *TGV* train, the pioneering laser research and the *force de frappe*? Huh? It's no use: all they get reflected back at them is *mousse au chocolat* and *coq au vin*.

Well, how did it happen? How could a people with a heritage as rich and complex as theirs end up with this particular albatross about its neck? People had been eating in other places of the world, too, and even eating extremely well (Italy in particular springs to mind), but partly by accident of history, partly because of the richness and variety with which their beautiful country had been endowed, and partly due to their native inventiveness, a very special relationship did develop over the centuries between the French and their stomachs, and the world is all the better for that relationship. Whatever other candidates are put forward now and again, it is still incontestably the French who made the yardstick by which good eating and drinking are measured. It certainly was no accident—they have worked long and hard at it—but they were slow to get off the mark, and it took them quite a while to find their stride. When they did, they left everyone else in the dust.

The Gallic taste for Roman wine

I have been unable to find any reference by Julius Caesar to the eating habits of the proto-French, then known as the Gauls, in spite of my considerable erudition (that is to say, one year of utter bafflement a hundred years ago, at age 14, struggling with *De bello Gallico* followed by a pleasure cruise a few months ago through a wonderful modern translation by John Warrington). Caesar describes all manner of scheming and treachery which he punished with the most appalling bloodbaths, sparing neither women nor children nor the villages in which they had been living in relative peace until he came clanking along with his legionnaires and his obdurate certainties. As for their native *spécialités de cuisine*, though, *nihil dicit.*

We do know the Gauls imported wine early on because their love for this Roman specialty is well documented elsewhere. They traded for amphorae of the thick, syrupy stuff—you cut it with water, two to one or three to one—before they planted their own vines and developed their own industry.

Before they learned to make wine, their native drink was *cervoise*, a primitive beer, and their preferred dish was wild boar, roasted on a spit over an open fire, stuffed with garlic and flanked with roast hare, chicken, goose or whatever edible creatures they happened to have on hand. That was good, healthy, honest fare, and I could go for some right now. It contrasted favorably, indeed, with the stupid excesses of the Romans back home, who lounged about and horizontally ingested the most absurd, rare and *recherché* dishes their orgy-fevered imaginations could conceive: nightingales' tongues, ostriches' brains, parrots' heads, camels' heels, elephants' trunks and even, it is said, eels which

Illustrations by Brenda Losey

The Gauls drank *cervoise*, a primitive beer, and the preferred dish was wild boar roasted over an open fire.

had been tenderly fattened on a diet of slave meat. No wonder they had problems finding help.

As the Gauls began the long march toward the civilization that eventually became France, developed towns which turned into cities, and restructured themselves into the medieval Christian society, a new gastronomy evolved, and it was heavily influenced by the bad example of the Romans. In chateaus and palaces, where the folks could afford the luxury of actually thinking about the day's menu, eating with a gaggle of guests was like taking them to your garage to show off your 1959 Cadillac. It was all display and pomp, more carnival than dinner. It was food for social climbers and parvenus, out to impress, and at its extremes it was perfectly ludicrous: immense constructions of meat, fish and fowl, cheek by jowl in wiggly-jiggly cohabitation, toted in from the kitchens by strong-armed lackeys who paraded them up and down the long tables on stretcherlike palanquins before setting them down in front of the lord or guest of honor at the top of the table. The bigger the construction—called the *pasté*, a cousin of the *pièce montée*—the better the show. It was all the rage to stuff birds with birds, so a bustard could enclose a swan over a goose over a chicken over a lark, the whole massive mound of flesh roasted, dripping with fat and surrounded with sausages and stewed meats and thick sauces, ready to be hacked apart and eaten by the fistful. Sometimes the constructions were so big that human actors—pipers piping—could be enclosed within an outer shell of pastry to burst forth like the high-kicking dancer inside those towering stag-party cakes.

Showy feathers but indifferent eating

The feudal French had a specialty that was half pyrotechnics and half nourishment: *paon cracheur de feu*, or fire-spitting peacock, created by sticking a piece of burning camphor inside the gilded beak of the roasted bird. Why a peacock? Because it looked so terrific with its feathers reconstituted around its skinny little carcass, just as a swan did with its graceful (roasted) neck in a fluffy, reupholstered white S curve. The fact that both swans and peacocks make indifferent eating didn't concern anyone: they made a gorgeous parade.

In the reign of Charlemagne (who loved the cheeses of Brie, by the way, and had a regular ration of them sent to his court in Aix-la-Chapelle), ladies were finally admitted to the seigneurial tables, on the condition that their perfumes not be so strong as to bother the men in their eating. Neither plates nor spoons nor forks had yet made their appearances on the table, and he-men of the Middle Ages ate off flat pieces of dry bread called *toastées* (they were distributed to the

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Sometimes the *pasté* was so big that human actors—pipers piping—could be put in an outer pastry shell.

poor afterward), carrying the food to their mouths with their hands and their knives, with which they served themselves from communal pots placed at convenient intervals. With the copious ingestion of wine, the sport of serving oneself from the pot could be as risky as a duel, and trenchermen were advised to wear gloves to protect against impetuous stabbings.

Perhaps because of the presence of the ladies, etiquette became stricter, and it was no longer considered genteel to blow one's nose on the tablecloth or wipe one's hands on the dog. The real dandies took to wiping their mouths with the back of their hands instead of the tablecloth, and this bit of effeminate affectation required many years to be accepted as part of courtly *savoir-vivre*. After all, there are limits.

Still, old habits die hard. As late as the mid-1600s, when the fork was beginning to come into common use, it was still ridiculed by the equivalent of the beer-and-pizza crowd, who used it exclusively to pick their teeth, and even Louis XIV, the bulimic Sun King, preferred to eat with his hands at Versailles, though it is known that he possessed at least one fork. His chancellor, Pierre Séguier, one of the most important men of the realm, mixed all his food together into a single polychrome hash and rinsed his fingers in the bowls of sauces which were always nearby.

Back when Charlemagne died, any nascent moves toward refinement in eating crumbled in the Holy Roman Empire. In fact, eating itself became an uncertain proposition. It was a time of invasions, famines, plagues and misery, and French peasants were obliged to mix their poor, grainy flour with whatever might help them fill it out: beef blood, roots or even earth. For three centuries, historians tell us, the French turned to occasional cannibalism, gobbling each other up with the same delectation that Hottentots are said to have reserved for missionaries. As famine and the pest receded, though, they discovered that other beasts tasted better than the human one and, apart from an occasional eccentric, forswore anthropophagy for good around the 12th century.

This does not mean, however, that they took to T-bone steaks and lamb chops. Being a serf or a peasant in Europe was never a sinecure, and not particularly stomach-filling. French history primers teach that poor folk fed on "grasses and roots" (although in medieval parlance this could refer to such things as carrots, cabbage and turnips), and it was not until our own 20th century that they consumed meat regularly. As late as the 19th century, most peasants ate meat only once a week (Sunday lunch, of course), while bread and cheese—"the meat of the poor"—were the more usual daily fare. In the Middle Ages, the commonest country food was *fromentée*, a kind of boiled wheat mush or pudding that was very similar to the diet of the Roman lower classes, those underprivileged souls who never knew the taste of nightingales' tongues.

The French finally began putting some order into their gastronomy toward the end of the 14th century,

Though Louis XIV, the ravenous Sun King, possessed at least one fork, he ate with his hands at Versailles.

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Henri IV cured his grippe, devouring double portions of sardines and oysters washed down by spiced wine.

when Guillaume Tirel rose through the ranks to become *premier queux*, or first cook, to King Charles V. Nicknamed Taillevent, Tirel is especially appreciated by historians because he sat down and dictated—he probably couldn't read or write—*Le Viandier* (the victualler), considered the first French cookbook of all. Taillevent boiled meats before roasting them, thickened sauces with bread crumbs, audaciously mixed sweet and sour flavors—would you believe sugared fish?—and in general so chopped, mashed, disguised and spiced his dishes that they resembled Indian food more than what we know today as French. Naturally there were the "redressed" swans and peacocks, pigs and calves roasted whole, but hardly ever any vegetables. They were a carnivorous lot, the nobles of France, entirely dedicated to hunting when they weren't out bashing each other, and they were happy to leave the roots and grasses to the peasants.

The French owe much to the Italians, that admirable people of precursors, in the field of culinary expertise. Although scholars do not entirely agree on the scope of Italian influence over the development of *la cuisine française*, it is certain that French noble houses as a general rule were still waddling about in their hodgepodges and hashes when the 14-year-old Florentine princess named Catherine de Médicis crossed the Alps to marry the man who became Henri II. A thoroughgoing sensualist with an imperious appetite, she mistrusted the food up north (clearly uncivilized) and so brought her own Florentine cooks with her. She had an especial weakness for artichoke hearts, it is said, and cocks' combs and kidneys, so much so that at one banquet she ate enormous quantities from which she almost burst. But that didn't hold her back. This is how Pierre de l'Estoile, a contemporary chronicler, described a little party she threw in the beautiful, river-straddling chateau of Chenonceaux in 1577, two years after her heroic indigestion:

"For this marvelous banquet the most beautiful and honest ladies of the court, half-naked, their hair down on their shoulders, were employed to wait on table. This feast was held next to the entry giving onto the garden, where the main pathway starts, next to a fountain which sprang from a rock through a series of tubes. Everything was in good order."

I believe it. Catherine was clearly a lady who knew how to live. The force of her character is legendary, and the importance which she attached to matters of the table profoundly impressed her contemporaries. By her own example, then, and by the presence of her personal Italian cooks, she was in an ideal position to become the grandmother of gastronomy in France.

Refinement in cooking doesn't necessarily mean refinement in eating, though. The *noblesse* who hired the cooks still had one foot in the Middle Ages, and it took them a long time to wrench it entirely free. Henri IV, the good king who brought prosperity to the land, a chicken into every pot and innumerable ladies to his couch, enjoyed gardening, cooking and shooting game birds with his royal harquebus, but when it came to curing himself of the grippe, it's said he fell back on the medieval approach of a sink-or-swim shock treatment: against the earnest entreaties of his court physicians, he devoured double portions of sardines and oysters and washed them down with the spiced wine called hypocras. It worked fine.

If this was imprudent eating, it was as nothing compared to the titanic gluttony of Henri's grandson, Louis XIV. As the representative of God on the face of the Earth (about the best credentials you could get in those days), Louis doubtless felt he owed it to the courtiers who had the honor of watching him eat to do justice to the table at Versailles, and the stories of his appetite were repeated over and over again. He employed more than 50 cooks and helpers in his palace, and they labored to produce an enormously varied and impressive display of dishes, all of which were then laid out at the royal board for everyone to admire. The magnificence of Louis' table soon became a subject of international wonderment, a reflection of the country

This article is adapted from the author's The French at Table, *published this month by William Morrow.*

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Taillevent was the chef who boiled meats before roasting and audaciously mixed sweet and sour flavors.

and of the King himself. As such, it was an instrument of state. Louis initiated at Versailles what was to become an important and ongoing tradition of French foreign policy: the diplomacy of gastronomy. Presented in the carefully arranged tableau of abundance known as the *service à la française*, with as many as 200 dishes on the table at one time, the repasts were exhibits as much as nourishment. For an idea of the kind of meals that Louis was accustomed to eating, we have the menu of a little something he trotted out at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris for a distinguished foreign visitor in January of 1687: it included 22 "large" and 64 "small" soups, 21 main entrées, 44 different kinds of roasts, 63 side dishes, 36 salads and 12 sauces.

"I have seen the King eat, and this on many occasions," wrote his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Orléans, "four plates of different soups, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a large plateful of salad, a helping of mutton with garlic, two healthy slices of ham, a plateful of pastries followed by fruits and jellies."

Louis' bulimia may have been provoked, as some have theorized, by a tapeworm, but it was a habit that stayed with him throughout his long life. When Louis became a tired old man obliged to watch his health, he cut his dinners down to virtually nothing: toast (*croûtes*), a bowl of pigeon soup and three roast chickens. By this time, on doctors' orders, he had sacrificed the still wines of Champagne which had been his preferred drink as a young man—champagne didn't become bubbly until the last decades of his reign—in favor of the more acceptably "tonic" Burgundies.

Whatever his own excesses at the table, it was during Louis XIV's reign that classical French cuisine, in its full, confident separation from any apery of the Italian style and from its own medieval past, took form. For the first time ever, France had a *nouvelle cuisine*. There would be many, many more, over the years. This new style was a growing thing, of course, a process that developed slowly, but the signal that it had arrived for good came with the publication in 1651 of *Le Cuisinier françois*, by François-Pierre de La Varenne, a gentleman cook (*écuyer de cuisine*) of the Marquis d'Uxelles, a man whose name is remembered with suitable respect every time a professional cook chops mushrooms. La Varenne's work, which ran into 30 editions, was the first real cookbook in French to appear since Taillevent's almost three centuries earlier.

Never again would there be such an interval between publications of this sort. From that time onward, French cookbooks have appeared regularly, being written in the geometric progression of numbers that has culminated in the overwhelming flood that we know today. There is a balance in life, though, and sometimes even justice: just as Taillevent, the best restaurant in Paris, honors the most important cook of the Middle Ages, so does La Varenne, the best cooking school in Paris, honor the first "modern" French cook.

By 1671, cooking had become an art, and the seriousness with which the French approached it will forever be symbolized by François Vatel, maître d' hôtel of

Louis II de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, who owned, among many other properties, the lovely island chateau at Chantilly, 25 miles north of Paris. Sleepless, nerve-racked and exhausted from days spent in preparing to receive Louis XIV and his retinue—he needed 25 tables to seat them all—Vatel was crushed with humiliation when he discovered that the roasts were lacking for two tables at dinner. (It was hardly his fault that some noble hangers-on had crashed the party, but he didn't see it that way.) That evening, cloudy weather ruined the fireworks display and Vatel wandered around the sleeping chateau all night, worrying about redeeming himself the next day with a meal that would be, well, fit for a king. *Horreur*: the next morning at 4 he saw only two carts of fresh fish arrive from the Atlantic seaports to which he had dispatched orders many days before, in anticipation of the royal Friday appetite.

"Is that all?" he asked, aghast. He had expected 12.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" answered the unwitting delivery man, and Vatel stumbled up to his room, jammed his sword against the door and hurled himself against it. The poor man was obliged to give it three tries, having missed his vital organs on the first two, but on the third one he got it right and expired in a Wagnerian pool of gore. No sooner did he breathe his last Earthly sigh than the rest of the fish arrived, according to plan.

Shortly after Vatel did himself in, a very signal event happened on a Paris street now called rue de l'Ancienne Comédie: a Sicilian with the prettily euphonious name of Francisco Procopio opened a café, where he sold fruit syrups, tea, liqueurs, chocolates and the newfangled invention called *glaces*, the forerunner of today's ice creams. And coffee, of course, the exotic brew introduced into France by the Turkish ambassador to the court of Louis XIV that swept irresistibly over France. The cafés quickly became what they remain today: forums, places of gathering and discussion where strangers met who never would have met in other circumstances. Procopio's place is still at its original address (declared a *monument historique*) and it might be just a bit touristy, but that's all right.

By 1680, a Sicilian opened the first café, where he served *glaces*, tea and coffee, an exotic Turkish brew.

In 1762, the first restaurant was opened. It always comes as something of a surprise, this date, because the automatic assumption is that restaurants had been there, well, sort of forever. Not at all. In the Old World, travel was infinitely slower and more arduous, and Western civilization's entire social structure tended to keep people close to home. Hence, they usually ate at home, either by cooking for themselves or buying in the street from *charcutiers*, *rôtisseurs* and *traiteurs*.

The birth of the modern age of French gastronomy took place on the rue des Poulies in Paris, which now bears the name of rue du Louvre, when someone put out a few marble tables in a ground-floor room and began serving bouillons, chickens, various egg dishes—known as strength-giving restoratives in those days—to a clientele of passing pedestrians. I say "someone" here because historians don't seem to know whether the man's name was Boulanger (Baker), or whether it was a baker of now-forgotten naming who cooked these dishes in his big oven and offered them for sale as a sideline. Whatever the truth, his was an idea whose time had come, and he further embellished his niche in the history of the stomach by borrowing a phrase from the Bible that led to the actual word "restaurant." He did so by hanging his profession of faith on a sign outside his establishment, expressed in kitchen Latin: *Venite ad me omnes qui stomacho laboratis et ego restaurabo vos.* (Come to me, all of you whose stomachs are in distress, and I will restore you.)

Horreur: "Is that all?" cried Vatel when two carts of fish arrived, instead of 12, to feed the King's party.

Hungry, not amorous, Louis XVI filled his stomach on his wedding night, claiming "I sleep better that way."

Come they did, so much so that we now possess a quote from Diderot himself, writing in 1767 that "I went out to dine at the Restaurateur's of the rue des Poulies; it is comfortable there, but rather expensive." It is nice to know that the first restaurant was also the first to have customers complaining about the bill.

Cooks followed cooks and kings followed kings as the French ate their way into the reputation that they are now stuck with. Everyone was cooking and everyone was inventing. If Louis XIV had amused His Majestic Person by overindulging in food, his great-grandson Louis XV was both a fine gourmet and a serious cook (chicken with basil was a specialty), and he surrounded himself with a like-minded court. Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, was a wretched general who collected battlefield defeats but always found grace in his sovereign's eyes for his imaginative cooking, resulting in things like an omelet of pheasant and partridge eggs. Historians remember him today for his ingenuity in snatching defeat from the jaws of victory at Rossbach, but to cooks and epicures (and, presumably, to Louis XV) his name means only *purée Soubise*, an unctuous sauce of onions, butter and sometimes rice, to be served with roast meats.

When Louis XV died in 1774, the French Revolution had already begun, although no one had any way of knowing it at the time. Schoolbooks traditionally linger over the date of 1789 (the storming of the Bastille, the founding of the National Assembly, the Declaration of the Rights of Man), but the times were changing long before that, and anyone who cared to lend an ear and listen attentively could clearly hear the distant thunder of the hoofbeats of history bearing down directly upon the poor, hapless, fat but regal head of Louis XVI, the Bourbon who best reflected a phrase coined for all the Bourbons: "They never forgot anything and never learned anything."

Advice from grand-père*: 'Don't eat too much'*

For you lovers of the absurd and the macabre, we have a few gluttonous slings and arrows to throw in the direction of Louis XVI. They concern his marriage, his downfall and his demise. On his wedding day, when he was sweet 16, hungry but not amorous, he ate himself "breathless," and when Louis XV, his grandfather, thinking solicitously of the bridal chamber into which he would be shooed a few hours later, warned him about charging his stomach too heavily, he gave an answer that is a classic of boobery: "Why not?" he burbled. "I sleep so much better that way."

Even better is the story of his botched escape on June 21, 1791. Having safely slipped out of revolutionary Paris the night before, he was on his way to join loyalist forces near Metz. His carriage was racketing along at a fine clip, and it looked like he would make it to the happy ending, back in the arms of the friends and sycophants. But what had to happen happened: the king got hungry. He had already devoured the provisions in his carriage by the time he got to Sainte-Menehould, where the local specialty was then, and remains today, pigs' trotters. The mere thought of this falsely humble delicacy, lengthily simmered in water or bouillon, then covered with bread crumbs and melted butter and baked in a slow oven until golden brown, fairly bursting with juicy essences, its delicate little bones so tender that they can be ground into delicious submission by the royal choppers, the meat surrounding them so fat and hammy and gelatinous that it makes the royal lips sticky—the mere thought, then, of all this goodness must have been far too much for Louis to bear, and so, groaning and squealing with the delicious pain of anticipation, joyously treasuring

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the hunger that he knew would soon be assuaged, he ordered a stop in the town of Varennes-en-Argonne, where his former first *valet de chambre*, Chamilly, was living in comfortable retirement.

When Monsieur Chamilly recovered his senses and finished bowing and scraping he whipped up a dinner that couldn't be beat, as refined as it was copious. *Hélas*, His Majesty had been recognized by a fink, name of Drouet, in Sainte-Menehould—his carriage and his beautiful horses were about as discreet as a shocking-pink Rolls with Abarth pipes. With no telephone or telegraph in the kingdom, Louis had been able to keep ahead of trouble until then, but the three hours lost in comforting his hunger proved fatal. He was arrested and returned to Paris, and never again got the chance to flee. A bit more than a year later, Louis ate a cold roast chicken under the eyes of the revolutionaries who had judged him, and when he returned to his cell after the death sentence was pronounced, he had supper: six cutlets, a big portion of chicken, eggs and three glasses of wine.

Marie Antoinette, his wife, is said to have completely lost her appetite as she perceived the shadow of the guillotine approaching—obviously the Austrian royal family was not cut of the same cloth as the French. In contrast to her sorry fast, her executioners of the revolutionary tribunal, on October 27, 1793, offered themselves a celebration dinner in honor of their swift removal of her aristocratic head. They ate at the fashionable Hôtel Vauban and their menu included turkey wings stuffed with foie gras, roast chicken, quail, larks, champagne, but no cake. I'll bet they put it on the expense account.

By the time history had caught up with Louis XVI, the Parisian playwright and critic Louis-Sébastien Mercier was asking: "Who can enumerate all the dishes of the *nouvelle cuisine*? It is an idiom that is absolutely new. I have tasted some dishes cooked in such a manner and prepared with such art that I could not imagine what they could be." Did you say *nouvelle cuisine*? The French have been saying it for centuries, and every time, like falling in love, they think it is the first time. In 1739, 50 years before the Bastille was taken, the preface to a new cookbook by one François Marin contained this self-satisfied assertion: "Modern cuisine, established on the foundations of the old one, with less pomp and impediment, although with just as much variety, is simpler and perhaps more complex."

With cafés and restaurants now at their disposal, the French bourgeoisie had a serious armlock on the Good Life, and they plunged into it with a gusto unmatched anywhere, many of them boozing and carousing like their ancestors the *Gaulois* around their wild boars, but just as many inventing, refining, analyzing and philosophizing as only these people know how to do about what they put into their mouths. As the bourgeois booted the aristocrats out of power and poor old Louis XVI out of life itself—off with his head!—the nation was already on its way to becoming a gastrocracy, and its motto might just as well have been *Liberté-Egalité-Gastronomie*, because in France they have never been as keen on *Fraternité* as imagined.

The three hours lost comforting his hunger proved fatal to poor Louis, who later ate before his judges.

After his death sentence was pronounced, he consumed six cutlets, chicken, eggs and three glasses of wine.

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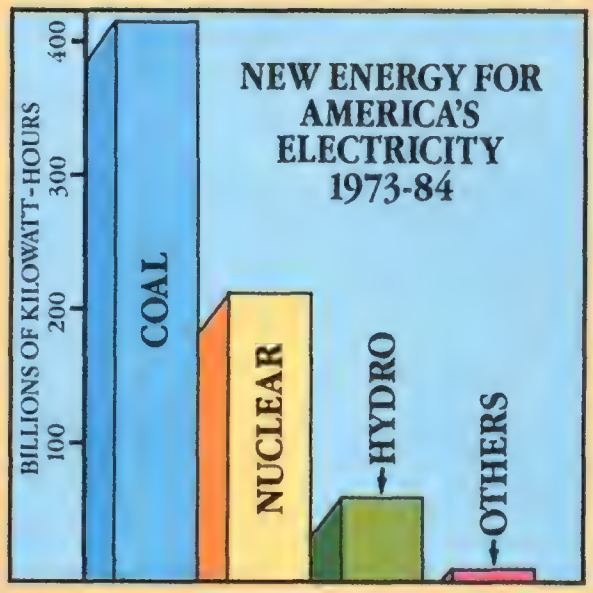

Coal and nuclear energy have provided over 90% of all the new electricity added to our energy supply since 1973. This has enabled utilities to reduce their consumption of more costly oil and natural gas. Source: Energy Information Administration/U.S. Dept. of Energy.

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Photograph of media hero and his mascot ran in scores of American papers during flier's short-lived fame.

After making historic Paris-to-London passenger flight, Moisant flew the Blériot at Folkstone air show.

By Terry Gwynn-Jones

The meteoric rise and fall of brash Johnny Moisant

The French birdmen called the impulsive flier 'that crazy Yankee,' but even they had to admit that the American had guts

Not in his wildest dreams could Albert Fileux have imagined jets shuttling between London and Paris. Or airline passengers in air-conditioned cabins pampered with armchairs, movies and double martinis. Yet it is only 75 years since Fileux became the first passenger to fly between the two capitals. As it happened, he had to share an open cockpit with a bumptious American pilot and, for part of the way, a kitten named "Paris-London"—and the trip took three weeks to complete.

The pilot was a Chicago boy, John Bevins Moisant, who liked to call himself the "King of the Aviators" even though he had only four flights under his belt when he jammed Fileux into his flimsy Blériot two-seater and took off from Paris, London-bound. Twenty-one eventful days later, on September 6, 1910, the adventurous trio was the toast of Europe.

"Foolhardy . . . impossible . . . suicidal," leading

French pilots exclaimed before the flight. Aviation was in its infancy and pilots rarely exposed passengers to the dangers of their unreliable machines. The progress of flight was still measured in minutes aloft. Only the most experienced airmen attempted cross-country flying. Furthermore, Moisant would have to cross the English Channel—still considered a kind of aerial Russian roulette despite recent daring crossings by Louis Blériot and two other pilots.

Characteristically, Moisant brushed aside suggestions that he was too inexperienced. Since his first attempt to fly he had displayed a cavalier attitude toward danger that was to mark his whole career. As he was preparing for that flight it was suggested he try a few ground runs before getting airborne. "I am not driving automobiles," Moisant retorted brusquely. No matter that he crashed seconds after takeoff. Crawling unharmed from the wreckage, he joked to bystanders: "I had the fun of getting off the ground anyhow."

Brash, flamboyant and a total opportunist, Moisant had come to flying late in life via a succession of jobs, not all of them respectable—or even legal. He had been, in succession, farmer, sugar planter, banker and revolutionary, as well as his own aircraft designer. His entry into aviation at 35 years of age marked the final chapter of what was, in many ways, an improbable, even an outrageous, life. In America he is best remembered—if he is remembered at all—as the founder of the first professional flying circus. At the turn of the century in Central America's brawling republics his fame was more sinister. There, by 1909, he was a gringo to be reckoned with—Johnny Moisant, Yankee revolutionary.

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Nicaraguan president Zelaya made Moisant a colonel, bankrolled his plane.

1873, Moisant grew up the second oldest child in a large Chicago family. Details about his youth and early adult years are contradictory and may have been embellished by Moisant himself once he became a darling of newsmen. Sometime in the late 1880s, after the death of his father, John and his older brother Alfred took off for California where they bought a farm.

But Moisant longed for more excitement, as well as power and fortune. Hearing that in Central America rich land could be picked up for a pittance in American dollars, John and Alfred moved to El Salvador around 1896. After recent railroad-building activity by the United States in El Salvador, Guatemala, Costa Rica and Panama, Central America's banana and coffee plantations were thriving, providing huge profits for U.S. businessmen. But some of the countries were in turmoil, as military and political leaders vied for power.

In El Salvador the two Moisants acquired an undeveloped sugar plantation and, joined by younger brothers George and Edward, set about

The author, a pilot for Australian Department of Aviation, wrote The Air Racers: Aviation's Golden Era.

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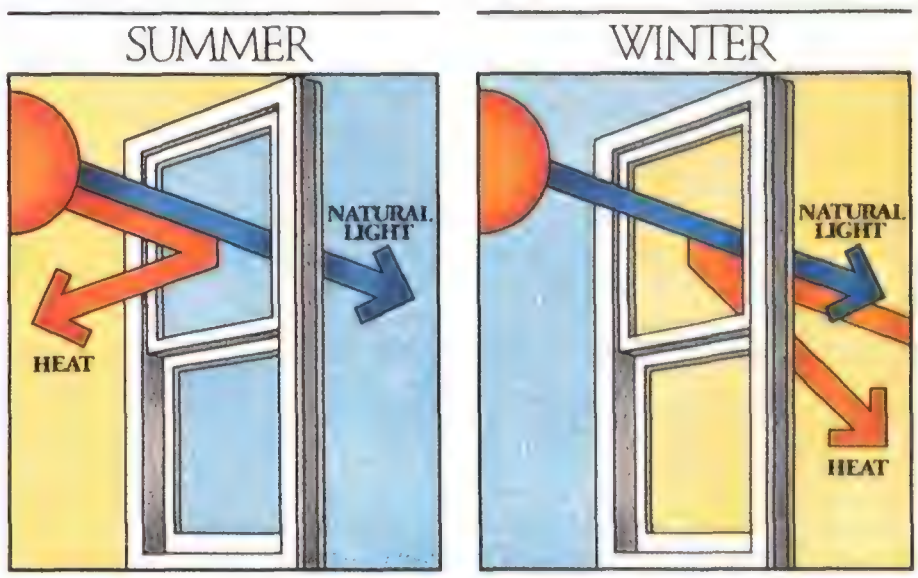

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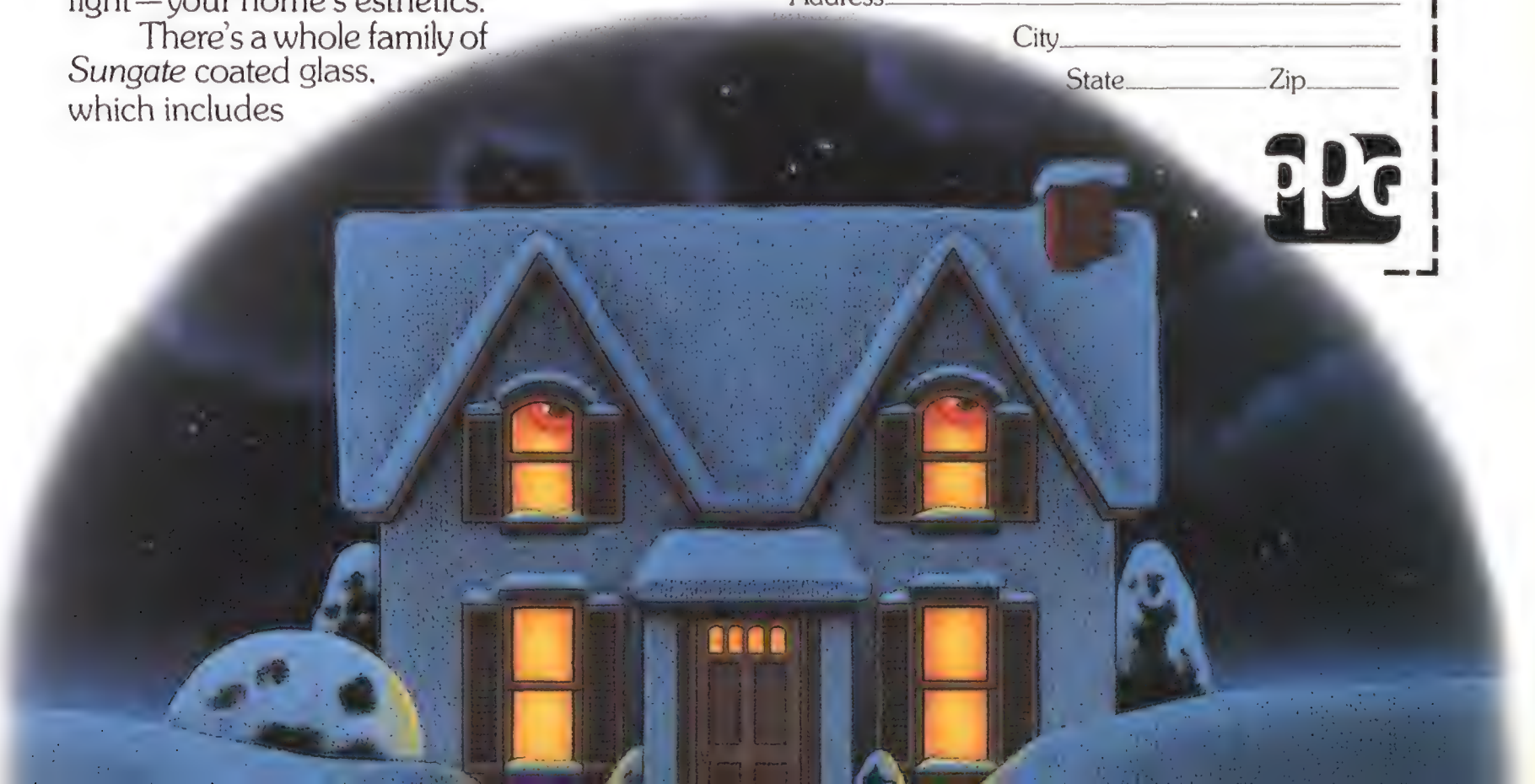

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improving the property. By farming carefully—and currying favor with government officials—the brothers grew rich. Within several years their holdings had grown to 40,000 acres. In a story for the New York *Herald*, Byron R. Newton would write, "Their riches and political power made them practically rulers of their rich little country." By 1907 the Moisants owned two plantations and controlled one of the most powerful banks in Central America. But in so unstable a part of the world, fortunes could change overnight.

John Moisant was in Nicaragua when he learned that government troops had raided the Moisants' ranchhouse back in El Salvador. Edward and George had been imprisoned—charged with aiding revolutionists. So the headstrong young American offered his services to Nicaraguan president José Zelaya (p. 150), who was backing Salvadoran revolutionaries in their struggle. Popular accounts of the time relate how Moisant was commissioned "Colonel" in the ragtag revolutionary army. In command of 100 Nicaraguan troops and 200 ill-trained Salvadoran malcontents, he set sail from Nicaragua in a gunboat to take the Salvadoran port of Acajutla.

The town's disorganized garrison quickly surrendered, and Colonel Moisant and his men then marched on toward San Salvador, "borrowing" money from a bank as they passed through the town of Sonsonate. Though Moisant claimed that the expedition was to liberate his two imprisoned brothers, it was rumored that he planned also to overthrow the Salvadoran government. When they met organized resistance from the Salvadoran army, Moisant's handful of irregulars fled in panic. Eluding capture, their soldier-of-fortune leader slipped back to Nicaragua.

In August 1909, seeking new and safer fields to conquer, Moisant sailed for France. He was suddenly excited about aviation.

It was only six years since the Wright brothers had introduced the world to powered flight. The French, however, had raced ahead in aircraft development. Apparently, Moisant had convinced Nicaraguan president Zelaya that he needed an airplane and even pried the money loose from him to make the purchase.

Moisant immediately rushed to Reims where a huge public air show was being held. He was impressed by the dash of the airmen, and intrigued that thousands of people paid hard cash to watch the great spectacle. Here was a new adventure with seemingly unlimited money-making potential. The first step was to make his name in the aviation world.

Within three months Moisant had rented a workshop and built a crude monoplane (below). Impulsive as ever, he believed that becoming a pilot was merely a matter of trial and error. "I went up 90 feet at express speed, and came down faster still,"

In France, Moisant showed off first of two futuristic metal planes he built; it made only a short hop—fortunate, as he had not yet learned how to fly.

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Moisant later said, recalling his first flight. "It wasn't the machine's fault, it was mine. I had no experience."

Eventually he curbed his impatience long enough to attend Louis Blériot's flying school. Under the watchful eye of an instructor, Alfred Leblanc, he spent a few days "grass cutting"—fast taxiing and making little hops in an underpowered, clipped-wing training machine. His second flight was also his official license test—supervised, from the safety of the ground, by Louis Blériot himself.

Moisant now purchased a Blériot XI-2 monoplane, which was powered by a cantankerous 50-horsepower Gnome rotary engine. Armed with a brand new license and unlimited nerve, he rushed to Paris to enter the Circuit de l'Est—a race involving Europe's leading fliers. The organizers laughed at the "crazy Yankee," saying he was much too inexperienced to compete in such a difficult and dangerous event. But Moisant was determined to cash in on the race publicity, and he enlisted the aid of a leading French pilot, Roland Garros. The new Blériot was at Issy airfield outside Paris and the Circuit de l'Est was to commence from an airfield about 20 miles away on the opposite side of the city. With Garros perched behind Moisant's seat shouting directions in his ear, the pair flew over the city to the other airfield.

"A crowd of 300,000 had assembled, and the police were keeping a great space open from which the aviators were to start," Moisant later recalled. Moisant's plane dropped down in the middle of the other planes as they were about to start. "In that way," said Moisant, "we avoided the police and the crowd and accomplished our purpose. And while the Frenchmen regarded me as a crazy Yankee, the fact that I flew into their midst with one of their own crack aviators perhaps helped my reputation a little."

Next he decided to do something more sensational than merely tag along behind competing racers. The

Blériot school instructor Alfred Leblanc gave Moisant a crash course.

flight over Paris had received some publicity in the French press as the first passenger flight to cross the city. This gave him a great idea, which he soon confided to instructor Leblanc.

"Mais vous êtes fou, Monsieur," the Frenchman exclaimed, wondering if he had heard correctly when the fledgling pilot suggested his intention to fly to London. Blériot threw up his hands in dismay, saying the 230-mile flight was ten times more dangerous even than his own Channel crossing.

Concern mounted as still more pilots realized Moisant had no knowledge of the route, was ignorant of the dangers of flying in bad weather and had never attempted to use a compass in flight. When he brazenly announced that he would take along his mechanic, Albert Fileux, who had never flown, they decided Moisant was a lost cause and gave up in disgust.

Moisant took off from Issy at 5:45 P.M. on August 16, 1910, without even disclosing his plans to poor Fileux. "When we started from Paris he did not know where I was taking him.

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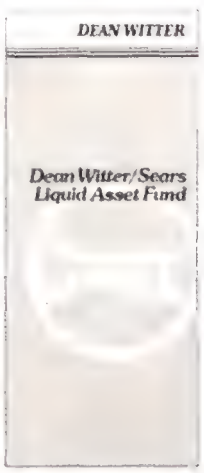

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Some newspapermen asked me where I was off to. I said I was going to try my machine out and they would probably see me again later in the evening. I flew from Paris to Amiens, where I arrived at 7:30 o'clock," Moisant recalled.

Next morning the pair set out for Calais on the English Channel. The 70-mile flight was accomplished without incident, though Moisant had to circle the port three times before locating the landing ground at the nearby village of Barraques. He found navigating relatively easy. On his map he had drawn the complete route and the compass headings to follow. Once in the air, he simply jammed the compass between his knees and turned the aircraft until it was on the correct heading. He then picked out a recognizable feature ahead—a hill or a cathedral—and flew toward it. Once there he picked another target and so on. This way he minimized the fluctuating-needle problems of early aircraft compasses.

A gusty sea breeze blew up as the airmen refueled at Calais. Most early fliers avoided flying in wind because any turbulence made their unstable aircraft extremely difficult to control. Veteran airmen used a lighted match as a wind indicator. If the breeze was sufficient to blow it out,

Roland Garros flew with Moisant over Paris, adding to the upstart's luster.

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Downed in a garden at Rainham, Kent, during Moisant's halting trip from the Channel to London, the Blériot awaits a new propeller.

they stayed on the ground. But with London and fame only 90 miles away, Moisant pressed on. The journey had taken only 17 hours so far.

"AIRMAN FLIES ACROSS CHANNEL WITH PASSENGER . . . NOVICE'S FIFTH FLIGHT" . . . headlined London's *Daily Mirror.* Journalists located the pair at Tilmanstone as they lunched under the Blériot's wing, which sheltered them from the rain that greeted their arrival on the English coast.

Describing the part played by the passenger—the unsung hero of the whole affair—the *Daily Mirror* wrote: "Fileux, who is a burly Parisian, and was clad in blue overalls, stated that he had the utmost confidence in his master, and felt quite at home in his aerial voyage." The report explained how Moisant, lacerated by wind and rain in the Blériot's open cockpit, had felt the cold intensely, noting too that his eyes were bloodshot and inflamed. "In order to protect himself he wore over his ordinary suit of clothes a layer of Japanese paper and outside of all, mechanic's overalls."

After landing in England Moisant acquired a tiny tabby kitten. Some reports say it was given him by a female admirer at Tilmanstone, others that it came aboard during one of his later stops in the Kent countryside. Whatever the truth, he decided to make the animal his mascot, astutely naming it Paris-London. Predictably, a rash of stories followed about the flying kitten. Nearly all incorrectly stated that the animal had come aboard in Paris. Thus the delightful myth of the cross-Channel kitten was born. Paris-London did accompany Moisant for the rest of its new owner's journey, across Kent to London. But what a comedown that journey was to be for Moisant. In less than 18 hours he had flown 165 miles from Paris across the Channel to the English coast. The rest of the trip—a total of only 65 miles—would take the hapless flier two-and-a-half weeks, involving seven unplanned landings. The problem was a combination of the turbulence over Kent and Moisant's own inexperience. The plane was forced down at Sittingbourne, at Rainham (above), at Gillingham, at Wrotham and finally at Kemsing.

In fact, just 23 miles from their final destination, they spent two

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windbound weeks in Kemsing. During the first week Moisant's impatience overcame his common sense. Once, he attempted to get airborne in near gale conditions. They had barely left the ground before a gust dumped the Blériot back onto a field. At impact the propeller smashed, the wheels buckled, bracing wires snapped and the wings were damaged. Somehow Moisant and the faithful Fileux escaped injury. A crowd of locals cheered as the irrepressible pilot, pointing dramatically at the wreck, shouted: "This machine must get me to London!"

The British press loved it all. Daily the papers were jammed with reports; the state of repairs, the weather outlook, Moisant's social engagements, even Fileux's admiration of the local "maids of the milk" and taste for English Bass ale did not escape microscopic attention. Naturally there were a few barbed comments about Moisant's slow progress across the countryside. One paper noted that Moisant could now write a guidebook to the villages of Kent, since he had dropped in on so many. Another dubbed him "Rip Van Moisant."

In Statue of Liberty race, Moisant rounds the Lady; his time was fastest.

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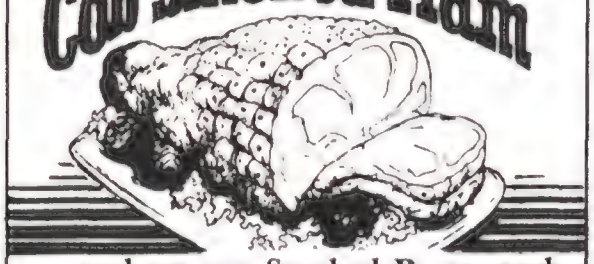

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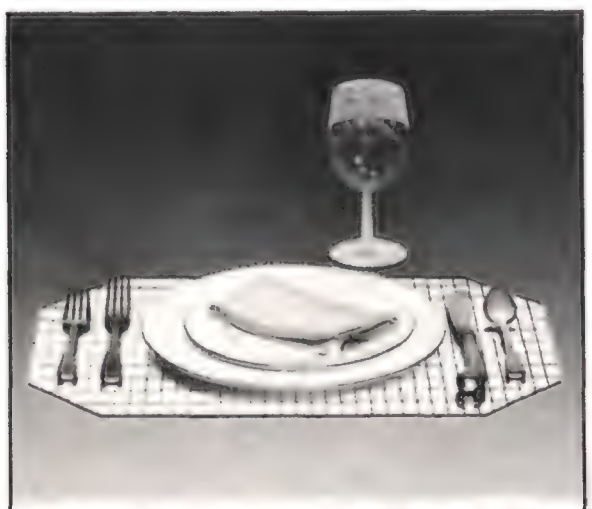

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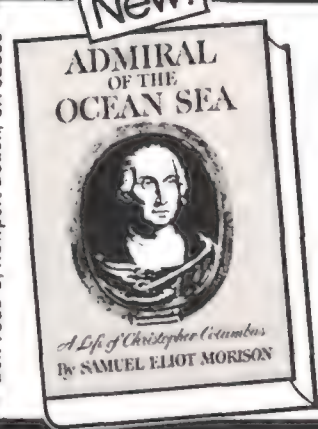

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Claude Grahame-White, Moisant's chief Belmont rival, prepares for a joyride.

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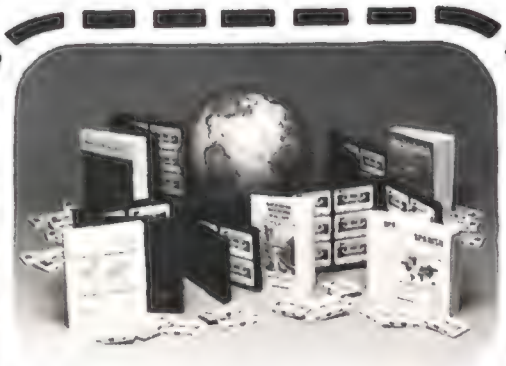

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On September 6 the wind finally settled and Moisant took off for London. At 5:23 P.M. the aircraft arrived over London's Crystal Palace show grounds, circled three times, then approached to land on the nearby Beckenham cricket field. Moisant descended too sharply and, clipping a fence, the Blériot ended its odyssey like a crippled bird—nose down with yet another shattered propeller (the fourth since leaving Paris) and a buckled undercarriage. Both men climbed out, once more unhurt, as a crowd gathered. Moisant, gently stroking Paris-London, was uncharacteristically subdued.

"IT'S DOGGED DOES IT," headlined London's *Daily Express* and, echoing British sentiments, stated: "Few men would have had the nerve to face those repeated failures, and so to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. It may be that Mr. Moisant's average rate of flight over the journey is not very high. But he has finished. . . . Bravo!"

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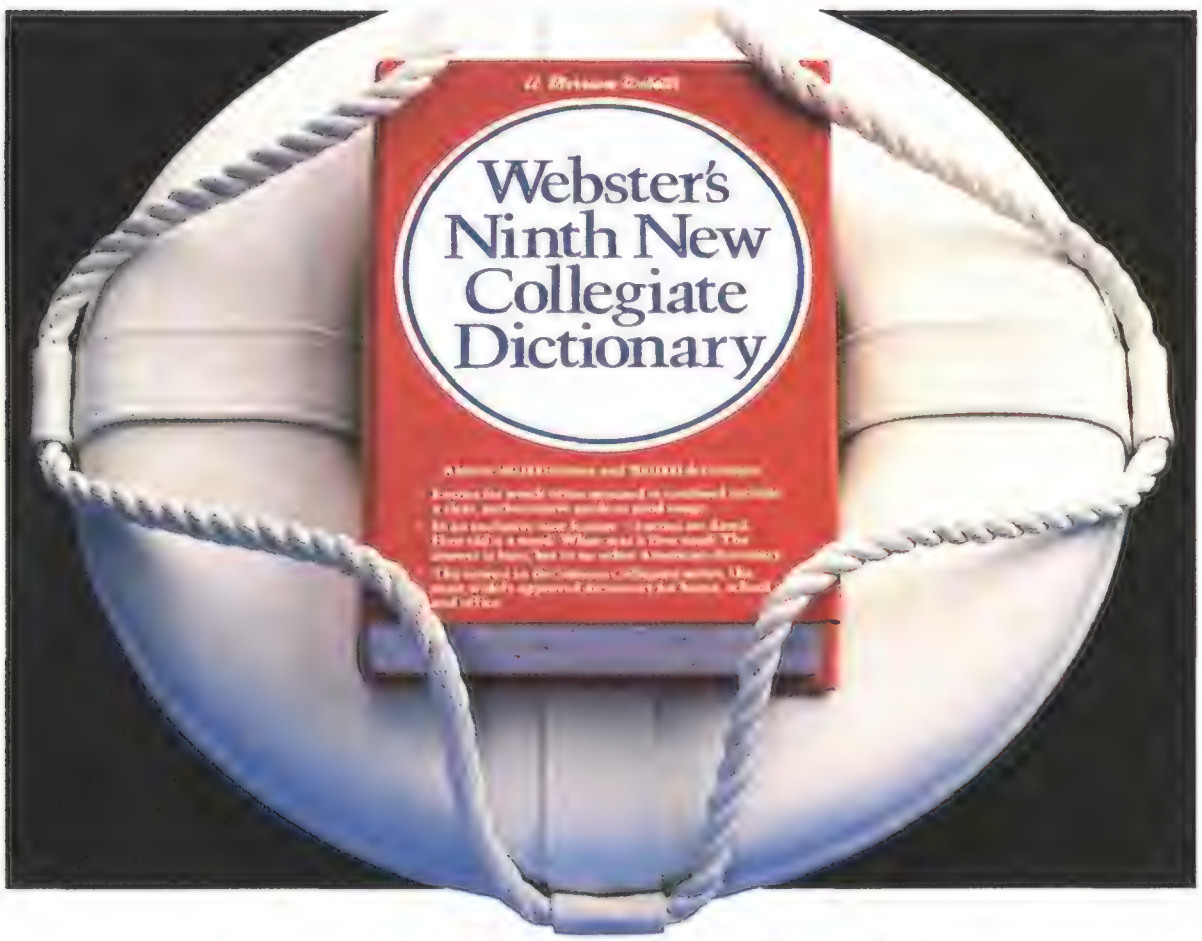
New York to take part in the Belmont Park International Aviation Meet. "My name is M-O-I-S-A-N-T. . . . John B. . . . of Chicago . . . I don't want to be called 'Moisang.' Of course they called me that abroad; the French can't help it," the rising aviation star told reporters.

Alfred Moisant, who had agreed to manage his younger brother's new career, had rented the better part of a floor at the Hotel Astor on Broadway. There, they held court. Determined to steal the limelight from the rest of the aviation world, John Moisant entertained in a style that made even profligate New York society sit up and take notice. His swarthy good looks set many female hearts fluttering, but columnist Kate Carew dashed their marriage hopes in the *New York City American*: "You'd look at him twice dears–I know you would. And you might call him anything from cute to handsome, without going wide of the mark. Yes, and



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Brass bands supplemented front-page newspaper hype for traveling air circus.

he's a bachelor. Tut, Tut! It's no use! He's wedded to his art."

Twenty-four of the world's foremost fliers were at Belmont. The English contingent included elegant Claude Grahame-White, who had just completed a triumphant American tour. Moisant's old instructor Alfred Leblanc, Hubert Latham and Count Jacques de Lesseps were among nine Frenchmen out to prove their aerial supremacy. Not to mention the American fliers, including taciturn Glenn Curtiss and the "Heavenly Twins" of the Wright brothers' team, Ralph Johnstone and Arch Hoxsey.

Two events attracted world attention: the Gordon Bennett Cup Race and the $10,000-purse Statue of Liberty Race, somewhat exaggeratedly billed by the *New York American* as "the most perilous and spectacular aeroplane race known to the annals of aviation."

Moisant strutted into Belmont's aviation arena like a glittering gladi-

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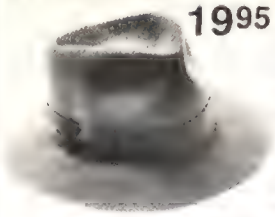

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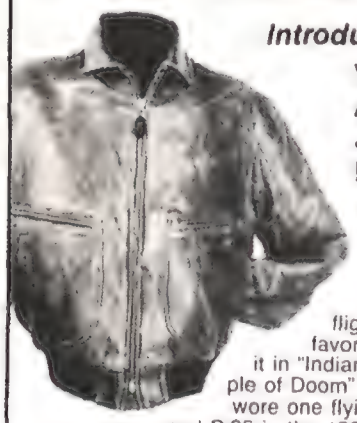

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Brothers John (left) and Alfred Moisant formed an air circus at Belmont meet.

ator. What he lacked in flying finesse he made up for with fearless determination. He took part in the preliminary events and almost daily contributed the main feature with a spectacular smash. Somehow he always walked away unscathed, a smile on his face and Paris-London perched on his shoulder. "Hurt? No, not at all," he would tell newsmen, brushing off the dust.

When the ten days of flying were over, Moisant had wrecked three machines, taken second place in the Gordon Bennett Cup and won the Statue of Liberty Race. Following the tournament he announced the formation of a touring company called International Aviators. The first full-time professional aerial circus, it employed pilots from France, America and Switzerland and was managed by Alfred Moisant.

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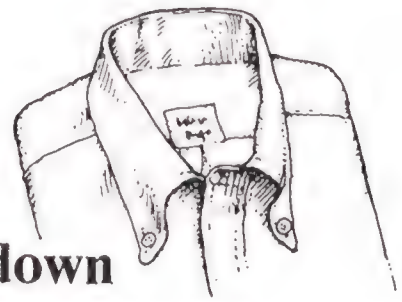

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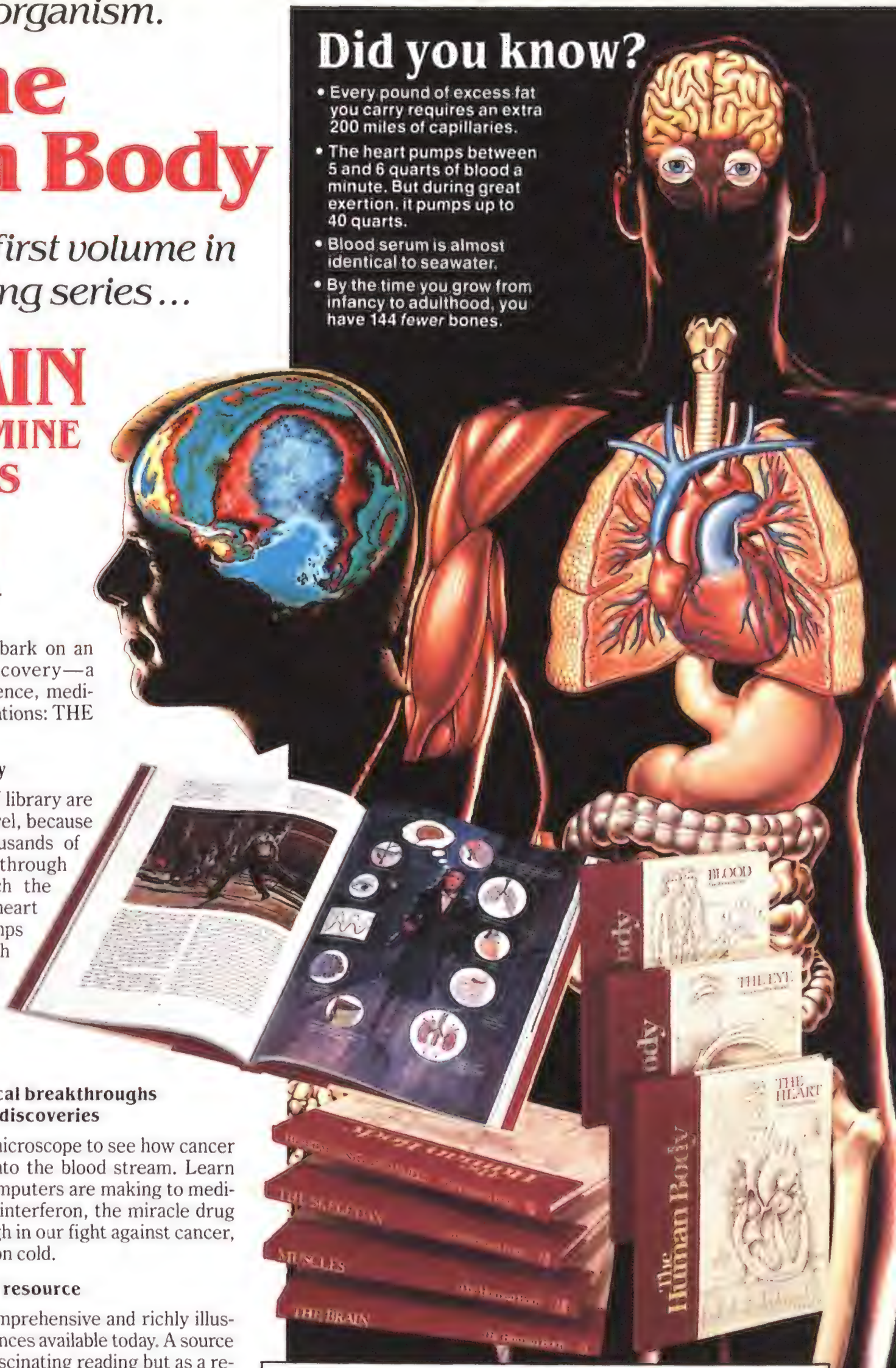

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were now calling them, the birdmen). It consisted of Pullman cars for the pilots, and fully equipped wagons housing the aircraft and repair shop. The entire train was emblazoned with the company name.

In Richmond, Chattanooga, Memphis, Tupelo, New Orleans . . . the crowds went wild. The birdmen's repertoire included flying over downtown areas, cutting figure-eights, racing against automobiles, and holding speed, altitude and duration contests with one another. Newspapers shrieked praise, although thousands of people in each city watched from their roofs rather than paying admission to the fairgrounds.

"We want Moisant . . . we want Johnny and Miss Paree [the cat]," spectators chanted on Christmas Eve, the opening day of the New Orleans show. Though still the most inexperienced of the aviators, the reckless, showboating Moisant was the show's star performer. His favorite stunt was

John's sister Mathilde got a flying license, joined air show after his death.

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shutting off the motor of his Blériot and gliding down. At Memphis, he had descended at a hard angle from 2,100 feet, turning sharply to the right just when he seemed certain to crash into the ground. "Moisant's entire style of flying has changed," a worried mechanic had told a Memphis reporter. "Here he evidently has been trying to see how far he can go without killing himself."

On the last day of 1910, Moisant was to compete for the $4,000 Michelin Cup prize, awarded to the pilot who stayed in the air longest. He had an extra fuel tank strapped to the Blériot's open wooden fuselage, and his beloved mascot was snuggled in its special basket. He waved to the excited throng as he climbed away from New Orleans' City Park.

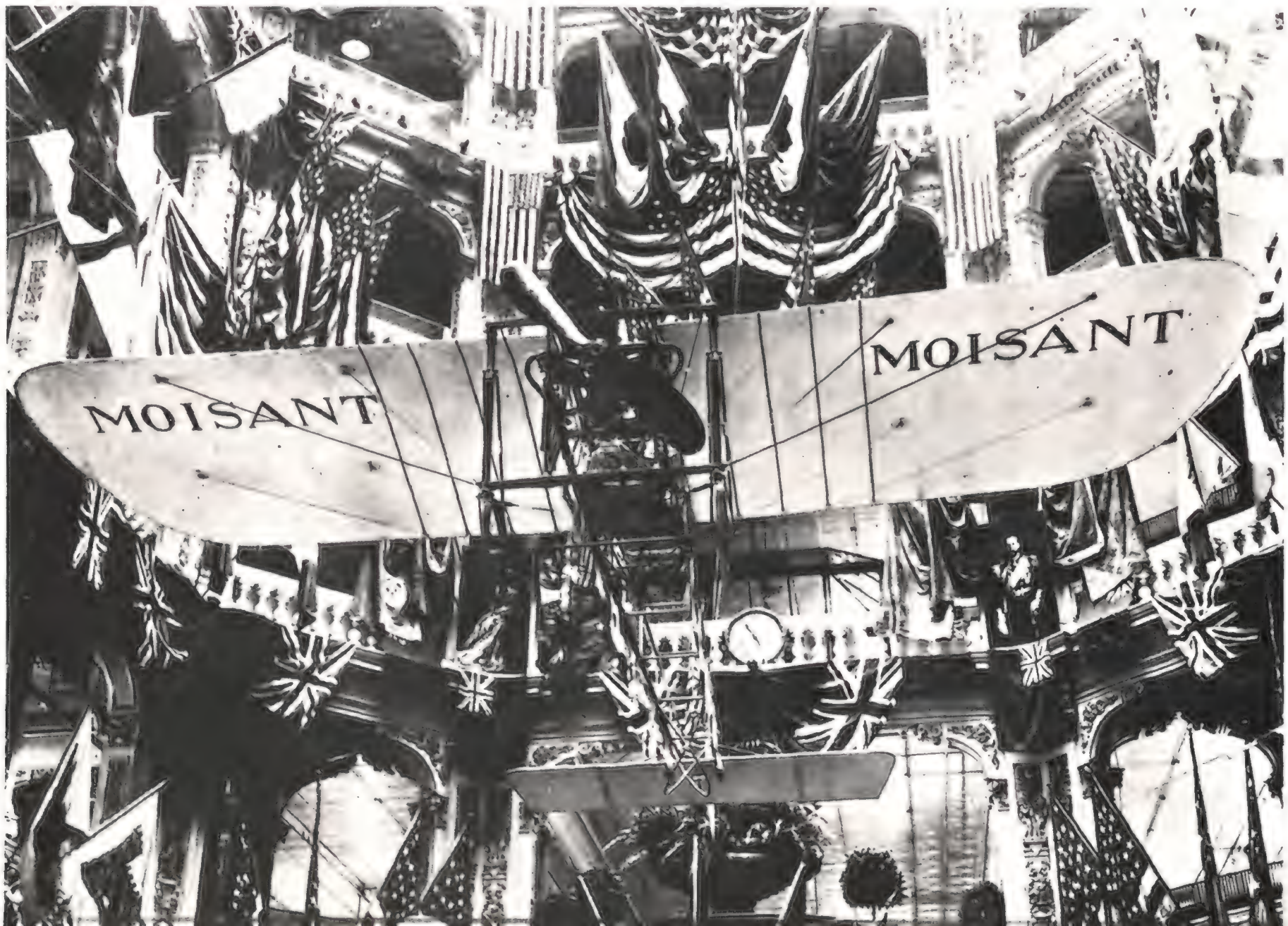
A few minutes later he approached a nearby practice field where he was to fly. For some unaccountable reason he needlessly attempted to land downwind. Still more than 30 feet off the ground, the aircraft hit a sudden turbulence, pitched nose down and slammed to earth. Moisant, who refused to use a seat belt, was hurled from the cockpit and landed in a clump of bushes. Bystanders rushed over. This time he did not greet them with his fabled smile. The King of the Aviators was dead. Paris-London survived the crash, but Moisant had finally used up his own nine lives.

Alfred kept the show going but, despite the debut of another flying Moisant, sister Mathilde (p. 168), problems multiplied. Furthermore, Glenn Curtiss' rival barnstorming troupe was now traveling the country. In July 1911, Alfred switched to running his flying school on Long Island and manufacturing airplanes. The brief but glorious era of Moisant's International Aviators was over. In less than a year they had helped spark America's first love affair with the airplane. It was an affair that blossomed into an enduring romance over the next quarter-century, warmed by the thousands of barnstorming pilots who, somewhat less recklessly, followed John Moisant's example.

Alfred eventually returned to El Salvador where the other Moisant brothers, George and Edward, had died of pneumonia. There, while trying to regain control of the family estate, he was murdered, nobody knows by whom.

And John Moisant? As suddenly as the world had discovered him, it forgot him. Less than a week after his fatal crash in New Orleans, the International Aviators—which included French pilot René Simon—opened their next show, in Dallas. "Simon Outdoes Daring Aviators In Recklessness," trumpeted the *San Antonio Express* after he had flown; "His Flight At Dallas Is More Spectacular Than Any Moisant Made."

At Wanamaker department store in New York, racer from Moisant air circus is grandly displayed during heyday of country's first barnstorming troupe.



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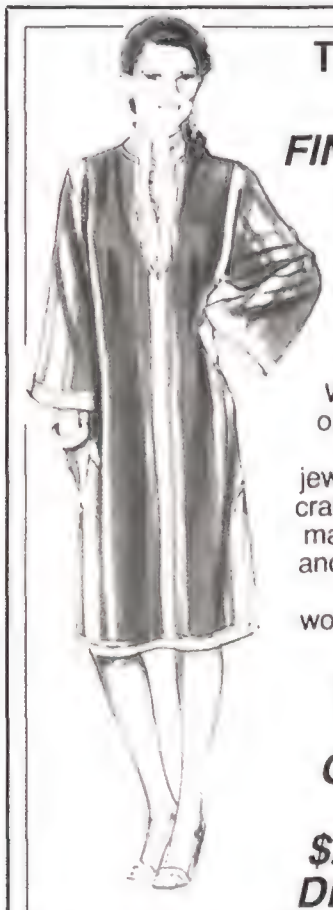

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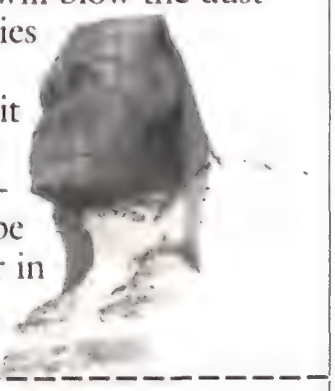

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Book reviews

Redesigning the World: William Morris, the 1880s, and the Arts and Crafts
Peter Stansky
Princeton University Press, $27.50

"In all ways the most many-sided man of our times," Yeats called him. "He was an angry young man," says historian Asa Briggs, "and an angry old man, but he always knew what he was angry about." Best known to his contemporaries as a poet, he was also a master pattern designer, weaver, tapestry maker, typographer and printer, a manufacturer, ardent socialist and author of utopian fantasies. He was a ubiquitous public lecturer, an active historic preservationist. His collected writings run to 24 volumes. When he died in 1896 at the not especially ripe age of 62, one doctor stated the cause of death as "simply being William Morris and having done more work than most men."

That Morris played a pivotal role in late 19th-century England's brilliant crafts revival is well known. Less familiar perhaps is the story of how his ideas were received, put into practice and at times substantially recast by the generation of designers who came of age under his influence during the politically and culturally unsettled 1880s in Britain. In *Redesigning the World*, Peter Stansky skillfully retells this finely shaded tale of the great man and his various disciples, taking us behind the scenes to witness Britain's newly self-aware architects and metalsmiths, furniture makers and bookbinders as they wrestled—always in the shadow and frequently in the robust company of William Morris—with a host of challenging and still pertinent questions

concerning the interrelationship of art, human labor and society.

Did private owners of historic structures have the right to alter them at will? Was there (as tradition held) a hierarchy of the arts, with painting and sculpture at the exalted pinnacle, or might a beautifully made chair be just as culturally valuable? When were machines the tools of Man and when did Man become the mere slave of machinery?

The author, who is a professor of history at Stanford, focuses on the activities and leading figures of three influential designers' organizations: the Century Guild, the Art Workers' Guild and the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.

Morris himself viewed the crafts revival as much in political as in esthetic terms: a world of thoughtful craftsmen, he argued, might not only enjoy the benefits of honest workmanship but might someday overcome the impulses toward individualistic competitiveness and greed typical of the industrial age.

But many who were artistically inspired by Morris balked at his politics. Many remained committed to traditional British class values—often, the author notes, with richly ironical consequences. Art Workers' Guild members considered publicizing their concern over the excesses of commercial advertising but thought better of it. As discreet English gentlemen, they preferred not to advertise even their own views.

Morris likewise got caught up in certain pregnant contradictions: if patient handwork, as he said, was generally to be favored over uniform, quick machine work, how might the products of the crafts revival be made available in sufficient quantities for ordinary people?

Morris' revolutionary concept of the unity of the arts, his insistence on simplicity in design and in the handling of materials have become commonplaces of our "modern" world. But ironically, Stansky observes, it remained in the end for Frank Lloyd Wright, the Bauhaus and others unencumbered by 19th-century British cultural baggage to realize these innovations in their fullest forms.

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Facing Total War: German Society 1914-1918
Jürgen Kocka
Harvard University Press, $22.50

How and why did the First World War break out? From the summer of 1914 down to our own day, this is the question that has dominated study of what George Kennan calls "*the* great seminal catastrophe of this century." Earlier generations were especially preoccupied with the issue of responsibility. On whom, they asked, was blame for the catastrophe to be pinned? Our own nuclear-haunted generation is more interested in how a terrorist incident (the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Francis-Ferdinand) in a remote corner of Europe triggered a general Great Powers war. With good reason, we see in the "1914 analogy" lessons for our own times.

This obsession with origins has produced a huge and powerful literature, but it has also meant the neglect of many aspects of the Great War. Oddly enough, nearly seven decades after the signing of the Armistice, we still know comparatively little about the war's impact on the societies of the belligerents. For this country, David Kennedy's *Over Here; The First World War and American Society* (1980) made a start. Jürgen Kocka's *Facing Total War: German Society 1914-1918* is a welcome addition to the literature in English.

It is not an easy book. One of West Germany's leading younger historians, Kocka himself disarmingly admits that readers may find the English version "rather German in style and structure." Nevertheless, at least it's a short book and those who make the effort will be well rewarded.

In the manner of many of today's academic historians, Kocka pits theory against evidence. In terms of theory, *Facing Total War* is both Marxist and Weberian, testing Marx's insistence on class conflict as the motor of history in light of the sociologist Max Weber's emphasis on the role of such not wholly economic considerations as status, power and belief.

For evidence, Kocka relies heavily on the hitherto neglected reports of the German regional army commands. Alarmed over the potentially disastrous effect of domestic unrest on their ability to carry on a total war, the commands filed bulky

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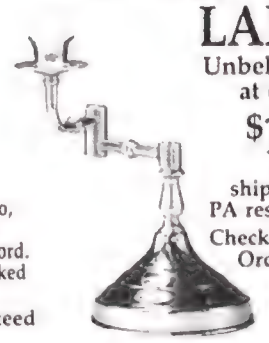

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What these reports told, especially as the stranglehold of the British naval blockade made itself felt, were tales of increasing deprivation, war-induced shortages of food and other essentials stretching from the poor well into the middle classes. And as hardship increased, telling rumors flew, like one "that the Crown Princess bathed in milk, while infants were not given any."

Meanwhile, many of the rich prospered from the war. As social resentment deepened into class antagonism, the *Burgfrieden* of 1914—the setting aside of domestic conflict in the interest of defending the fatherland—came increasingly to seem a ruling-class scam. Yet the resentments born of working-class deprivation fell far short of becoming a revolutionary class consciousness. The war sharpened class conflict, Kocka says, and insofar as it did, Marxist theory fits the historical evidence. Yet Marxism leaves much unexplained.

For one thing (and probably the most important thing), as the war went on, the German state did not behave as Marxists are bound to believe it would, as merely the implement of the ruling class. The leadership of the state came to understand that waging total war required pressing into service every available resource, and in the act of seeing that this was done it stepped on the toes of the rich and powerful as well as on those of the weak.

Under the pressures of war the state, the once revered object of Prussian history and tradition, got the blame for everything. Or as Kocka puts it: "The expansion of state activity and the growing recognition of state responsibility contrasted with continuing hardship and increasing burdens and pressures; these were accordingly laid at the door of the State and thus undermined the prestige and validity of both law and state."

Thus the Revolution of 1918, the end of Hohenzollern rule in Germany, was not, as the historian Arthur Rosenberg once wrote, "the strangest of all Revolutions." In Kocka's view, the Revolution was but the outcome of German social history during the Great War.

J. E. Talbott
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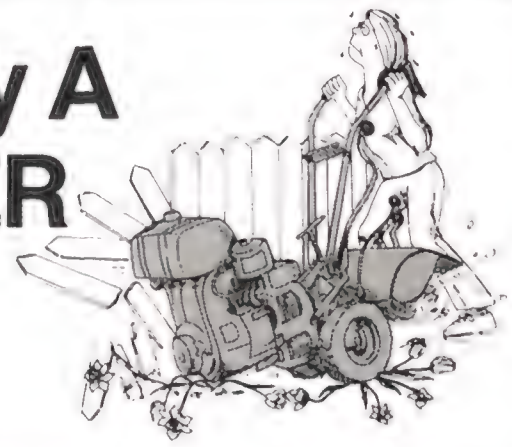

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Pictures from the Water Trade: Adventures of a Westerner in Japan
John David Morley
Atlantic Monthly Press, $16.95

Travel writers can be divided into sparklers and probers. Sparklers are cosmopolites who charge into a place, get a fix on it, write it up in scintillating fashion and move on. Their number includes Jan Morris, who has captured virtually every major city in the world.

Probers may or may not travel widely, but they do go deep—often staying in a country for years, sometimes returning several times before readying themselves to write. The fruits of their labor can be prodigious. Wilfred Thesiger's *Arabian Sands* feverishly depicts a nomadic culture on the brink of dissolution in oil. Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, a meditative tour of Yugoslavia on the eve of World War II, reaches its majestic close only after 1,150 pages.

John David Morley is essentially a prober. An Englishman, he had long been drawn to Japan when he won a grant to engage in cross-cultural studies there. Resourcefully, he cut himself off from Westerners and pursued fluency in one of the world's most difficult languages. He managed to pierce the curtain of Japanese formality when he bumped into bon vivants who ushered him through the culture's rear door into the water trade—the bars, cabarets and geisha houses that cater to Japanese men bent on avoiding the pervasive demands of *uchi*, domesticity. His oblique approach to cultural research paid off. *Pictures from the Water Trade* is a hugely entertaining and informative book.

Morley captures attention right off the bat by referring to himself in the third person, as "Boon." This is quirky but appropriate. The merrymaker who sees so much of informal Japan is neither the same fresh-faced fellow who arrived there nor the semi-insider who left three years later in fear of losing touch with his own background. Simply put, Boon works.

So does Morley's writing style. *Pictures* is so well stocked with witty aperçus that it could serve as a treasure trove for commonplace books. Concerning the heavy reliance of Japanese on intonation, he writes: Boon "was accepted as a speaker of Japanese only as he became, to his own ears, progressively inarticulate."

Of the Japanese conversational tendency to eschew direct questions in favor of inquisitory hemming and hawing, Morley has this to say: "The typical question was really a feed line . . . suggestive, full of loopholes, offering escape hatches, and in fact as unlike a question as it was possible to be. The person who had been asked the question could thus be indicted on no more serious charge than of aiding and abetting the person who had asked the question; an accessory to the answer, as it were, not the principal malefactor."

Finally, taking full advantage of his long residence in Japan, Morley is never satisfied with superficial insights. His long disquisition on *shodo*, an elaborate form of calligraphy, goes beyond reflections on art and letters to a brilliant comparison with *sumo*, the form of wrestling that pits one giant-bellied hulk against another. How could two such seemingly disparate phenomena be linked? Like the wrestler, who has only a few seconds in which to make an all-or-nothing attack, the practitioner of *shodo* has only one chance. There is "no possibility of rubbing out a line and drawing another, of making any correction . . . it would at once be apparent."

At the opposite end of the existential spectrum are efforts like the writing of a book, in which there is ample opportunity for revision. None of which makes the task any easier, though—especially when the writer seeks to combine the thoroughness of a prober with the luminescence of a sparkler. Morley's success places him, with a single book, in the front rank of the world's travel writers.

Dennis Drabelle
Washington attorney and book reviewer

A Calculus of Suffering
Martin S. Pernick
Columbia University Press, $35

Those of us who sometimes decry the relentless march of scientific and technological "progress" as illusory—the quotation marks give us away—are prone to nostalgic laments for the passage of gentler and more humane values. But a close look at the profession of medicine gives us plenty to ponder. This examination of the reaction of 19th-century American physicians to the introduction of anesthetics such as ether and chloroform provides evidence that, as centuries go, the 20th has its points. Count yourself lucky, if you're headed for an operating room, that you're not committing your body to a surgeon who believes, as did many in the last century, that pain is beneficial—as a sign of vitality or a moral imperative.

Doctors found a variety of other reasons for performing surgery without anesthetizing patients long after the painkilling properties of ether were first demonstrated in Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital in 1846. Many believed that the risks of the anesthetic, the possibility that it might fatally shock the system, outweighed the advantages of relieving what one doctor called "mere anguish." The numerous disciples of homeopathy thought that using anesthesia was "choking off Nature's voice." Others suspected that the painkillers were nothing more than commercially inspired quackery. Victorian sensibilities found expression in the fear that lecherous male surgeons would take advantage of their etherized female patients.

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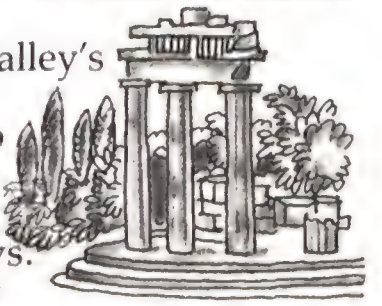

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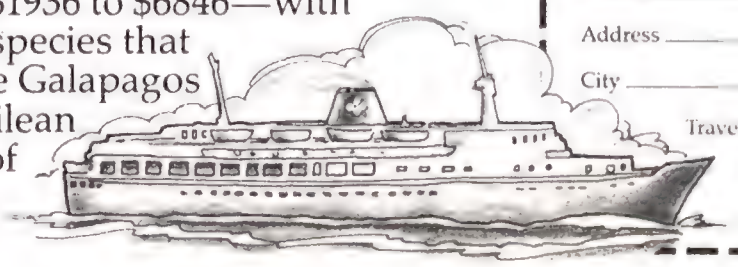

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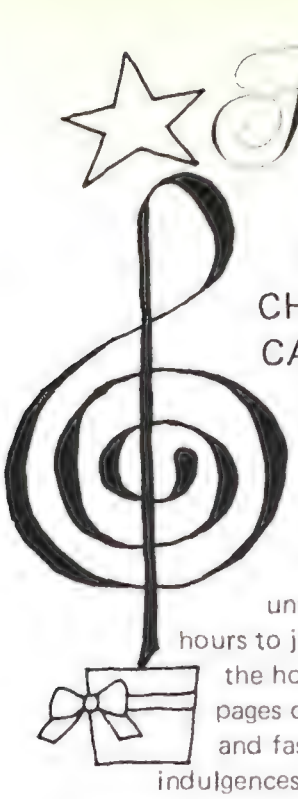
Most doctors resolved the pluses and minuses of anesthesia by adopting a selective, case-by-case approach. They used it when the benefits seemed to outnumber the liabilities. Thus the "calculus of suffering" in the title of this book by University of Michigan historian Martin S. Pernick. In practice the result was that anesthetics were normally used in major surgery such as amputations but not in minor operations. An 1885 list of operations regarded as "too minor" for anesthesia can summon a pang of pain in a reader a century later; it included amputation of fingers and toes, removal of small tumors, surgery on the eye and anus.

Social attitudes were also part of the equation that determined who was drugged on the operating table and who wasn't. Women and (usually) children were believed to be more sensitive to pain than virile, stout-hearted men. The elderly felt pain less acutely. Blacks and Indians, of course, could hardly be hurt at all, a prejudice that sanctioned cruel experimental operations on slave women. Susceptibility to pain seemed to increase with social status.

Pernick found statistics showing that one of every three potentially painful operations at Massachusetts General Hospital in 1846-47 was performed without anesthesia. Women were anesthetized 69 percent of the time for minor surgery while roughly half of the male patients were drugged for similar operations. Medical ambivalence and selective anesthesia persisted until late in the 19th century, when the availability of new painkillers (including cocaine) banished lingering reservations, and surgery without pain became all but automatic.

The book suffers from an academic style that neglects anecdote in favor of a point-by-point analysis that seems computer-precise (there's my bias again). I would have preferred to hear more from patients and their families and less from medical journals and textbooks. But Pernick makes his points mildly and with a commendable absence of judgmental stridency. Medicine has its share of fools as well as heroes, and the biases exhibited here are probably a fair reflection of their time and place. We can all be thankful that *some* change, at least, is indisputably for the better.

Donald Dale Jackson
Author and critic



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Additional reading

Camille Claudel (p. 56)

Camille Claudel (1864-1943) by Reine-Marie Paris, Gallimard (Paris), 1984

Camille Claudel—Auguste Rodin, Dialogues d'artistes-résonances by Sandor Kuthy (exhibition catalog), Musée des Beaux-Arts de Berne and Office du Livre Fribourg (Switzerland), 1985

Camille Claudel (1864-1943) (exhibition catalog), Musée Rodin (Paris), 1984

Rodin by Bernard Champigneulle, Oxford University Press, 1980

Oeuvres en prose by Paul Claudel, Gallimard (Paris), 1969

Auguste Rodin by R. Descharnes and J.-F. Chabrun, Macmillan, 1967

Rodin by Judith Cladel, translated by James Whitall, Harcourt, Brace, 1937

Mountain lions (p. 68)

A Critical Review of Literature on Puma (Felis concolor), Special Report No. 54 by Allen E. Anderson, Colorado Division of Wildlife (Fort Collins), February 1983

"The American Lion" by Maurice G. Hornocker, *Natural History*, November 1970

The Puma: Mysterious American Cat by Stanley P. Young and Edward A. Goldman, Dover, 1964

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Benares (p. 82)

Banaras: City of Light by Diana L. Eck, Princeton, 1982

The Traveler's Key to Northern India: A Guide to the Sacred Places of Northern India by Alistair Shearer, Knopf, 1983

Varanasi Down the Ages by Kuber Nath

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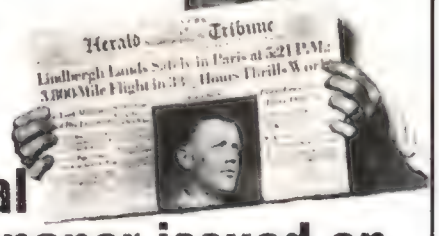

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Kansas State Fair (p. 96)

The Agricultural Fair by Wayne Caldwell Neely, Columbia University Press, 1935

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Mizner's Florida by Donald W. Curl, Architectural History Foundation of MIT Press, 1984

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Smithsonian highlights

While most of the Smithsonian museums are open throughout the year from 10 A.M. until 5:30 P.M. (except on Christmas Day), some museums located off the Mall have slightly different hours. You can get the hours of any museum by calling 357-2700. Meanwhile, enjoy Indian summer at the National Zoo: through mid-October, grounds will be open until 8 P.M.

Special September exhibitions and events

National Portrait Gallery
Private Lives of Public Figures: The Nineteenth-Century Family Print (September 6-April 13, 1986).
The Resurrection of Tom Paine (September 13, 7:30 P.M.; September 14, 1:30 P.M.) Portrait in motion; call 357-2920.

Freer Gallery of Art
Painting and Calligraphy of the Ch'ing Dynasty (September 6-January 1986).
Islamic Metalwork (September 27-January 5, 1986).

National Museum of Natural History
Drawn from the Sea: Art in the Service of Ichthyology (September 13-November 1) See *Highlights continued.*
The Fragile Mountain (September 6, noon; Baird Auditorium; September 7, 2:30 P.M., Naturalist Center) Film.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum
Paris Recorded: The Thérèse Bonney Collection (September 17-December 8) First American illustrated press service.
Wine: Celebration and Ceremony (through October 13).

National Air and Space Museum
John Safer: Sculpture (September 12-October 25) Minimalist, high-tech works.
Prelude to Halley (September 7; 9:30 A.M.) Monthly sky lecture.

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The Legendary Flying Fortress (September 19; 7:30 P.M.) Illustrated lecture on the B-17 by Air Vice-Marshal Ronald Dick, RAF.

Anacostia Neighborhood Museum
The Renaissance:Black Art of the Twenties (September 15-December 1986).

Renwick Gallery
The Woven and Graphic Art of Anni Albers (through January 5, 1986).

National Museum of American Art
Recent Acquisitions: Prints, Drawings and Watercolors (through December 8).

National Museum of African Art
Igbo Arts: Community and Cosmos (through October 13).
The Feminine Presence in Igbo Art (September 10; 7 P.M.) Lecture.

Lecture and Seminar Program

Associates in Oregon and Wyoming will have the opportunity to meet Smithsonian curators and scientists when the National Associates Lecture and Seminar Program visits Portland (October 4-10), and Laramie and Cheyenne (October 15-20). The Portland series features lectures and workshops on space science, historic preservation and tropical biology. Highlights of the Wyoming programs include performances of American folk music and fossil identification workshops. Associates in these cities should have received invitations by this time.

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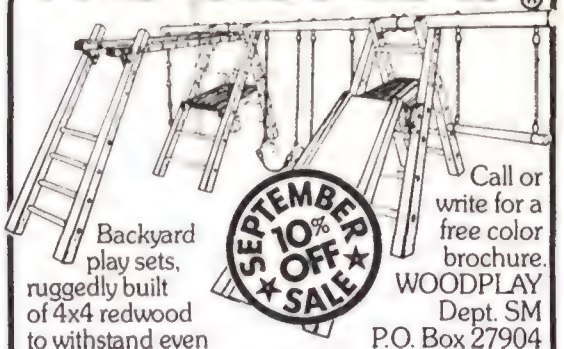

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Baltimore (September 3-October 27) *Ebla to Damascus: Art and Archaeology of Ancient Syria*, Walters Art Gallery.
Norman, Oklahoma (September 7-October 20) *Exploring Microspace*, Stovall Museum.

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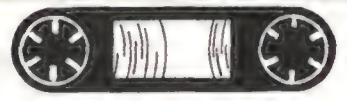
4 Cass  1 hr each
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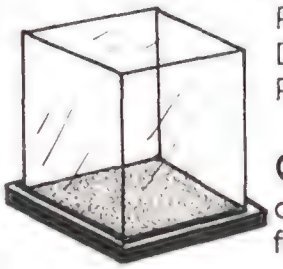

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PANTY SIZES (Hips): *Petite (32"-34") Small (34"-36") Medium (36"-38") Large (38"-40")*
CAMISOLE SIZES (Bust): *Small (32"-34") Medium (34"-36") Large (36"-38") Extra-Large (38"-40")*

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presented monthly, or for fee and ticket information, call 357-3030. Here are some September events:

Blues in the Night: Courtyard Concert (September 11; 7 P.M.) "Guitar Bill" Harris and his band, joined by Charlie Sayles on harmonica.

But Think of the Fun We Had! (September 12-15) Musical revue re-creates life of American working-class family of 1930s.

Inside the New York City Ballet: Creating Dance Masterpieces (September 16, 23, 30; October 7, 14) Course includes lectures, behind-the-scenes visit.

Jihan Sadat at the Smithsonian (September 18; 8 P.M.) Lecture.

Presenting Karen Akers in "The Event" (September 20; 8 P.M.) Musical program honoring Resident Associate Program's 20th anniversary.

Smithsonian on the air

Radio Smithsonian: features on this weekly half-hour series include a look at an unusual group of American Gypsies, a musical tribute to Al Jolson and the Infra-Red Astronomy Satellite that just concluded its tour of space.

Smithsonian Galaxy: short radio features explore history, science, art.

Here at the Smithsonian . . .: two-minute features present the Institution's sights, sounds and behind-the-scenes activities.

To find out what stations in your area carry these radio and TV programs, write: Office of Telecommunications, MNH Room C222B, Washington, D.C. 20560.

Planning a Smithsonian Visit?

The free previsit planning packet for members will give you a head start. Send postcard request or phone: Visitor Information and Associates' Reception Center, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560; (202) 357-2700 or TDD for hearing impaired (202) 357-1729.

Visiting members' benefits

"Early bird" orientations to the 13 museums and the Zoo are given at 9:30 A.M. in the Smithsonian castle through Labor Day; after that, ask about orientation times at the Associates' Reception Desk in the castle, staffed 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. daily. At the Desk, your welcome will include full details on dining in The Court, discounts in the Smithsonian museum shops and a handy Associates' bag of helpful printed materials.

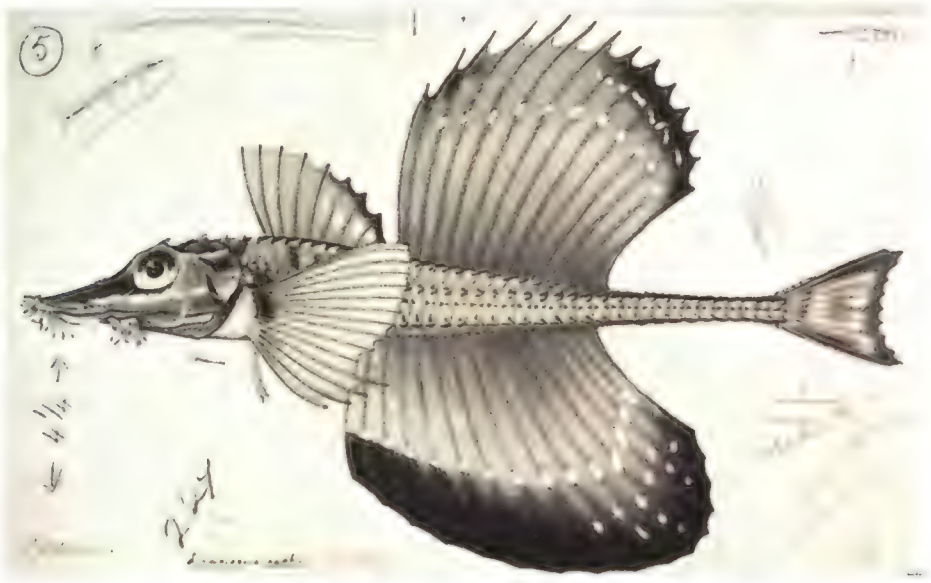
A remarkable school of fish

Minding his own business, an ichthyologist was lured by their beauty into organizing a show

Few of us can walk past an aquarium teeming with exotic species without pausing to look. But few live fish can rival the 200 stunners going on view September 13 in "Drawn from the Sea" at the Museum of Natural History. Chosen by ichthyologist Victor Springer from 10,000 paintings and drawings, they date back as far as 1838, when Wilkes Expedition scientists hired illustrators—very patient illustrators—to document the species they were studying.

The process could be intense. Working often from several different specimens, both dead and alive, the artist might take up to a month to produce the final image scale by scale. Springer, who in the course of doing his own work often consulted the 30-odd cabinets containing the pictures, came to appreciate the renderings not just as scientific documents but as art. He suggested to his boss that someone should organize a show so the public could enjoy them too. You're it, he said.

The meticulous work sometimes got to the artists themselves. One of the finest, Charles B. Hudson (1865-1939), finished the trout shown below, then announced it was his last. "I'm tired of those bally fishes," he said, turning—quite understandably—to panoramic scenes instead.
Constance Bond



Coris gaimard is by Kumataro Ito, who worked on U.S. research vessel.

Draciscus sachi was drawn by Chloe Starks, wife of an ichthyologist.

Bony-headed *Erosa erosa* was painted by Kako Morita, active around 1910.

Japanese goldfish were by anonymous artist; often, pictures were not signed.

Salmo gairdneri (rainbow trout) capped the long career of Charles B. Hudson.

Illustrator painted deep-sea hatchet fish on aluminum to capture sheen.

Join with other Smithsonian Associates

Travel and Study, at Home, Abroad . . . and

As a Smithsonian Associate, you can enjoy the benefit of culturally oriented experiences under the guidance of museum curators or visiting scholars. Your lively curiosity and broad interests have resulted in a comprehensive study program to meet many tastes and budgets.

Domestic Study Tours

Pueblo Indians and Spanish Villages of New Mexico September 28-October 7: Visit craftsmen, museums and private collections in Santa Fe, Taos and Albuquerque.

Cumberland Island November 9-15: Enjoy the beauty of what was the Carnegie family's Georgia island retreat. Camp on pristine beaches, hike in coastal forests.

Halley's Comet December 5-9: It happens every 75 years! Come share it with the Smithsonian. Enjoy special tours and seminar featuring Carl Sagan, then travel to the Blue Ridge Mountains where the clear skies offer opportunities to see the comet.

Christmas at the Smithsonian December 6-8: Celebrate this festive season by spending a weekend at the Smithsonian with behind-the-scenes programs and special dinners in museums. Features exclusive tour of the spectacular new exhibit, "The Treasure Houses of Britain."

Everglades December 7-14: A canoeist's dream, a water paradise. For the novice or expert, canoe and camp among the Ten Thousand Islands along the west coast of Florida.

Yellowstone in Snow January 14-23: A cross-country ski adventure through the snow-covered landscape of Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks.

Hawaii January 19-February 1 or February 16-March 1: Explore the natural and cultural beauty of the Hawaii most people only dream of. A camping adventure to the unspoiled areas of Oahu, Hawaii, Maui and Lanai.

Baja Whale Watch February 21-March 1: Board the *Royal Polaris* in San Diego for an unforgettable trip down Mexico's Baja peninsula to observe gray whales.

Okefenokee Swamp April 5-12 or 12-19: Canoe and camp in this uncommon and serene wilderness area, a sanctuary for millions of singing creatures.

Arizona April 16-24 or April 26-May 4: From the Arizona Sonoran Desert to the Chiricahua Mountains, travel by van throughout the area to see cacti in bloom, meet researchers in the field.

Coming in May: New York Theater

Washington "Anytime" Weekend: Discover your capital city in the Smithsonian style. As a membership benefit enjoy private tours, luxurious accommodations and much, much more. A perfect weekend getaway. Must reserve ten days in advance.

Foreign Study Tours

Europe by Train September 18-October 7 or October 9-28: Europe's great trains are not just memories. Luxury, splendid vistas on *Orient Express*, Switzerland's *Glacier Express*, France's swift *TGV*.

Peru September 28-October 13: Immerse yourself in the country's ancient history. Visit remote coastal countryside and markets, the Inca capital of Cuzco, as well as Lima and Machu Picchu.

Adriatic Shores October 6-18: Cruise on the *Argonaut* to see the rich cultural and historic heritage along the coasts of Yugoslavia, Italy and islands of Korcula, Corfu and Ithaca.

Mediterranean World October 9-23: Embark on a voyage tracing the roots of Western civilization. Take the *Illiria* to the classical centers of Greece, Sicily, Italy, Crete and Carthage.

India by Train October 30-November 15: A Smithsonian premiere! Exclusive use of a maharaja's "Palace on Wheels" to visit the glorious sites and cities throughout the state of Rajasthan.

The Atlantic Crossing December 5-20: A sailing adventure from the Canary Islands to Martinique on the four-masted square-rigger *Sea Cloud*. Features lectures on the art of sailing and navigation, marine life, and the history of this great ship.

Christmas in Europe with the Smithsonian Celebrate with fellow Associates in one of three idyllic settings: Austria, December 21-January 3; Canterbury or Wales, December 22-January 3. Traditional Yuletide celebrations make this a very special holiday season.

Russia December 26-January 12: Ring in the New Year with a festive holiday gala. Attend the best of Russian theater while visiting historic sites and cities.

Backstage London January 2-11: You'll love the theater capital of Europe. Attend traditional and avant-garde productions; take an in-depth look at backstage activities.

South America January 15-February 7: A spectacular first for the Smithsonian! Three-week land and sea voyage from Rio de Janeiro, including Iguaçu Falls, Strait of Magellan and Patagonian channels, ending in Santiago.

India Wildlife Safari January 26-February 21: Travel by elephant and jeep to observe rare species of birds and animals in exotic India and southern Nepal.

Thailand and Burma January 31-February 21: Colorful cities, remote villages of the hill-tribe people and historic sites will capture the splendor of Asia's most exotic countries.

Mexico January-March: Choice of three exciting archaeological tours in the Yucatán peninsula and central Mexico. See extraordinary Maya ruins in the company of an archaeologist.

Borneo and the Spice Islands February 2-22: Aboard the *Illiria*, travel from Southeast Asia to Australia, an area inhabited by more than 350 ethnic groups. Observe the diverse cultures and traditional art; study the many histories.

A Hike in New Zealand March 5-21: Discover wild flowers, crystalline lakes and snowcapped peaks on the Milford Track. Includes opportunity to see Halley's Comet.

Blue Whales of Mexico March 9-16: Cruise to the Sea of Cortés aboard the *Don Jose* to explore desert islands and coastlines in search of the mighty blue whales and migratory birds.

Write National Associates, Capital Gallery 455, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC 20560 or call (202) 287-3362 for tour brochures

in Washington

Smithsonian Seminars

Expand your educational horizons as you combine a pleasure-filled visit to the nation's capital with stimulating week-long courses of study that highlight Smithsonian museums and research facilities. These purposeful vacation seminars give you the opportunity to share special interests with fellow Associates.

October 27-November 1

Anthropology Today
Explore the diverse collections and current research at the Museum of Natural History during lectures, field trips, discussions with specialists in physical and cultural anthropology, archaeology and ethnology.

Perspectives on American Art
Curators from the National Museum of American Art will offer illustrated lectures, tours of the museum's exhibition, preparation and conservation areas. Trips to renowned Washington landmarks offer new insights on American art from the 18th century to the present.

Music of the Baroque Era
Enhance your enjoyment of this extraordinary music as you attend a unique program of lectures, demonstrations and performances on historic instruments by the Smithsonian Chamber Players.

Treasures of the Smithsonian: A Writer's View
Learn the techniques of effective writing from Edwards Park, author of *Smithsonian*'s monthly column "Around the Mall and beyond," during stimulating workshop sessions, group discussions and tours.

Man's Quest for Wings: Highlights of Aviation History
Curators from the National Air and Space Museum will lead special tours of the museum and its restoration facility during this seminar, which features lectures and films that chronicle America's outstanding achievements in air and space.

January 5-10 or January 12-17

English Country Houses
Study England's great country homes with visiting scholars. See the exhibition, "The Treasure Houses of Britain," at the National Gallery of Art.

or (202) 357-1350 for seminar brochures.

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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

By William Weber Johnson

An irrepressible journal focused on scientists

Did you know—

That if glass microscope slides continue to accumulate at the present rate in a St. Louis hospital the entire city will be covered with glass to a depth of three feet by the year 2224?

That penguins can be taught to read as fast as 800 words per minute?

That pickles are a prime contributing cause of war, catastrophic illness, automobile accidents and juvenile delinquency? (Of persons born in 1839 who ate pickles there is not a single survivor.)

If the above information seems new and strange, you are not a reader of the *Journal of Irreproducible Results.* The publication is designed to make scientists laugh and, as a by-product, take some of the obscurantism, verbosity, tedium and bombast out of scientific writing. Its founder was Dr. Alexander Kohn, a distinguished biophysicist. Back in 1955, with a handful of like-minded savants, Kohn began lampooning scholarly papers in print. An early title, "The Kinetics of Inactivation of Glassware," dealt with the rate of disappearance of glassware from science labs, perhaps to be used at home as bud vases or martini pitchers. Another one was "Theoretical Zipperdynamics," which applied quantum theory to the mystery of the zipper.

Such parodies—and horrendous examples from actual scientific papers—were soon circulating among scientists in mimeographed form; the journal was launched.

In 1964, by then quarterly in slick-magazine format, it was taken over by Dr. George H. Scherr, formerly associate professor of microbiology at the University of Illinois School of Medicine, and president of Technam Inc. Diabolically, Scherr stopped telling his readers which pieces were atrocious-but-genuine articles lifted from real publications and which were the journal's own satiric confections. "The sudden inability to distinguish contrived articles from authentic ones," he recalls, "caused a near panic."

Clues to pure contrivance, of course, were such noms de plume as P. Ping Tom, Sum Huan Else, Ben Z. Drean and Earnest Pedant, PhD (identified as "a member of the department of ultrastructural verification of the Tenure Institute for Implementation of Scientific Spinoff").

Authentic or contrived, the journal has a far-flung audience. Typical issues range from a report on the growth-rate difference between radish seeds watered with holy water and those given tap water only (there was none) to dense tangles of algebraic equations and chemical formulae.

A recent issue offered a thumbnail history of scholarly publishing by Donald D. Jackson of the University of Illinois Press. Highlights: in 50,000 B.C. a Stone Age publisher insisted on double spacing and chiseling on one side of the stone only; in 1483 the word *ibid* was invented; in 1507 circumlocution was used for the first time; not until 1859 did "without whom" appear in the acknowledgments.

A notable essay entitled "The Inheritance Pattern of Death" had fun with Man's pesky genetic tendency toward dying. Under "Thesis Guidelines," in two columns marked "Don't Say" vs. "Instead Say," Roger E. Soles suggested that "I have just made a significant contribution to current methodological issues" was preferable to "I have just found a way to add two and two the hard way." Dr. Tim Healey of Yorkshire, England, focused on footnotes in a piece composed of one incomplete sentence: "As a keen[1] student[2] of footnotes,[4] I have long[14]" (footnote 14 explained that there was no room for the remainder of the article because footnotes had taken up the allotted space).

Journal editors also offer a model text for getting a supplement to an initial foundation grant, one in this case called "Creation of the Universe." As "background" the proposal notes that under the previous grant "the Universe was created," predictably producing "lasting benefits and considerable spinoffs." Among them: "Darkness and light, good and evil, and Swiss Army knives."

The journal reached a crescendo with a 1974 article entitled "*National Geographic,* the Doomsday Machine." The author, biochemist George H. Kaub, argued that North America faces the danger of sinking into the sea because people like to store the illustrious, yellow-trimmed magazine in attics, spare rooms or garages. As a result, Kaub predicts the cumulative weight will compress rock formations until they become plastic and begin to flow. Fissures will appear. Buildings, towns and cities will tumble into them. Of course, affluent areas of high-subscription density will be the first to go.

Warning of this dire end, Kaub contends, is prefigured in the increased earthquake activity along the San Andreas fault. Not only are many people moving to California, but most are bringing their *National Geographics* with them.

The article brought a flurry of letters. One correspondent, L. M. Jones, identified as a geologist but obviously a good old boy, tried to see a silver lining. The destruction of Boston, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Savannah, Miami, New Orleans and Houston, Jones figured, might save the nation a pretty penny in urban-renewal costs. And, he reckoned, as another by-product of their demise, Yazoo City, Mississippi, might just become a major seaport.

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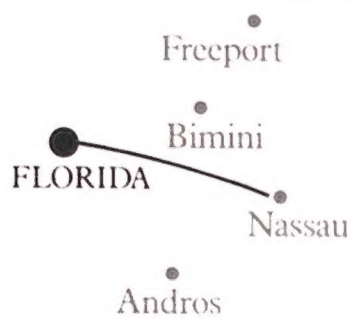

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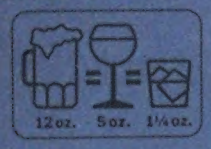

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